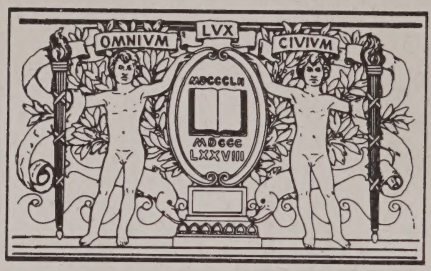
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 341 7



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

P. L. Library

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXI.

BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN,
No. 112 Washington Street.

1850.

051
N1-11

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles C. Little, James Brown, and Augustus Flagg, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY BOLLES AND HOUGHTON.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXLVIII.

ART. PAGE

I. SIR T. F. BUXTON'S LABORS AS AN OPPONENT OF SLAVERY 1

Memoirs of SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART. Edited by his Son, CHARLES BUXTON, ESQ., B. A.

II. TRUMBULL'S PUBLIC RECORDS OF CONNECTICUT . 34

The Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut, prior to the Union with New Haven Colony, May, 1665. By J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL.

III. THOMPSON AND KAEMPTZ ON METEOROLOGY . . . 51

1. Introduction to Meteorology. By DAVID PURDIE THOMPSON, M. D., Grad. Univ. Edin.

2. A Complete Course of Meteorology. By L. F. KAEMPTZ, Professor of Physics at the University of Halle. With Notes, by CH. MARTINS. Translated, with Notes and Additions, by C. V. WALKER.

IV. LODGE'S TRANSLATION OF WINCKELMANN ON ANCIENT ART 99

The History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of JOHN WINCKELMANN, by G. HENRY LODGE.

V. COOPER'S WAYS OF THE HOUR: THE TRIAL BY JURY. 121

The Ways of the Hour; a Tale. By J. FENNIMORE COOPER, Author of "The Spy."

VI. HAWTHORNE'S SCARLET LETTER 135

The Scarlet Letter, a Romance. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

VII. ALLSTON'S POEMS AND LECTURES ON ART . . . 149

Lectures on Art, and Poems. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Edited by RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

VIII. Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions . . 168

1. Papers and Correspondence relative to the Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin. by the House of Commons to be printed March 5, 1850.
2. The Franklin Expedition, or Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our Absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions. With Maps. By the Rev. W. Scoresby, D. D.

IX. Public Libraries 185

1. Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries; with the Minutes of Evidence.
2. Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum; with Minutes of Evidence.
3. Annual Report of the Trustees of the Astor Library of the City of New York.
4. Reports, etc., of the Smithsonian Institution, exhibiting its Plans, Operations, and Financial Condition up to January 1, 1849.

X. The Action of Congress on the California and Territorial Question 221

1. Speech of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, on the Resolutions of Compromise offered by him to settle and adjust amicably all Questions arising out of the Institution of Slavery.
2. Speech of Samuel S. Phelps, of Vermont, on the Subject of Slavery.
3. Speech of John M. Berrien, of Georgia, on Mr. Clay's Proposed Compromise.
4. Speech of Solomon U. Downs, of Louisiana, on the Compromise Resolutions of Mr. Clay.
5. Speech of Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, on Mr. Clay's Compromise Resolutions.
6. Speech of Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, on the Subject of Slavery in the Territories.
7. Letter of Hon. Horace Mann to his Constituents on the Slavery Question.
8. Report of the Select Committee of Thirteen, of the United States Senate, to whom were referred Various Resolutions respecting California, &c.

New Publications Received 269

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXLIX.

Art.		Page
I.	Mahomet and his Successors	273
	1. Mahomet and his Successors. By Washington Irving.	
	2. The Life and Religion of Mohammed, as contained in the Sheeah Traditions of the Hyât-ul-Kuloob. Translated from the Persian. By Rev. James L. Merrick, Eleven Years Missionary to the Persians.	
II.	The Navigation of the Ancients	307
	The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul; with Dissertations on the Sources of the Writings of St. Luke, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients. By James Smith, Esq., of Gordanhill, F. R. S., &c.	
III.	Slavic Languages and Literature	329
	Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations; with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry. By Talvi. With a Preface by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D.	
IV.	A Hunter's Life in South Africa	359
	Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, with Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq.	

V. The Homeric Question 387
The History of Greece. By George Grote, Esq. Vol. II. Second Edition.

VI. The Works of John Adams 407
The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States; with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations, by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vol. II.

VII. Everett's Orations and Speeches 445
Orations and Speeches on various Occasions. By Edward Everett.

VIII. Furness's History of Jesus 464
A History of Jesus. By W. H. Furness.

IX. Laing's Observations on Europe in 1848 – 9 . 479
Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849; being the Second Series of the Notes of a Traveller. By Samuel Laing, Esq.

X. Critical Notices
1. — 1. The Reform Spirit of the Day. By Timothy Walker.
2. The American Legend. By Bayard Taylor 514
2. — 1. Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois. By Alfred B. Street.
2. The Poems of Alfred B. Street . . . 517

New Publications Received 522

Index 525

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXLVIII.

JULY, 1850.

ART. I. — *Memoirs of* SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART. Edited by his Son, CHARLES BUXTON, ESQ., B. A. Second Edition. London: John Murray, 1849. 8vo. pp. 614.

WE resume our sketch of Mr. Buxton's labors and character as a philanthropist with some account of his efforts for the abolition of slavery and for the final suppression of the slave trade in the British dominions, showing how he conducted that cause which Mr. Wilberforce had formally committed to his care in 1821.

The history of the abolition of the British slave trade in 1807, shows that that measure was not a solitary and unconnected act, not the work of a temporary faction, not done inconsiderately or under a passing impulse; but that it was the legitimate result of a long succession of contests obstinately fought and victories gallantly won, the results of which had made the nation free, powerful, and Protestant. The great political questions involved in the dispute as to the rightful succession to the throne having been virtually set at rest about the middle of the last century, and the preponderance of the House of Commons in the British Constitution being established, the minds of men were turned towards those improvements in the social condition of the people which were so much needed. Then began that revival of religious feeling, which the fervor and activity of Wesley and Whitfield spread through the whole body of the nation, which aroused the

Established Church, created the Evangelical party, and, aided by the advance of education and general intelligence, built up a public opinion to which the abolitionists could appeal for reform. Then Granville Sharp, Clarkson, Stephen, Macaulay, and Wilberforce accomplished what many before them, as pure and high in purpose as they, had considered, despaired of, and abandoned.

No record would be more full of interest than one which should fully set forth the motives by which these men were impelled, the allies by whom they were assisted, and the various fortunes through which they waged that war which ended in their great victory. We know of no contest in which the principles of good and evil appear in forms more simple and severe, or in which the defenders of the right were impelled by purer motives. For the early abolitionists arose "because of the oppression of the needy, and because of the deep sighing of the poor." They appealed to humanity in behalf of mankind; and by their discretion no less than by their zeal, by self-command as much as by inflexible adherence to the principles of justice, they proved themselves worthy to plead such a cause before such a tribunal. They gained their cause; and by abolishing the British slave trade, they accomplished a work whose importance we cannot estimate; for they pledged the most powerful nation of Christendom, — that nation which has most influence over the civilized world, and most power over the barbarous — the great Colonizer, which sends the living advocates of its home-bred principles to flourish and grow strong in every quarter of the world, — they pledged this nation and its descendants to maintain, wherever their power extends, the principles of freedom. They left their successors a long and arduous task to perform; but they left them their example. Let us see how those upon whom the duty of fulfilling this pledge first devolved acquitted themselves of their task.

Sixteen years had now passed since the abolition of the British slave trade. But the interval had not been one of repose for those who had triumphed in that long contest. The voice of warning mingled with the first cry of congratulation: — "You have crossed the Red Sea, indeed," wrote Dr. Burgh to Wilberforce, "but Pharaoh may follow your steps, and aim at some abridgment of the deliverance; keep then

prepared to craze his chariot wheels, and disappoint every effort of men who have not only opposed you, but mingled their opposition with predictions of what other nations may do, and even with threats of repeal at home." To maintain this constant guard, the African Institution was founded, on the first anniversary of the day in which the abolition bill had received the royal assent. The leaders of the party were untiring in their efforts to secure the faithful and efficient execution of the law which prohibited the slave trade to British subjects, and never ceased urging their own government to use the whole weight of its influence to induce foreign powers to join with them in suppressing the traffic.

But this constant attention to the subject could not but bring these men to perceive how highly desirable it was, not only that the trade in slaves should be stopped, but that the state of slavery itself should cease to exist. They considered, too, that there were no obstacles to its abolition in the British Colonies, either of a prudential or of a constitutional nature, which, by a wise and just course of legislation, the British Parliament could not overcome. Having arrived at this conclusion, the next step was to devise the best possible plan of parliamentary operations.

Accordingly, at Mr. Wilberforce's invitation, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Buxton repaired to Marden Park (where Mr. W. then resided) early in January, 1823. "Long and deep," we are told, "were their deliberations, how best to shape those measures, which were to change the structure of society throughout the Western World." Early in the following March was published Mr. Wilberforce's Manifesto "on the present state of the negro slaves in the British Colonies, calling all good men to concur in endeavoring to improve their condition, in order to fit them for the enjoyment of liberty."

Whether those who exerted themselves for the abolition of the trade distinctly contemplated, at the time of their efforts for that purpose, the future abolition of slavery as the final result of their endeavors, may be a matter of doubt. In an able article in the Edinburgh Review for 1804, in favor of the abolition of the trade, it is said, "the advocates for the abolition of the slave trade most cordially reprobate all idea of *emancipating* the slaves that are already in our plantations. Such a scheme, indeed, is sufficiently answered by the story

of the galley slaves in Don Quixote, and, we are persuaded, never had any place in the minds of those enlightened and judicious persons who have contended for the abolition with so much meritorious perseverance." * But in 1823, when the outworks had been carried, and the attack was now warm upon the citadel itself, the same journal holds different language. "Nothing, surely, can be more untrue than the assertion, that emancipation was never heard of till the abolition was obtained; or that they who supported the one disavowed any views of attempting the other." "The fullest avowal of their ultimate views was made by those wise and humane individuals, and the most distinct notice of their intentions, when they treated as absurd the notion of perpetual bondage." † Thus it appears that a Review may review its own opinions as well as those of other people, and that, too, with some asperity. But any apparent inconsistency is explained by the probable supposition that the latter article was written by Lord Brougham. ‡

On the 19th of March, Mr. Wilberforce presented to the House of Commons a petition from the Quakers, "who, having been the first to protest against the slave trade, now led the way in the attack on slavery;" and Mr. Buxton gave notice that, on the 15th of May, he would submit a motion, "that the House should take into consideration the state of slavery in the British Colonies."

Outside the walls, too, operations were commenced. The Anti-Slavery Society was now formed, and measures taken to excite the popular feeling, and to procure an expression of the sentiment of the nation.

At the appointed time, Mr. Buxton offered the motion of which he had given notice; and it is worthy of note, that, in his opening speech, he declared distinctly, that while he looked forward to the extinction of slavery, he did not advocate sudden, but gradual, emancipation. To the resolutions which Mr. Buxton introduced, Mr. Canning, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, offered certain amendments, which were

---

* *Ed. Review.* iv. p. 477.

† *Ib.* xxxix. p. 126.

‡ See *Life of Wilberforce*, Vol. v. p. 167. "I have had two long talks with Brougham, and have gradually opened to him our feelings and views. He offered voluntarily to write an article on slavery for the very next Edinburgh Review."
Wilberforce's Diary for 1823.

carried; and in accordance with them, thus amended, circular letters were addressed by the Government to the various colonial authorities, recommending them to adopt certain measures which had no tendency toward emancipation, but were only calculated to improve the condition of the slaves. But these recommendations, temperate and just as they were, were received by the colonists with the most vehement indignation. "They could find no language sufficiently bitter to express their rancor; the colonial legislatures unanimously refused submission to the recommendations of the government." Acts of violence occurred. In Demreara, a futile insurrection of the negroes brought down the merciless vengeance of their masters. A missionary, named Smith, apprehended on charge of exciting revolt, was tried by a court martial of militia officers, and condemned to be hung; but he died in prison. The news of this ferment among the colonies produced the greatest consternation in England. The leaders of the abolition party were overwhelmed with reproaches. Those who had joined them for the popularity of the cause were now loudest in the outcry. Government drew back. The principles and measures which Mr. Canning had advocated the year before were now restricted to the most meagre limits; and the pledge, that if the Colonies refused to accept the recommendations of Government they should be forced to obey its commands, which he had given "in favor of a whole archipelago, was reduced to a single island."

Mr. Buxton did not hesitate to upbraid the minister for his vacillating conduct. He read over the resolutions of the previous year, and showed how wide apart are the pledges of '23 and the acts of '24. "Compensation to the planter, emancipation to the negro — these are my desires, this is the consummation, the just and glorious consummation, on which my hopes are planted, and to which, as long as I live, my most strenuous efforts shall be directed."

On the 1st of June, the case of the missionary Smith was brought forward by Mr. Brougham, and, in a speech of four hours length, treated in a manner which made a strong impression upon public feeling. He was followed by Sir James Mackintosh; after whom spoke Dr. Lushington, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Denman. Their efforts were not without success. They put the conduct of the colonists

in its true light before the nation, and changed the current of public feeling. Government, indeed, remained impassive; and as Mr. Canning had positively declared that another year of trial should be given the colonial governments, before the mother country took the task of amelioration into its own hands, nothing remained for the anti-slavery party but to wait till that interval had elapsed.

But Mr. Buxton did not allow the time to slip away without yielding its results. Forced to let the West Indian question rest for the present, his mind turned upon a new, though kindred, subject. The island of Mauritius, lying about ten degrees west of Madagascar, had been ceded to England by France in 1810, three years after the abolition of the British slave trade. But it appeared that, partly owing to this very circumstance, and partly to the facilities afforded by the neighborhood of the African coast, the importation of slaves to the island had continued uninterrupted except during one or two brief intervals. A gentleman by the name of Byam, who had been Commissary-General of the police at the Mauritius, and General Hall, who had for a short time been Governor of the island, gave Mr. Buxton the first information upon the subject. He obtained from them a large mass of documents, which he studied long and carefully. The result was a conviction that their statements were true. He was appalled by the magnitude of the evil. Distant, almost inaccessible, it was a foe not easily grappled with? But could he sit still under the knowledge of such abuses? A year's leisure was before him, and, with his friend Dr. Lushington, he undertook the task of reform.

"On the 9th of May, 1826, Mr. Buxton brought the Mauritius question before parliament. In the commencement of his speech, he reminded the House that the traffic in slaves was by law a felony. 'And yet,' he continued, 'I stand here to assert, that in a British colony for the last fourteen years, except during General Hall's brief administration, the slave trade in all its horrors has existed; that it has been carried on to the extent of thousands, and tens of thousands; that, except upon one or two occasions, which I will advert to, there has been a regular, systematic, and increasing importation of slaves.'

"He then proceeded to prove this statement, adducing the evidence of one admiral and four naval captains, one general and three military officers, five high civil officers, and two out of the

three governors of the island ; and then, from calculations which he had very fully and accurately made, he proved every one of the eight distinct heads of accusation which he had brought forward. By a return of the number of black population in the Seychelles, he showed that there was only one alternative, either the slave trade had been carried on, or every female in that group of islands must have been the mother of one hundred and eighty children." pp. 193–4.

A select committee was appointed to inquire into the subject ; but Parliament being dissolved soon after, its investigations were brought to a close. The rest of the year 1826 was spent by Mr. Buxton in collecting evidence bearing upon the points he wished to establish ; and in this labor he was much assisted by the zeal and diligence of Mr. George Stephen and Mr. Byam.

Early in 1827, Mr. Buxton moved that a committee of inquiry be again appointed ; but at the request of Government, his motion was deferred till the 26th of May. Meanwhile, Sir Robert Farquhar, the late Governor of Mauritius, complained to the House of Commons of the charges of maladministration brought against him in Mr. Buxton's speech of the last session, and dared him to the proof. During the week preceding the day appointed for the motion, his attention was wholly devoted to the contemplated case. But the anxiety which it involved, joined with the cares and fatigues which had long been wearing upon him, now seriously affected his health. Still the business was too important to be checked by slight obstacles, and his overstrained powers were urged to the task.

"He spent the Saturday in taking a general view of the evidence which had been collected, of the atrocious cruelties practised upon the negroes, both in their importation, and afterwards, when they were reduced to slavery. In the course of that unhappy morning, he was so completely overwhelmed with anguish and indignation at the horrors on which he had been dwelling, that he several times left his papers and paced rapidly up and down the lawn, entirely overcome by his feelings, and exclaiming aloud, 'Oh, it 's too bad, it 's too bad ! I can't bear it.'"

The result was thus forcibly described by himself, some months afterwards.

"Last spring, the whole force of my mind, and all my faculties, were engaged in preparing for the Mauritius question. I

had pledged myself to prove that the slave trade had existed and flourished in that colony; that the state of slavery there was pre-eminently cruel, and that persons of eminence there had tolerated these enormities. It is, I think, but justice to myself to admit, that the object was a worthy one; that I had embraced it from a sense of duty; that my mind was imbued with deep affliction and indignation at the wrongs to which the negro was exposed. I spared no pains, and no sacrifices, in order to do justice to my cause; and the anxiety and labor which I endured preyed upon my health. About the middle of May, I went to Upton, in order to improve it by change of air; but I was then under the pressure of disease, and my physician described my state by saying, 'you are on fire, though you are not in a blaze.' I concealed from others, I did not even admit to myself, the extent of my indisposition. I could not doubt that I felt ill, but I was willing to suppose that these were nervous feelings, the effects of fatigue of mind, and that they would vanish, as they had often done before, when the exertion was at an end.

"On Saturday, May 19th, I took a survey of the case of cruelty to the negroes, and for two or three hours I was distressed beyond measure, and as much exasperated as distressed, by that scene of cruelty and horrid oppression. I never in my life was so much moved by any thing, and I was so exhausted by the excitement, that I could not that day renew my exertions. The next morning I awoke feeling very unwell. My wife and family went to a place of worship, and my daughter remained with me. I think, but I have not any clear recollections, that I told her about 12 o'clock to send for Dr. Farre. I have a vague idea of my wife's return, but beyond that, all is lost to me. The fact was, that I was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and it was not till the following Wednesday that I showed any symptoms of recovery." pp. 199, 200.

On recovering consciousness, his first words were, that he must hurry to the House to bring forward his motion on the Mauritius; nor would he be assured that the appointed time had passed until the proceedings of the House on that evening were read to him from the newspaper report. It was more than a year before he gained sufficient strength to attend to his ordinary duties, nor did he ever fully recover from this frightful attack.

Toward the close of the session of 1829, Sir Robert Farquhar referred to the charges of which he had formerly complained, and demanded that they should either be proved or retracted.

"Mr. Buxton explained the reason why the matter had been

dropped, and read the opinion of his physician, that he could not attend to public business in Parliament without danger to his life. But he pledged himself, if alive in the next session, to accept the challenge of the honorable Baronet. However, in the course of the summer the commissioners returned, and their report rendered any further exertion unnecessary. In spite of the great difficulties by which they had been surrounded, (for the inhabitants had banded themselves together in a sort of conspiracy, to prevent any evidence from being laid before them,) they had established the fact of the Mauritius slave trade, and to a great degree ascertained its extent; and they clearly proved that this trade had continued in full vigor, except during the administration of General Hall." pp. 232–3.

So far as the controversy related to Sir R. Farquhar, it was terminated by the sudden death of that gentleman early in 1830; and in the spring of that year, Government declared that they were convinced by the report of their commissioners, "that slave trading to a vast extent had prevailed at the Mauritius;" and that all the statements of Mr. Buxton had been well founded. At the same time, they announced that they were ready to adopt immediate measures for the suppression of the trade, and for the liberation of those slaves who had been illegally imported. And thus the labors of Mr. Buxton and his friends were crowned with complete success.

Meanwhile, the question of West India emancipation had assumed a new aspect. The year of probation granted by Mr. Canning to the colonial governments expired in 1827; but the colonies had not availed themselves of this opportunity of reform, and nothing, in fact, had been done towards ameliorating the condition of the slaves.

"Of the eight bills recommended for their adoption by Mr. Canning, *not one* had been accepted by any colony, except Nevis. But the Government were not yet discouraged; they were still anxious to persuade, rather than to compel."

"Accordingly, in 1828, Sir George Murray, as a last experiment, despatched circular letters to all the colonial Assemblies, once more urging them, in strong terms, to effect for themselves the required improvement in the condition of their slaves. These circular letters were, like the former, entirely disregarded." p. 210.

Thus, in 1830, though the abolition party had made but little stir, they had made great progress. Since attention had been attracted to West Indian slavery, seven years before, the

crisis which was now at hand had been slowly approaching, and this, not through the exertions of the abolitionists, but by the action of the planters themselves. A few years before, the idea of emancipation had been odious both to Parliament and to the people. "If," said Mr. Buxton in 1827, "a man had a large share of reputation, he would lose the greater part of it by espousing the cause of the slaves; if he had a moderate share, he would lose all; and that is my case." But the planters had meanwhile been the able and most efficient allies of those whom they considered their bitterest enemies. By their invincible obstinacy, they had chilled the sympathy with which many had been disposed to regard them. They had aroused some feelings of anger by the defiance and contempt with which they had hurled back the quiet suggestions of the Government; and the severity with which they had punished the rebel negroes had shocked every feeling of humanity. The whole religious public was excited. "They had condemned Smith to the gallows, and thus turned the Independents against them; they forced Shrewsbury to fly for his life, and the Wesleyans were aroused; the Baptist chapels were razed to the ground, and the Baptists became their enemies." They had charged the abolitionists with hypocrisy and falsehood, and the abolitionists in reply had laid bare the facts of their system. The planters had maintained their right to uphold a wrong. They had exposed to the people of Great Britain the enormous evils of slavery, and had convinced them that a gradual reform of those evils was impossible. The result was, that all minds now inclined toward immediate emancipation.

Looking, as we now do, upon the unprosperous condition of the principal islands of the British West Indies, many persons are led to doubt the wisdom of those who brought about the emancipation of the slaves. It is said, that crime is more prevalent among the free blacks than it was among the slaves; that the arts of civilized life are disappearing from the community; that the quantity of sugar, coffee, and "the nobler spices" now raised upon the islands is much less than when "black Peter and black Paul" were stimulated to the production of them by the use of the "beneficent whip;" and, in short, that the freed blacks are behind the slaves in the performance of those duties which they owe to themselves, their

neighbors, and the world at large. Emancipation, it is affirmed, has added to the evils of the world, instead of diminishing them.

Whether these allegations are well founded, and whether this is the time when the final result of so great a social change may be fairly determined, we will not now ask. But before we condemn the emancipation party for errors revealed to us by the strong light of experience — and by the "Latter-day Pamphlets," — we must prove that they were mistaken as to two important facts, which they maintained as the principal grounds of their determination: — First, that the amelioration of slavery had been fairly and patiently attempted without a particle of success. "It was not," said Mr. Stanley, when Colonial Secretary, in his speech of the 14th of May, 1833, "it was not till all means had been exhausted; till every suggestion had been made; till every warning had been given; and had not only been given in vain, but had been met by the colonial legislatures with the most determined opposition; that England took the work of reconstructing West Indian society into her own hands." And, secondly, that under the system of slavery, *as it then and there existed*, the slaves were gradually dying off. "The appalling fact was never denied, that at the time of the abolition of the slave trade, in 1807, the number of slaves in the West Indies was 800,000; in 1830, it was but 700,000; that is, in twenty-three years, it had diminished by 100,000. (p. 273.) Let those who lament the falling off in the exports of these islands consequent upon emancipation, estimate the deficit which would have occurred from the slow murder of the slaves. Consider the present condition of the free blacks as degraded as we may, still it cannot be maintained that they were better off under the awful cruelties which this fact of diminishing population establishes. And the abolitionists knew either that this state of slavery must continue, or that the slaves must be made free; for the planters had driven them off from the whole middle ground. And they took their course accordingly.

"In May, 1830, a crowded meeting assembled in Freemason's Hall, with Mr. Wilberforce in the chair. The first resolution, moved by Mr. Buxton, expressed that 'no proper or practicable means should be left unattempted for effecting at the earliest

period the entire abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.' It was seconded by Lord Milton (now Earl Fitzwilliam,) who had throughout supported the cause with all the weight of his station and character, though by so doing he had placed himself in opposition to the administration of which his father was a member. Other speeches and resolutions followed in the same strain, till at length Mr. Pownall rose to declare in a few vigorous words that temporizing measures ought at once to be abandoned. 'The time,' said he, 'is now come when we should speak out, and speak boldly, our determination — that slavery shall exist *no longer*.' These words embodied the feeling which already pervaded the anti-slavery party, and from this time immediate emancipation became its avowed object." pp. 260, 261.

But Government was not yet prepared to take decisive measures, and the efforts of the abolition party were now directed towards forcing it to adopt the course which they thought the true one.

"During the session of 1830, nothing of moment was effected, except that, on the 13th of July, Mr. Brougham obtained a large minority in favor of ultimate abolition. On the 20th of the same month, three days before Parliament was prorogued, Mr. Buxton, in his place in the House, made an earnest appeal to the electors throughout the kingdom, repeating the statement made by Canning in 1823, that 'the first step towards emancipation should be the abolition of the practice of flogging females.' He showed that even this first step had not yet been taken; a decision having recently been made by a large majority in the Jamaica House of Assembly, that females should continue to be flogged indecently; and he proved in detail that each of the other abuses, which in 1823 it had been proposed to mitigate, still existed in the colonies unchecked and unaltered." p. 262.

Meanwhile the question of parliamentary reform was deeply agitating the nation. The ministry of the Duke of Wellington was broken up, and succeeded by that of Earl Grey. In the interval between the sessions of 1830–31, Mr. Buxton labored diligently in collecting proofs of the decrease of the slave population, and, having completed his researches, brought them to the notice of the House of Commons in a speech delivered on the 15th of April, 1831. The effect of this speech upon public opinion was, in fact, decisive. At its conclusion, Mr. O'Connell, who had ever been a steady and strong advocate of the cause, came across the House, and said, "Buxton, I see land." If the position then taken could

be maintained, success was certain. The opposite party made every effort in their power to dislodge their opponents; but the conclusions at which Mr. Buxton had arrived were deduced from the returns of registration "*sworn to by the planters themselves*," and were impregnable. Parliament was soon after dissolved, but early in the next session, it appeared that Government, too, was moved, for Lord Howick, Under Secretary for the Colonies, referring to the ineffectual remonstrances which his three predecessors in office had addressed to the Colonies, declared that "the time had arrived when the language of exhortation should cease." The West India party now prayed Parliament that a committee of inquiry might be granted them, feeling assured that the information collected by it would "relieve their fellow colonists and themselves from the obloquy under which they now labor." Mr. Buxton saw in this committee "a pretext for delay and nothing else," but the committee was granted, and he himself was examined by it. "He gladly availed himself of the opportunity of communicating some of his abundant information, and laid before it twenty-seven documents, prepared with extreme care." Although the report of the committee was indecisive, the effect of its investigations, says Mr. Charles Buxton, "was to diffuse more knowledge and sounder principles."

As we have seen, Mr. Buxton was prepared to urge "immediate emancipation;" the Government, on the other hand, liberal though it was, still wished to postpone this step till "a progressive improvement should have been made in the character of the slave population, by the temperate enforcement of ameliorating measures." They repeated their recommendations to the Colonies, indeed, with increased earnestness; but like all who have office and wish to keep it, they were loth to assume the responsibility of so important a measure, and unwilling to offend a body whose parliamentary strength was so great as that of the West Indian interest. Heartily attached as Mr. Buxton was to Whig principles, and warm as was his personal regard for many members of the Cabinet, it was with the greatest reluctance that he assumed a position at variance with theirs. The maintenance of this Ministry, too, was almost vital to the success of his cause; but profoundly versed as he was in the state of the West Indies, nothing seemed to him so pernicious as hesitation and delay.

Not only did such a course imply the continuance of the state of things which a declining population denoted, and the reiteration of remonstrances and recommendations now nine years old, but it was fraught with danger to the whole population of the islands. The slaves were not ignorant of these discussions of their fate. They were restless, and suspicious lest their masters should withhold from them the freedom already granted by the mother country. The danger of insurrection increased with the delay of action. "The gun is cocked and at the shoulder," said Mr. Buxton; and he dared not postpone a motion for immediate emancipation. Here, then, he came to issue with the Government. He proposed to move for a committee "to consider and report upon the best means of abolishing the state of slavery throughout the British dominions, with a due regard to the safety of all parties concerned." The Government first endeavored to persuade him to postpone this motion; and, failing in that, begged him to add the words, "conformably to the resolutions of 1823." To this he could not accede, but persisted both in offering his original resolution, and in dividing the House upon it. It was a characteristic step, and one of great importance; and the following extracts from a letter written by his eldest daughter to his family give a vivid account of all that occurred.

"The debate has at length actually taken place, and great cause have we to be satisfied with the result, now that we are safe on the other side of it. It is difficult exactly to recall the feelings and opinions of the preceding days; it was, however, the usual course, — every possible assault from friend and foe to make my father put off his motion, and when that was found hopeless, to induce him to soften it down, or not to divide the House. Dr. Lushington was of opinion that it would endanger the cause to persevere, and difference of opinion with him is worse than any thing to my father. The Government were also most pressing, and the terms they offered extremely tempting. On Tuesday morning my father and Dr. Lushington were a long time with Lord Althorp and Lord Howick, both of whom used every argument and almost every entreaty. I believe he did not reply much at the time, but was cruelly beset, and acutely alive to the pain of refusing them, and, as they said, of embarrassing all their measures, and giving their enemies a handle at this tottering moment. They said, besides, that the public were so occupied with Reform, that it was only wasting the strength of the cause; nobody

would listen, and the effect would be wholly lost, whereas if he would wait a little, they would all go with him ; their hearts were in fact with him, and all would be smooth, if he would have a little reason and patience. On his return he related all this to us, and proposed writing a letter to Lord Althorp previous to the final interview, which was to take place the next day." pp. 298, 299.

" Thursday morning, May 24th, came. My father and I went out on horseback directly after breakfast, and a memorable ride we had. He began by saying that he had stood so far, but that *divide he could not.* He said I could not conceive the pain of it, that almost numberless ties and interests were concerned, that his friends would be driven to vote against him, and thus their seats would be endangered. But then his mind turned to the sufferings of the missionaries and of the slaves, and he said after all he must weigh *the real* amount of suffering, and not think only of that which came under his sight ; and that if he were in the West Indies, he should feel that the advocate in England ought to go straight on, and despise those considerations. In short, by degrees, his mind was made up. When we got near the House every minute we met somebody or other, who just hastily rode up to us. ' Come on to-night ?' ' Yes.' — ' Positively ? ' ' Positively ; ' and with a blank countenance, the inquirer turned his horse's head, and rode away. I do not know how many times this occurred. In St. James's Park we met Mr. Spring Rice, whom he told, to my great satisfaction, that he positively *would* divide. Next Sir Augustus Dalrymple came up to us, and after the usual queries, said, ' Well, I tell you frankly I mean to make an attack upon you to-night.' ' On what point ?' ' You said, some time ago, that the planters were opposed to religious instruction.' ' I did, and will maintain it.' We came home and dined at three." p. 300.

They go down to the House, and the ladies find places in the ventilator. Mr. Buxton offers his motion, speaks upon it, and is followed by Mr. Macaulay and Lord Howick.

" Lord Althorp proposed the amendment of adding ' conformably to the resolutions of 1823.' Then came the trial. They (privately) besought my father to give way, and not to press them to a division. ' They hated,' they said, ' dividing against him, when their hearts were all for him ; it was merely a nominal difference, why should he split hairs ? he was sure to be beaten, where was the use of bringing them all into difficulty, and making them vote against him ?' He told us that he thought he had a hundred applications of this kind, in the course of the evening ; in

short, nearly every friend he had in the House came to him, and by all considerations of reason and friendship, besought him to give way. Mr. Evans was almost the only person who took the other side. I watched my father with indescribable anxiety, seeing the members, one after the other, come and sit down by him, and judging but too well from their gestures, what their errand was. One of them went to him four times, and at last sent up a note to him with these words, 'immovable as ever?' To my Uncle Hoare, who was under the gallery, they went repeatedly, but with no success, for he would only send him a message to persevere. My uncle described to me one gentleman, not a member, who was near him, under the gallery, as having been in a high agitation all the evening, exclaiming, 'Oh, he won't stand! Oh, he'll yield! I'd give a hundred pounds, I'd give a thousand pounds, to have him divide! Noble! noble! What a noble fellow he is!' according to the various changes in the aspect of things. Among others, Mr. H —— came across to try his eloquence: 'Now don't be so obstinate; just put in this one word, 'interest;' it makes no real difference, and then all will be easy. You will only alienate the Government. Now,' said he, 'I'll just tell Lord Althorp you have consented.' My father replied, 'I don't think I exaggerate when I say, I would rather your head were off and mine too; I am sure I had rather yours were!' What a trial it was. He said afterwards he could compare it to nothing but a continual tooth-drawing the whole evening. At length he rose to reply, and very touchingly alluded to the effort he had to make, but said, he was bound in conscience to do it, and he *would* divide the House. Accordingly, the question was put. The Speaker said, 'I think the noes have it.' Never shall I forget the tone in which his solitary voice replied, 'No, Sir.' 'The noes must go forth,' said the Speaker, and all the House appeared to troop out. Those within were counted, and amounted to ninety. This was a minority far beyond our expectations, and from fifty upwards, my heart beat higher at every number." pp. 301, 302.

"On Friday, Dr. Lushington came here and cheered him, saying, 'well, that minority was a great victory;' and this does seem to be the case."

A few months afterwards, Mr. Buxton writes his daughter, "I saw T. B. Macaulay yesterday; he told me one thing, which has much occupied my mind ever since, and which furnished the subject-matter of my meditations as I rode by the light of the stars to Upton last night. He said, 'you know how entirely every body disapproved of your course in

your motion, and thought you very wrong, very hard-hearted, and very headstrong ; but two or three days after the debate, Lord Althorp said to me, '*That division of Buxton's has settled the slavery question.* If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a *majority when he is right. The question is settled;* the Government see it, and they will take it up. So reported Macaulay ; and he added, 'Sir James Graham told me yesterday, that the Government meet in a week ; they will then divide themselves into committees on the three or four leading questions, for the purpose of settling them. Slavery is one.' "

In pursuance of Mr. Buxton's motion as amended by Lord Althorp, a committee was appointed of which Sir James Graham was chairman. It prosecuted its investigations from June till August, and the evidence given before it was published at the same time with that taken before the committee of the House of Lords, which had been asked for by the West Indians. "The general impression," says Mr. Charles Buxton, "was that they had established two points : — First, that slavery was an evil for which there was no remedy but extirpation ; secondly, that its extirpation would be *safe.*"

The Reform Bill was passed, Parliament was dissolved, and in 1833 a new and reformed House of Commons met.

"It was generally understood that Earl Grey's government was about to undertake the settlement of the question, and Mr. Buxton went down to the House of Lords, on the 5th of February, in full expectation of hearing from the King's speech, that one of the great measures of the session was to be the emancipation of the slaves. Great was his disappointment, when the speech closed without any allusion whatever to the subject. He hastened back to the House of Commons, and, immediately on the Speaker's return, gave notice of a motion on the 19th of March for the abolition of slavery. A few minutes afterwards, one of his friends hurried up to him, and said, 'I have just been with Brougham and Goderich, and they conjure you to do nothing hastily ; you will wreck the cause if you do.' 'What ? not give notice of a motion ?' said he. 'O, no ! by no means,' was the reply ; 'you will knock the whole thing over.' 'But it 's done !' said Mr. Buxton. This prompt proceeding had an immediate effect on the ministers." pp. 312, 313.

Vexed and alarmed as he had been at the entire silence of

the King's speech upon the subject nearest his heart, he was relieved and delighted when, in consequence of his prompt action, Government declared that they would "undertake the question, and introduce a safe and satisfactory measure." "This delights me," he writes, "and now I scorn those critics who maintain that the children of Ham ought to be flogged by all good Christians." The weeks passed on, but still Government named no day for a motion; no plan was officially announced, and rumors got abroad that the whole Administration were by no means prepared to adopt the vigorous measures which some of its members proposed. Mr. Buxton knew from long experience the weight of the West India party in the national councils; he knew, too, that the questions of Finance, India, and the Church, were to be disposed of this session; he could not, therefore, but feel somewhat alarmed when, notwithstanding Lord Althorp's promise, so long a time was suffered to elapse without the appearance of any measure at all. This anxiety weighed heavily upon him. "He is much depressed," says one of the family letters, "because the ministers do not name a day; he does not know whether or not to execute his threat of bringing his motion forward next Tuesday: for this he is almost unprepared; and besides, they promise so well that it seems doubtful whether it would be right to go to war with them. He sleeps badly, and is very anxious."

"His whole heart and soul, in fact, were given up to the work, and the depth and intensity of his feelings were visible in all his deportment; he looked pale and care-worn, and his tall figure began to show signs of stooping. He spoke little, and was continually engrossed in thought. His demeanor could not be more exactly portrayed, than by Spenser's lines: —

> 'But little joy had he to talk of aught,
> Or aught to hear that mote delightful be;
> His mind was sole possessed of one thought
> That gave none other place.'" p. 317.

The 19th of March, the day named for his motion, came on, and he rose to propose it.

"Lord Althorp requested him to postpone it to a future time; but he replied that he was compelled to resist the request, except upon two conditions: first, that the Government would prepare a plan for the complete and immediate abolition of slavery; and

secondly, that they would fix a day for introducing that measure to the House.

'I see clearly,' he said, 'what will be the fate of this great question, if I postpone it without some definite assurance that it will be brought before the consideration of the House. It will be postponed for the session — and then, there is much reason to fear, it will be settled elsewhere in the most disastrous manner. Therefore, however obstinate I may appear, and however painful it may be to me to resist the request, before made to me in private, and now in public by the noble Lord, I am compelled to proceed at once with the motion, unless His Majesty's Government can fix a day on which they will be prepared to explain their plans with respect to colonial slavery.'

"Lord Althorp, upon this, named the 23d of April, and then my father formally told the Government that he gave up the question into their own hands, upon the security of the declaration made to him that the proposed measure was to be safe and satisfactory.

"The fears by which he had been harassed lest the ministers should allow the session to pass away without bringing any measure forward, were now at an end. The day for the motion was fixed, and when this long desired step was taken, he sank for a while into a feeling of profound repose. He was able to sleep at night, and began to resume his cheerfulness of manner. He thought, that, as the Government had been prevented from delaying the question, the grand point was gained; and that it only remained for him and his friends to await the unfolding of their measure. 'I have no more to do with slavery now than any other gentleman,' was an expression frequently on his lips during that interval of rest." pp. 319, 320.

But he was not yet to be freed from his anxieties. A change took place in the colonial department of the Cabinet, by which Lord Howick, upon whose concurrence of opinion he thoroughly relied, was succeeded by Mr. Shaw Le Fevre, while Mr. Stanley was made Secretary of the Colonies. It appeared that the Cabinet had refused to concur in Lord Howick's plan for immediate emancipation, and were inclined to make the negroes buy out their own freedom. This seemed to Mr. Buxton a measure neither safe nor satisfactory, because it was dilatory and unjust. He consulted with the leaders of the abolition party as to what should be done in this new turn of affairs. "Their opinion as to the course they should pursue was unanimous. The higher powers were clearly about to fail them; the nation was firmly on their side; why not, then,

place the matter in the nation's hands?" In short, it was determined that the matter should be brought before the whole country, that the engines of moral suasion should be immediately applied to the people, and the pressure of public opinion let on to the ministers. The whole machinery of agitation was quickly set in motion; numberless pamphlets were sent out, innumerable petitions were sent in; lecturers spread abroad to every corner of the kingdom, and delegates from every town in the land assembled together. Those who stood by caught the enthusiasm. Newspapers and periodicals, the clergy and dissenting ministers, urged upon their readers and their flocks the sinfulness of slavery and the righteousness of emancipation.

The leaders of the party were fully aware that it was more easy to excite a popular feeling like this, than to direct it; and for their own sakes and the truth's, they would not have availed themselves of this rude force, could they have influenced the ministry in any other way. Mr. Buxton found reason to think that "people's principles were the greatest nuisance in life;" and he experienced the difficulty of guiding a public opinion composed of few ideas and many prejudices; "but on the whole, a sufficient degree of unanimity was obtained."

Owing to the change in the Cabinet, the motion of the Government was postponed from the 23d of April to the 14th of May, and on that evening Mr. Stanley opened the debate. "He had been Colonial Secretary little more than a month, yet he showed that, vast as the subject was, he had, in that short time, completely mastered its details, had become conversant with all its dangers and difficulties, and was prepared to settle it forever." The main features of the plan proposed were apprenticeship for the negro and compensation to the planter. To these Mr. Buxton agreed, and confined his efforts to effect some modifications in the practical details of the plan. But that numerous and zealous body of abolitionists which had been brought into action, had been imbued with only one idea, — emancipation; and to them it appeared that any variation from the naked simplicity of that idea was a departure from their true end and aim. Apprenticeship and compensation seemed to them adulterations of the truth and to be abhorred. The party divided, one portion adhering to

their old leaders, and the other rushing forward under the lead of such as would keep in advance of them. To a vote of censure passed upon him by a committee of this division he replied as follows:—

"Our cause, I trust and believe, is essentially prospering. Patience and confidence perhaps we cannot expect from lookers-on; but we are not therefore absolved from our duty to God and the negro race to act according to the best of our judgments and consciences; and this, I can safely affirm, I, at least, have done. My character is of very little consequence. Indeed, had I not long ago learnt that I must sacrifice that, as well as almost all else, to this cause, I should, between my foes and my friends, have led a very unhappy life. But I have learnt, that severe as is the task of incurring the displeasure of those I esteem my duty frequently calls for it; and I acknowledge myself amenable to no human tribunal in this cause. . . . Pray believe that I write in perfect good humor; but it is necessary I should be independent, and independent I will be, or how can I give an account of my stewardship?" p. 338.

When Mr. Stanley's bill was brought before the committee of the whole House, the important debate occurred. Mr. Buxton proposed to reduce the term of apprenticeship from twelve years to one year, and lost his amendment only by a majority of seven. The next night, Mr. Stanley consented, in deference to the wishes of the House, to reduce the period of apprenticeship to seven years. An apprenticeship for this term of years, and a grant of £20,000,000 to the planters, were the main features of the bill which passed the House of Commons on the 7th of August, 1833, and received the royal assent on the 28th of the same month. The planters afterwards agreed to surrender the apprenticeship on the 1st of August, 1838.

But the joy of the abolitionists at their success was tempered by a grief in which all parties joined. As the bill was passing through its last stages in the House of Commons, their first and most beloved leader, Wilberforce, expired. He died, thanking God that he should have lived to witness the day in which England was willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery. He died as he had lived, full of joy from the abundance of his gratitude.

Since the days of the Great Commoner, we think no man has exerted so strong an influence upon the source of British

history, upon the national character, as William Wilberforce. Since the final establishment of liberty in that kingdom, which we should not date earlier than the settlement of the law of libel in 1792, the great moral progress made by the nation owns him as its leader. He brought mercy and righteousness into the land prepared for them by justice and freedom. Without rank, without power and without party, he derived all his strength from himself and from his cause. If the secret of his success be sought, it is found in this, that he, more than any man whose history we know, appreciated the value of the highest Christian virtues as means of success in the affairs of business and of the world. It was by the faithful study of himself, by keeping his "own heart diligently," that he acquired his rare knowledge of men, and his delicate tact in dealing with them. It was because his sympathy was unbounded and intense that his influence was so wide and strong. His policy was unerring, because his objects were high above the mists and currents of selfishness. He was wise by obedience to that law which "maketh wise the simple." The eminence which he gained in virtue was surpassing; yet we do not know that it was more extraordinary than the unwearied efforts which he used to attain it. He succeeded in bringing into every-day life that holy spirituality which we imagine to be attainable only by the saintly self-denial of the recluse. "I begin to think," said Mr. Buxton, "that of all men Wilberforce is the most subjected, and controlled, and invariably in the right frame of mind." And yet so constant was the development of his powers, so certain and invariable the high progress of his nature, that, as one who marks the movement of the stars in their course of light, foretells from the past their future orbit and position, so the Baron de Staël saw in the onward march of his heaven-directed life and powers one of the strongest proofs of a future and a happy existence to be found apart from revelation. He is the great exemplar to be followed by all future philanthropists. Probably few men have ever enjoyed more happiness in this world than he; for his pleasures were culled from the right hand of wisdom, and the pure current of his life ever ran, like the brook Siloam, "fast by the oracles of God."

It is not our purpose to treat in detail the various subjects which occupied Mr. Buxton's attention during the three

remaining years of his parliamentary life. "The spring and summer of 1834 were spent chiefly in active exertions for the benefit of those so soon to be liberated, watching the regulations adopted in the different islands; carefully investigating the appointment of the stipendary magistrates, and especially endeavoring to provide for the education and religious instruction of the negroes." To this important subject he called the attention of the Colonial Secretary, and used every effort to turn the operations of various benevolent societies in this direction. The British Foreign and Bible Society promised a New Testament and Psalter to every negro who should be found able to read on the Christmas day after emancipation. Among other projects was one to obtain possession of Lady Mico's fund. A certain Lady Mico, who had died a century and a quarter before, left a sum of money to her daughter upon one condition, that she should not marry a specified individual. As was very natural, the young lady's attention being so forcibly directed towards a prohibited party, and some of the baser interests of her nature being arrayed against some of its finer feelings, she did marry the man to whom she and the penalty were attached, and in obedience to the provisions of her mother's will, the money was devoted to the redemption of white slaves from Barbary. But, as there were now no white slaves in Barbary to be redeemed, the fund had accumulated till, in 1827, it amounted to £110,000. "After much trouble and expense, this money was obtained, and invested in the names of Dr. Lushington, Mr. Buxton, and two other trustees, to be employed in the education of the negroes;" while Government added a temporary grant of £20,000 per annum for the same purpose. "The proper and most efficient application of this money occupied much of Mr. Buxton's time and attention."

The 1st of August, the day on which the emancipation of the slaves was to take place, drew near. It was very generally observed in England as a day of rejoicing; but to many it was a day of intense anxiety, which was only relieved by the receipt of news from the Colonies, bearing unvarying testimony to the admirable conduct of the negroes on the day of freedom.

"Throughout the Colonies, the churches and chapels had been thrown open, and the slaves had crowded into them, on the evening of the 31st of July.

"As the hour of midnight approached, they fell on their knees, and awaited the solemn moment, all hushed in silent prayer. When twelve sounded from the chapel bells, they sprang upon their feet, and throughout every island rang the glad sound of thanksgiving to the Father of all; for the chains were broken, and the slaves were free."

We find, in Sir R. R. Schomburgk's recently published History of the Island of Barbados, a letter written by Mr. Buxton, not included in this volume of Memoirs of him by his son, which illustrates so pleasingly his candor, magnanimity, and strict regard for truth, even in relation to a cause about which his feelings were painfully excited, and which seems too often to kindle in its other advocates that fiery zeal in which their reputation for temperance, veracity, and kindness of speech is wholly consumed, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire. It appears that Mr. Buxton, deceived by information which seemed at the time to be perfectly trustworthy, had brought a public accusation, expressed in very severe language, against the planters of Barbados generally, and against the Solicitor-General of that island in particular, "for aiding and abetting in forcing the apprenticeship of free children without the consent of their parents."

"Against this unjust aspersion, the legislative Houses remonstrated, and the Solicitor-General, Mr. (now Sir) R. Bowcher Clarke, addressed himself individually to Mr. Buxton in order to remove this unfounded accusation, so prejudicial to his character. The following letter, in which the late Sir Thomas Buxton retracted the erroneous statement, and of which he sent a copy to Lord Glenelg, is worded in terms so honorable to the writer that I gladly insert it:—

"London, June 26th, 1837.

"Sir,

"I have received your letter of ———. In the first place allow me to express my sense of the delicate and kind manner in which you conveyed your complaint of the statement I had made to Lord Glenelg, and to thank you for your charity in ascribing to unintentional error those observations of mine, which under your feeling of unmerited obloquy might have been imputed to another cause, and might have been called by harsher names. I have no hesitation in saying at once, that I was betrayed into a great error, and that I was the means of inflicting an injury upon you which you did not merit. My only apology is, that I derived my information from an informant whom I know

to be incapable of wilful misrepresentation, that I copied verbatim his statement, and requested that an inquiry might be instituted.

"Since the receipt of your letter, and the perusal of his Excellency the Governor's despatch, I have communicated with my informant. He has called my attention to the fact that he spoke of your intentions early in December, and that your public proceedings did not take place until the following January. This relieves him from the imputation of stating that which the smallest inquiry would have proved to be without foundation, but it makes no other difference. Your intentions in December must be judged by your acts in the following months. I therefore altogether withdraw my charge, and request your pardon for having made it.

"I take the liberty of adding, for the sake of my own character, that in a controversy which has now lasted fourteen years, this is the first occasion on which I have found it necessary to retract any thing I have asserted, and that in this case I stated no more and no less than I received from a very respectable, and, in other instances, a very accurate informant. I have sent a copy of this letter to Lord Glenelg, and I trust it will prove satisfactory to his Excellency the Governor, as well as to yourself.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) "T. Fowell Buxton."

He was much occupied at this time, too, by inquiries into the treatment and condition of the aboriginal inhabitants of the British Colonies; and, in July, 1834, moved an address to the King upon this subject, calling particular attention to the *commando* system of Southern Africa. The address was passed unanimously, and the next session he obtained a committee of inquiry into the origin and conduct of the Caffre war. Meanwhile, Lord Glenelg, Secretary for the Colonies, became convinced that the tract of territory taken from the Caffres had been seized unjustly; and he therefore determined that it should be restored. The troops in occupation were accordingly marched back again to the British territory, and protectors of the aborigines were placed in every Colony where the British came in contact with them. The committee on the condition of the aborigines, together with one appointed to inquire into the workings of the apprenticeship system in the West Indies, occupied Mr. Buxton's time very fully, until the dissolution of Parliament in the summer of 1837; when, standing again for Weymouth, which he had represented for nearly twenty years, he lost his election.

His defeat appears to have been occasioned, not by any diminution of personal attachment to him on the part of his constituents, but by the increasing local influence of the Tory party, and by the unscrupulous means they used to carry the borough. He was well content with the result. Proposals were made to him from twenty-seven different places to stand as candidate, but he declined them all. "I mean for conscience' sake," he wrote, "to ride, shoot, amuse myself, and grow fat and flourishing." How thoroughly he devoted himself to his new object may be inferred from his writing his son in November. "I have been calculating that, since Parliament closed, I have ridden 500 miles and walked 1500."

We pass hastily over the period between the passage of the Emancipation Act and Mr. Buxton's withdrawal from Parliament, that we may dwell the longer upon the last, the most arduous, and, to us, the most interesting, labor of his life. Released from parliamentary duties, he had hoped for a period of repose; but looking up from his work, he saw fields white for the harvest where laborers were few. He spent but a moment in the shade, and grasping again the sickle labor-bright, he struck into the new field.

"I well remember," writes one of his sons, "the commencement of that long train of toils, anxieties, and sorrows. While my father and I were staying at Earlham, in the beginning of the summer of 1837, he walked into my room one morning, at an early hour, and sitting down on my bedside, told me that he had been lying awake all night, reflecting on the subject of the slave trade, and that he believed he had hit upon the true remedy for that portentous evil."

The idea that now struck him so forcibly, was this, — that "though strong external measures ought still to be resorted to, the deliverance of Africa was to be affected by *calling out her own resources*."

The idea having occurred to him, it was not allowed to fade slowly away, nor to lie unproductive of action; but as soon as possible he set himself to following out this train of thought to its farthest limits. He was compelled to defer this undertaking, till he reached home in the fall of the year, when he applied himself earnestly to the task. Throughout the winter, he revolved the subject in his mind,

read every book relating to it upon which he could lay his hands; and while he occupied himself in elaborate calculations respecting the extent of the slave trade, he sat at work a score of auxiliaries to collect proofs of the fertility and commercial resources of Africa. "Andrew Johnston and I," he writes, "are working like dragons at the slave trade. I only wish that the number of the hours in each day were doubled, and the number of minutes in every hour quadrupled." Having thus prepared his statistics, he went to London in the spring for the purpose of verifying them by naval and mercantile evidence of the highest authority.

"This done, he laid an epitome of his plans before different members of the Cabinet; by several of whom a disposition was evinced to investigate the matter further, and he was requested to prepare his plans in a more developed form by the beginning of the recess. Accordingly, at the end of May he went to Leamington, where he was joined by Mr. Scoble, an able and hearty fellow-laborer; and by Mr. McQueen, who was intimately acquainted with the geography and productions of Africa, and who had some years before declared his conviction, that the true way to abolish the slave trade would be to supplant it by lawful commerce. Aided by these gentlemen, he devoted himself sedulously to the task, frequently working at it about twelve hours a day." p. 446.

Of this "Letter to Lord Melbourne," but twenty copies were printed for the use of members of the Government, and by the middle of August, it was in their hands. Early in September, Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary, sent for him for an hour's conversation. "The Government, says Lord Glenelg, are deeply interested by my book. Melbourne writes to him strongly about it. The Cabinet meet on Friday on the subject. Glenelg says they accede to all I have said, as to previous failures. In short, he was convinced to my heart's content. I have since seen Lushington; he is delighted with the book; accedes to it with all his heart." The Government examined his plans, acceded to them, and requested him to enlarge and publish his "Letter to Lord Melbourne," for the purpose of informing and arousing the public mind. He did so, and produced a work in two pamphlet volumes, called "The Slave Trade and its Remedy."

In this work, he first treats of the extent of the slave trade and the sacrifice of life which it occasions. His first

proposition is, "that upwards of 150,000 human beings are (1839) annually conveyed from Africa across the Atlantic, and sold as slaves;" which he substantiates by the best official authority, and corroborates by calculations and estimates drawn from the most trustworthy sources of information. His calculations are long and careful, and his conclusions always put considerably below the total sum at which he fairly arrives. He then considers the mortality involved in this shipment, in the seizure, march to the sea-shore, detention there, during the passage, and in the seasoning after landing on the American shore. From all these causes combined, he estimates the mortality at 145 per cent.; that is, if 150,000 slaves are annually imported into Cuba and Brazil, 225,000 have perished to furnish them, and, of those landed, 30,000 die within the year.

"It is impossible," he says, "for any one to reach this result without suspecting, as well as hoping, that it must be an exaggeration; and yet there are those who think this is too low an estimate. I have not, however, assumed any fact without giving the data on which it rests; neither have I extracted from those data any immoderate inference. I think that the reader, on going over the calculation, will perceive that I have, in almost every instance, abated the deduction, (inference,) which might with justice have been made."

But this enormous traffic is carried on in spite of the efforts of the British cruisers and the stipulations of foreign powers. And why? The traders, indeed, are excited by the enormous profits of the trade; but they could do nothing, were they not assisted by the Africans themselves. "The African has acquired a taste for the productions of the civilized world. They have become essential to him. To say that the African, under present circumstances, shall not deal in man, is to say that he shall long in vain for his accustomed gratifications." "We want three things," said an African chief; "powder, ball, and brandy; and we have three things to sell, — men, women, and children." Thus, both parties are eager for meeting and exchange, and the slender barrier of a line of cruisers must needs be overleaped. But turn one party from the barter, convince the African that he can obtain the supplies he needs more surely and abundantly by some other means than the trade in slaves, and he will accept those means, and

the slave trade ends. Call out, then, the resources of the country itself; establish a legitimate commerce for the disposal of her natural products. The fertile soil of Africa is your ally. The antagonist which is alone able to cope with the slave trade is legitimate commerce; and this commerce will spring up as soon as the natural products of the country can be brought to market, and the exchange established between these and the supplies which the African needs.

In the second part of his book, his object is to prove that the remedy he proposes can be applied.

"He established the fact, first, that gold, iron, and copper abound in many districts of the country; secondly, that vast regions are of the most fertile description, and are capable of producing rice, wheat, hemp, indigo, coffee, &c., and, above all, the sugar cane and cotton, in any quantities; while the forests contain every kind of timber, — mahogany, ebony, dye-woods, the oil-palm, &c.; besides caoutchouc and other gums. He also proved that the natives, so far from shunning intercourse with us, have been in every case eager and importunate that we should settle among them."

"While the capabilities of Africa are thus extensive, the facilities for commercial intercourse are on the same scale. He mentioned those afforded by the great rivers on the west coast of Africa, especially the Niger, which had been explored by Lander to the distance of 500 miles from the sea, and the Tchadda, which runs into it: and he dwelt much on the singular fitness of the situation of Fernando Po, as an emporium of commerce. He emphatically declared his conviction, that Central Africa possesses within itself every thing necessary for the growth of commerce; and he proceeded to point out, in confirmation of this statement, that in certain spots on the west coast of Africa, where some degree of security had been afforded, agriculture and commerce had as a consequence immediately sprung up, and the slave trade had withered away. He derived his facts from authorities of the most varied and impartial description, including extracts from the authors most conversant with Africa; from the writings of the Governors of Sierra Leone, Fernando Po, and the Gambia; from those of all the travellers who had explored western Africa; and from those of African merchants, scientific men, and others, who had studied the subject at home." pp. 450, 451.

The argument closes with a plan of action.

"The following were some of the specific steps suggested by him for turning the attention of the Africans from their trade in men to the trade in merchandise: — That the British Government

should increase the preventive squadron on the coast — should purchase Fernando Po, as a kind of head-quarters and mart of commerce — should give protection to private enterprises — and should enter into treaty with the native chiefs, for the relinquishment of the slave trade, for grants of lands to be brought into cultivation, and for arrangements to facilitate a legitimate trade.

"He proposed that an expedition should be sent up the Niger, for the purpose of setting on foot the preliminary arrangements in Africa for the agricultural, commercial, and missionary settlements; of entering into treaties with the native chiefs; of convincing the negroes of the uprightness of our intentions; and of ascertaining the state of the country along that vast tract of land which is traversed by the river Niger.

"A company was also to be formed, by private individuals, for the introduction of agriculture and commerce into Africa. This was to be effected by sending out qualified agents to form settlements in favorable situations; to establish model farms; to set up factories, well stored with British goods, and thus to sow the first seeds of commerce; and, in short, to adopt those means, which have been elsewhere effectual, in promoting trade and the cultivation of the soil. He admitted entirely that this company must not expect speedy returns, although he strongly maintained the reasonable prospect of eventual profit.

"Upon private individuals, also, would devolve the responsibility of coöperating with the religious societies in sending out a strong force of those upon whom he especially depended for the deliverance of Africa, missionaries and native teachers.

"He dwelt much upon the importance of making use of native agency for this purpose." pp. 451, 452.

To complete this work by the appointed time he labored excessively. To Mrs. Buxton, who was in Florence for her health, he writes:—

"I have been working hard during the week, but yesterday we had our hardest day. With the exception of a few minutes in the garden, and a run to the cottage and dinner, I did not stop from breakfast to half-past one o'clock at night; and, what is more extraordinary, I had seven capital secretaries at work, and many of them during the whole day. We got on famously; till then I had been very doubtful whether I should not be obliged to stay a week longer." pp. 465.

His exertions were not without effect. Government determined to adopt his proposals, to send an expedition to the river Niger, to explore that river, and, if possible, to set on

foot commercial relations with the people inhabiting its banks. Sir Edward Parry, being directed to prepare three vessels, decided that they must be built for the purpose; and during the necessary interval, Mr. Buxton took the opportunity to join his family in Rome. Before he went, a society was founded under the title of "The Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, and the Civilization of Africa," in which the Bishop of London, Lord Ashley, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Thomas Acland, and other distinguished individuals took an active part.

In the spring of 1840, Mr. Buxton returned to England full of impatience to resume his labors. The work of preparing the three iron steamers for the expedition was going on. On the 1st of June, a meeting of those interested in the project was held at Exeter Hall, Prince Albert presiding, and was attended by a large and enthusiastic company.

"Shortly after this meeting of the African Civilization Society, it was intimated to Mr. Buxton, by Lord John Russell, that it was proposed to confer the rank of Baronet upon him. After some deliberation, having ascertained that the idea had not been suggested to the Government by any of his friends, but was a spontaneous mark of their approbation of his conduct, he accepted the title with much gratification." pp. 524, 525.

On the 14th of April, 1841, the Niger expedition sailed. Arriving at the mouth of the Niger in the month of August, that being the season recommended by those acquainted with the subject, the three steamers, the Soudan, the Albert, and the Wilberforce passed up the stream on the 20th of the month. At first, all went well. "Every one was in the highest spirits, cheered by the novelty and beauty of the scenery, and by the exhilarating feeling of the air, which appeared perfectly salubrious." But on the 4th of September, a fever of the most malignant character broke out on board the Albert, and almost simultaneously in the other vessels. They proceeded, notwithstanding; but soon the sickness increased with such appalling rapidity, that Captain Trotter, commander of the expedition, thought it advisable to send the sick down the river in the Soudan, under the command of a Lieutenant. At the mouth of the river they met the steamer Dolphin, which relieved them, and took them to Fernando Po. But the sickness on board the Albert and the

Wilberforce still continued; and on the 21st of September, the Wilberforce was sent down stream, while Captains Trotter and Bird Allen pushed forward in the Albert. They kept on till the 4th of October, as far as Egga, 320 miles from the sea.

"But the sickness on board had become so very alarming, that it was found absolutely necessary, on the 4th of October, to steam down the river with all speed. Captain Bird Allen, who had been most anxious to persevere, and in fact almost all the officers and men on board, except the negroes, were seized with the deadly fever. Captain Trotter himself was at length disabled by it; and at this critical period the engineers also were too ill to perform their duty! Dr. Stanger (the geologist,) however, having learned how to manage the engines, from a scientific treatise on board, undertook to work them himself; and Dr. MacWilliam in addition to his laborious duties in attending the sick, conducted the ship down the river, with the assistance of only one white sailor, 'in the most able, and judicious manner.'" p. 557.

"While the Albert was still a hundred miles from the sea, its disabled crew were surprised and delighted by seeing a steamer coming up the stream towards them. It proved to be the Ethiope, commanded by Captain Becroft, who had been directed by Mr. Jamieson to afford every assistance to the expedition. This timely assistance was of the greatest importance. Captain Becroft and his engineer took charge of the Albert, and brought her in safety to Fernando Po. It was hoped that Captain Bird Allen and his gallant fellow sufferers would rapidly revive under the influence of its purer air; but many were already too much sunk to receive benefit, and the mortality was most painful. Of the 301 persons who composed the expedition, when it commenced the ascent of the Niger, forty-one perished from the African fever. It may be worth while to observe, that of the 108 Africans on board not one died from the effects of the disease. Captain Bird Allen fell a victim to it at Fernando Po, on the 21st of October." pp. 558, 559.

Thus failed the Niger expedition, defeated by obstacles which no degree of skill or courage could avoid or overcome. It may be imagined what anguish this melancholy prostration of his hopes wrung from the brave heart of Sir Fowell Buxton. His health, seriously impaired before, became more feeble now that failure in his most earnest purpose threw its shadow upon him. The clouds were gathering around his setting sun. "After the failure of the African expedition," writes one of his friends, "he was but the ghost of himself.

I do not say, as was recorded of a distinguished person after a great calamity, that he never smiled again; but it was evident to all, and I think, at all times, that a great storm had broken over him." "And yet," says his son, "the three years which elapsed between the failure of the Niger expedition and his death were brightened by not a few gleams of domestic happiness, by many country pleasures; by the great satisfaction of receiving in the main good tidings of the working of emancipation in the West Indies; by some encouragements about Africa, but above all, by the exercise of faith and the consolations of religion."

There was one feature of the case upon which he looked with hope. It was observed, that none of the Africans who accompanied the expedition were affected by the climate. "Our exertions," he writes, "have *not* been wholly useless. At all events, we know one thing which we did not know before. We know how the evil is to be cured; that it is to be done by native agency. *Africa is to be delivered by her own sons.*" If this idea be just, is there any land from which that deliverance can come so well as from our own?

Sir Fowell Buxton died at Northrepp's Hall, on the 19th of February, 1845, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. A character of such simplicity and strength, and a life so thoroughly governed by principle as his, afford but little occasion for disquisition or remark. His epitaph is written in his works. They best display his "plain, heroic magnitude of mind."

A few weeks after his death, it was proposed to erect a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Prince Albert was the first subscriber; but after his, the sum of each subscription was limited to two guineas. A list of many distinguished names was quickly formed; and when the project came to the knowledge of those whose welfare he had labored to promote, of the negroes in the West Indies, Sierra Leone, and Cape Town, and the natives of Caffraria, they eagerly came forward to add their testimonials of gratitude to these of respect. Four hundred and fifty pounds, chiefly in pence and half-pence, were contributed by upwards of 50,000 persons.

In the north transept of Westminster Abbey lie buried the statesmen of the British realm. There lie the earthly relics of the two Pitts, of Lord Mansfield, Grattan, Fox, Canning,

Wilberforce, and there stands the statue of Sir Fowell Buxton. One by one, escorted by the dignitaries of the land, by the Houses of Parliament, by the nobles and princes of the realm, have they received the last and most lasting honor in the power of their countrymen to bestow. The funeral rites are over; the stately procession has passed mournfully away; the heavy stones are replaced upon the tomb, and the heartless servitors are gone. No sound breaks the silence that reigns in this sanctuary of a nation's glory, this temple of a people's faith. In such a place, amid such silence and alone, let him, who would rightly judge, compare the merits of those who repose around him. The orator, the politician, the wit, the debater, the statesman, what rank do they hold when compared with those who devoted their lives and their strength to "redeem man from slavery, superstition, and crime."

ART. II. *The Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut, prior to the Union with New Haven Colony, May, 1665; transcribed and published, in Accordance with a Resolution of the General Assembly, under the Supervision of the Secretary of State, with Occasional Notes and an Appendix.* By J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL, Cor. Sec. Conn. Hist. Society, &c. Hartford: Brown & Parsons, 1850. 8vo. pp. 604.

HERE is another contribution, and a valuable one, to the accessible sources of the history of New England. The ancient records of the good old Colony of Connecticut, carefully transcribed from the already mouldering pages of the original, are in this handsome volume preserved from all future chances of destruction by decay or fire. Their publication is at once an office of piety, the erection of a monument to those whose memory ought to live forever in the commonwealth which they founded, and a service for which the future student of history will be grateful. It is the most appropriate and truthful eulogy that could be inscribed on the tombstones of the sleeping fathers of Connecticut. Monumental inscriptions, properly so called, are remarkable for any thing but

veracity ; they may record faithfully the feelings of the survivors, though the expression even of these is generally exaggerated and unnatural ; but they do no justice to the over praised or wrongly estimated virtues of the departed. Formal history, also, — that which is digested by the labors of subsequent generations from fading manuscripts and dim traditions, and set forth with all the varnish of rhetoric and the artifices of a political or sectarian purpose, — too often lies like an epitaph. Historical discourses, anniversary orations, and controversial publications, elicited by local patriotism and jealousy, are even less trustworthy ; the chief service done by them to the cause of truth is, that they often embody and preserve fragments of original testimony which might otherwise be scattered and lost. The porridge of declamation or controversy, in which these few peas are seen floating about, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, affords little nutriment or gratification to a healthy appetite. The sage question of Eliphaz the Temanite may be propounded to the writers of them, " Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind ? "

Let him who would know what manner of men our puritan forefathers were, study faithfully these original and continuous records, written by their own hands, of their counsels and actions. Their plain and business-like character is a most satisfactory attestation of their truthfulness. The penmen were not aware that they were writing for posterity. The orders of their magistrates, such as were rendered necessary from day to day by the exigencies of their situation, or were thought to be necessary in order to carry out their peculiar views of church and state polity, were simply copied out in what then seemed " a fair hand," though it now appears a very crabbed one, for their own convenience. They aimed to establish a little settlement of God-fearing people in the wilderness, and they unconsciously founded an empire. So they intended only to proceed methodically in the business of the moment, and therefore to preserve a fair record of their proceedings for present use ; and they unconsciously wrote history and sketched their own characters. In that record, they appear alike in their strength and their weakness, their virtues and their faults. They knew not that the page would come to be scrutinized, centuries afterwards, with nearly as much curiosity and respectful earnestness as they themselves

evinced in studying the divine record of the release of the Israelites from Egypt and their subsequent wanderings in the desert, — a history which seemed to them to typify their own fortunes.

Many of the ordinances here registered and the matters to which they relate are seemingly trivial, so that the propriety of publishing them at all at this late day may appear questionable. Yet the preservation of them answers a higher purpose than the mere gratification of an antiquarian taste or an idle curiosity. The characters of men are more truly estimated from their ordinary conduct, their habitual management of their everyday concerns, than from the manner in which they meet great emergencies, or answer sudden calls upon their prudence, courage, or fortitude. Faculties which always slumber till some grand occasion calls them out do not constitute true greatness in the individual, nor add much to the well-being of the community in which he moves. We gain a more adequate idea of the pilgrim settlers of New England from strict observation of the manner in which they regulated their own households, and administered from day to day the little affairs of the infant colony, than from the most perfect record of the fight with the Pequods, Philip's war, or the struggle with James II. for the preservation of their charters. Even the banishment of heretics, the hanging of Quakers, and the trials of witches were infrequent occurrences or sudden epidemics ; they were extraordinary developments of only one side of puritan nature and belief, and were provoked by peculiar circumstances. To find the key to these occurrences, the true explanation of such events, we must study the character and situation of the authors of them as a whole ; and for that purpose, we must investigate the whole tenor of their lives, and judge them by little things as well as great. This attention to details may dispel much of the charm of romance with which their history is invested, and take away the varnish and gilding of their portraits ; but it will bring out the sober truth and the perfect likeness.

These records of the proceedings of the early magistrates of the Connecticut Colony, for the very reason that they relate chiefly to minute and insignificant events, remind us of one circumstance, which, obvious as it may seem, is too frequently lost sight of in considering the history of the settlement of New

England. We are too apt to form an opinion of the polity of our Puritan ancestors by asking what the effects of a similar system would be, if applied to the populous and prosperous communities in which we now live. We forget that one law, one kind of management, is appropriate for a household, and quite a different one for a large and flourishing state. Every father of a family is a despot under his own roof, — a kind and gentle one, it may be, — but still a ruler whose will is law, and whose commands are not to be gainsaid. His judgment, or that of the person to whom he delegates the task, is necessarily exercised in regard to the minutest concerns of the household. He may prescribe sumptuary laws to them without offence to the principles of political economy, and may regulate small points of conduct and behavior without deserving to be called a busybody. A good republican, a good democrat, when in the street, or at the polls, he may with perfect consistency be an absolute monarch at his own fireside. Now, a small and isolated society may bear more resemblance to a family than to a political community, and may consequently require to be governed rather in a paternal or patriarchal fashion, than after the manner of an organized state. Such was the condition, at one time, of the Highland clans, and such are still the relations which exist among the members of an Arab tribe.

The rights which a person inherits, and the duties which are incumbent upon him, in a family, or clan, or any other private community, are far different from those which are entailed upon him in a public community, an organized body politic. In the latter case, his mere personality, his presence in the state, entitles him to a full share of the social and political privileges which are enjoyed by the other citizens. They cannot justly ostracize him for differences of abstract opinion; whether Jew or Gentile, he has a right to dwell among them, and still to worship the god of his fathers, or the god of his own choice, provided always, that the offices of his creed do not subject them to serious annoyance or interruption, so that his proceedings, in legal phrase, may be abated as a public nuisance. But he has no right to enter a Christian household, where he is an utter stranger, and there spread his carpet on the floor, and pray towards Mecca. The master of such a house would transgress no law of hospitality, would violate

no principle of Christian or philosophical toleration, by unceremoniously kicking such an intruder out of doors. And the case is but little altered, if it be a clan, all the members of which have a common origin, or a private association, bound together by a common and peculiar purpose, into which the stranger thrusts himself, though he is of a different lineage, and has other objects in view. He is still an intruder, and may justly be compelled to withdraw. Take, for instance, the case of the Shakers, those amiable and industrious fanatics and communists, who have established themselves in separate villages within our own borders. If they choose to dwell apart, and associate only with each other, if they are even constrained to do so by their peculiar religious opinions, what law of Christian courtesy or even-handed toleration do they violate? Grant that their opinions are extravagant; still they are not bound to admit among them a preacher who will expose this extravagance to their faces. They enact the most rigid sumptuary laws, and prescribe to their own members with the greatest particularity what dress they shall wear, what food they shall eat, and what work they shall perform. But they do this with a distinct consciousness and an open avowal, that they are a private association, not an independent political community. They virtually constitute but one family, and they claim no more than what the law and public opinion grant to every other family, — the right to regulate their own affairs in their own way.

Apply the distinction that we have here indicated to the case of the early settlers of New England, and we think it effectually relieves them from the common imputation of an intolerant and persecuting spirit, or a prying and meddlesome administration. When they began their work of subduing the wilderness, they were virtually a private religious association, maintaining their allegiance to the British crown, and holding their lands under patents originally granted to private trading companies. Their primary object was not to constitute a state, but to found a church. Their purpose was isolation; they came hither to live by themselves. They came hither to enjoy the privilege, not only of worshipping God according to their own consciences, but of avoiding the sight and shunning the contamination of others, who worshipped after a different fashion. They left England because they

abhorred the sight both of prelacy and presbytery. They subsequently left Holland, where the Dutch had been very kind to them, because they were still obliged to live there within sight and hearing of practices and doctrines which were an offence to their nostrils. They crossed the ocean, because here they could obtain lands broad enough to guard themselves against even the neighborhood of heresy ; being the private owners of the soil, they could warn all Anabaptists, Quakers, Antinomians, and Episcopalians, as trespassers, off their grounds. They banished these people, not from any persecuting spirit, but because they did not like, or dreaded, their companionship. This new world was wide enough for all. They told the heretics to go away, and form communities for themselves, even as they, the pious people of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, had done. When Roger Williams, that "conscientious, contentious" man, began to split his metaphysical subtilties among them, and to confound their ears with strange doctrines — to say nothing of his instigating Mr. Endicott to cut the cross out of the king's colors, as an emblem which savored too strongly of papacy — they civilly prayed him to depart and leave them at peace. When the Quakers began to annoy them with their strange practices, the magistrates had them conducted to the borders of their jurisdiction, and ordered them to return no more. They came again, and were again dismissed, being threatened with death in case of further trespass. They came a third time, and then the magistrates, being resolute and God-fearing men, who would not break the word they had once passed, — hanged them.

Our forefathers came here as avowed separatists, to realize, if they could, the idea of a perfect Christian commonwealth in the wilderness. The first step towards the fulfilment of such a purpose was to leave the world and all its abominations behind them, and to guard themselves against any future influx of strange doctrines or irreligious practices. Their measures, consequently, are not to be judged by the rules of the world's policy, but by their adaptedness to the particular end which they had in view. The Bible was their standard, not only of faith, but of conduct. Reverencing the Old Testament quite as much as the New, and perhaps a little more so, they naturally adopted the children of Israel, while yet wandering in the desert under their inspired guides, as their prototypes.

Hence it was natural that they should adopt the Mosaic code, in all its breadth and severity, as their whole body of legislation. That they did not do so, but introduced many important modifications into the code, was owing to the prudence of some sagacious men among them, who saw that allowance must be made for the change of time and circumstances. In 1636, "Mr. Cotton being requested by the General Court [of Massachusetts] with some other ministers, to assist some of the magistrates in compiling a body of fundamental laws, did, this Court, present a copy of Moses his judicials, compiled in an exact method, which were taken into further consideration till the next General Court." This "further consideration" was not favorable to Mr. Cotton's digest of the Mosaic code, which was finally set aside for a "Body of Liberties" drawn up by Nathaniel Ward, some time pastor of the church in Ipswich, but formerly a thorough-bred lawyer, and who was consequently aided both by spiritual and secular learning. In his code, after the Jewish fashion, the crimes of idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, and adultery were made punishable with death; but "although it retains some strong traces of the times, it is," says Mr. F. C. Gray, an excellent judge, "in the main far in advance of them, and in several respects in advance of the Common Law of England at this day."

Thus the original idea of founding a church, a theocracy, in the wilderness, gradually led, contrary to the expectations of its authors, to the establishment of a political community there, so that their institutions by degrees were secularized. Population increased rapidly, agriculture flourished, trade was extended, and all the elements of a body politic having thus come into existence, its regular organization followed as a matter of course. The ministers and the more zealous members of the church contended resolutely for a long time against this change in the fundamental idea of their settlement; but they could not resist the natural course of events and the inevitable consequences of the growth and prosperity of their colony. Finally, the establishment of the new charter for Massachusetts in 1690, took away the corner stone of the old system, by extending the right of suffrage and other privileges of freemen to those who were not members of any church. After that epoch, the Puritan element in our political institutions rapidly dwindled away, the last blow given to it being

the repeal, some fifteen or twenty years since, of that article in the Bill of Rights which required every inhabitant to contribute, according to his means, for the support of religious worship, but left him the power to pay his tax to whatever denomination he might select. Even the character of our population is fast losing all traces of its Puritan origin, the tide of immigration having mingled so many other elements with it that its primitive characteristics have almost wholly disappeared.

The colony in Connecticut did not grow so rapidly as that in Massachusetts, from which it was an offset, and in its history we trace very clearly, and for a longer time, those features which were impressed upon it by the original idea of the Puritan settlements in New England. In its early stages, the proceedings of the magistrates and the people are to be judged with reference to the smallness of their numbers, the peculiarity and the dangers of their situation, and their original intention to found a church rather than a state. Afterwards, when the political element came to be interfused with the ecclesiastical, they may be viewed as statesmen legislating for a nearly independent colony. The first emigrants from Massachusetts to Connecticut were not a merely casual association of persons united only by their desire to remove to another locality; the *churches* of three principal towns in the infant colony, Watertown, Dorchester, and Newtown, afterwards Cambridge, determined to remove in a body, carrying their pastors along with them. They named the towns which they founded in the valley of the Connecticut after those which they had left on the borders of the Bay; and it was not till the winter of 1636 – 37, that their magistrates ordered the name of Newtown to be changed to Hartford, that of Watertown to Wethersfield, and that of Dorchester to Windsor. Mr. Hooker, the pastor of the church at Newtown, and a man distinguished for learning and ability, was the leader of the movement. What motive he and his people had for removal, it is difficult to conjecture. In their petition to the General Court for leave to remove, they alleged that they were straitened for want of room, and had not accommodations for their cattle, — a plea the justice of which, in 1635, we cannot readily admit. Malthus himself would hardly have considered the population of Massachusetts at that period as redundant. Jealousy of Mr.

Cotton, whose influence was then all powerful with the magistrates and the people, has been assigned as a probable cause why Hooker, who was ambitious in his way, should desire to establish a new colony, where he might be the master spirit. But this seems improbable; and we prefer to believe, that the soil round Boston being naturally hard and sterile, the people were really very poor, and found it hard to support themselves and their ministers; they had heard that the meadows on the Connecticut were rich and fertile, and they preferred to brave the perils of a journey thither through the wilderness, and to reside where they would be more exposed to the hostilities of the Indians, so that they might obtain from the ground a plentiful subsistence. We know that the excellent Mr. Shepherd, Hooker's successor, at Newtown or Cambridge, was afterwards straitened for his salary and for food, and entertained thoughts at times of removing to Metabesick, afterwards Middletown, in Connecticut.

Circumstances favored their project of removal. In the same year in which their journey was to take place, John Winthrop, the younger, a person of rare accomplishments and merits, arrived from England with a commission from Lord Say and Seal and others, empowering him to erect a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut, for which purpose he was furnished with men, ammunition, and £2,000 in money. Thus, the emigrant churches were sure of having a stronghold in the vicinity, to which they might fly for refuge, and the companionship of one who rivalled his father, the excellent Governor of Massachusetts, in all noble qualities. So they plucked up courage, and went their way about the middle of October, 1635, through the trackless wilderness, a party of about sixty men, women, and children, driving their cattle and swine before them "through swamps and rivers, over mountains and rough ground," till they reached their place of destination. Winter closed in upon them before they had obtained full shelter in their new abode, and famine stared them in the face before the spring opened. But they obtained a small supply of corn by traffic with the Indians, and thus contrived to sustain life till their first harvest came round, which secured them from hunger for a long time.

Their book of Records opens with the proceedings of their magistrates, eight persons who had been commissioned by

Massachusetts for the temporary government of the new colony, at a court held at Newtown, (Hartford,) on the 26th of April, 1636, the first spring after their arrival. At this first session, an order was passed forbidding any person to "trade with the natives or Indians any piece or pistol or gun or powder or shot, under such heavie penalty as uppon such misdemeanour the Corte shall thinke meete." As Mr. Winthrop was the Ulysses of the infant settlement, so stout Capt. John Mason was its Achilles; and manfully did he play the part which Capt. Standish acted farther east. An order was passed on the 6th of March, 1837, less than three months before the famous expedition against the Pequods, which throws some light on the probable causes of Indian hostilities, though it also indicates the honorable and prudent conduct of the magistrates, who strove to avoid all causes of collision.

"It is ordered that noe Commissioners or other person shall binde, imprison or restraine, correct or whipp any Indian or Indians whatsoever in his owne case or in the case of any other, nor giue them any menacing or threatning speeches, exc[ept] it be in case any Indian or Indians shall assault or affront theire person or persons, or shall finde them either wasting, killing or spoiling any of theire goodes or estate, and he or they shall finde them soe doeing, and in that case, if they refuse to come before a magistrate, they may force them to goe and binde them if they refuse. But if any iniurie or trespasse be offered or done by any Indian or Indians or their dogges, he or they are to complaine to some magistrate or magistrates, provided alwaies that any twoe magistrats togeather may vppon any speciall occasion send for any Indian or Indians to come before them, and if they see cause to restraine or imprison him or them, and in case of refusall or contumacy or other extraordinary misdemeanor or occasion, to send force to apprehend or take him or them if they see cause."

It was also ordered "that there shall be fiftie Costlets provided in the plantations," which were to be inspected by a military officer, "and if he disallowe them as insufficient, the towns are to provide better." These corselets may have been of metal, in which case our forefathers fought "with harness to their backs." Five years later, however, we find an order which shows that they had invented or borrowed a new fashion of armor, afterwards adopted by many good Protestants in London during the agitation caused by the supposed Popish Plot. The grim Puritans must have cut a whimsical figure

when clad in these bulky, wadded coats, which were proof against arrows, if not bullets.

"October 4th, 1642. It is ordered, there shall be 90 coats provided within these Plantations, within tenn dayes, basted with cotton wooll and made defensive against Indian arrows; Hartford 40, Wyndsor 30, Wethersfield 20."

Going back to the period preceding the extermination of the Pequods, we find other orders indicating the people's opinion of the extremity of their danger, and the man on whom they most depended for defence.

"It is ordered that Captaine Mason shal be a publique military officer of the plantations of Connecticot, and shall traine the military men thereof in each plantations according to the dayes appointed, and shall have 40*l.* per annum, to be paid oute of the Treasury quarterly, the pay to begine from the day of the date hereof. This order to stand in force for a yeere and vntill the generall Courte take other order to the contrary."

As the military men were to be trained ten days in every year, and every person above the age of sixteen years was made liable to bear arms, we see in these institutions a very respectable origin for our present, or late, militia system. All commissioners and church officers, however, were exempted from this service, not only during their term of office, but ever afterwards. But holy days and church meetings were not considered free from danger, as appears from two subsequent ordinances, which remind one of Cromwell's famous exhortation to his soldiers, "to trust in the Lord, but mind and keep their powder dry."

It is Ordered, that there shall be a gard of 40 men to come compleate in their Arms to the meeting euery Sabbath and lecture day, in euery Towne within these libertyes vppon the Riuer.

To preuent or withstand such sudden assaults as may be made by Indeans vppon the Sabboth or lecture dayes, It is Ordered, that one person in euery seuerall howse wherein is any souldear or souldears, shall bring a muskett, pystoll or some peece, with powder and shott to ech meeting, excepte some on Magistrate dispense with any on, and appoynt some other to supply his roome.

These extracts show that the colonists had a full sense of the imminent peril of their situation, being but a handful in number, with no help near at hand, and surrounded by powerful tribes of the irritable natives, whom all their prudence

could not conciliate, nor their watchfulness disarm or deter. Events proved that their apprehensions were not unfounded. On the 16th of April, 1637, a large party of Pequods and other Indians laid an ambush against the people at Wethersfield, while they were at work in the fields, and killed seven men, besides a woman and child, and led off two young maidens as captives. Other outrages of less note had preceded this massacre, so as to convince the colonists that the time had now come to take decisive measures against the natives, if they were not prepared to give up their new settlements, and seek refuge in Massachusetts. Captain Mason was sent out with a band, which, small as it was, probably embraced full half of the fighting men in the Colony, only enough being left behind to guard their homes ; and in two successive expeditions, he utterly exterminated the Pequod nation, the few who survived taking refuge with, and being adopted into other tribes.

This was a stern blow resolutely struck by grave and pious men, who deemed that they fought only in self-defence, their own lives, with those of their wives and children, being at stake. In spite of its awful severity, in spite of the horrors of that fearful night when they took the Pequod fort by storm, and burned about six hundred poor savages in their own wigwams, shooting down those who attempted to escape, it is difficult to deny the justice of the colonists' plea, that the measure was not only necessary, but even merciful. It saved both parties from the atrocities of a protracted war against all the Indian tribes east of the Connecticut. The fidelity of the Mohegans and the Narragansetts was already wavering, owing to the fears which these tribes entertained of the warlike Pequods. The latter commenced hostilities with the whites, notwithstanding the urgent endeavors of the colonists to conciliate them ; and they perpetrated a series of outrages which rendered it absolutely necessary to refer the whole matter to the dread arbitrament of war. The whites had no option but to adopt this course, or to allow themselves to be destroyed in detail, the Indians constantly forming ambushes against them as they were at work in the fields, or aiming to destroy a whole village at one fell swoop. Philip's war, which broke out some forty years afterwards, showed that the savages were not foes to be despised ; and but for the vigorous and

decisive measures adopted by the Connecticut people, such a war would surely have been kindled before the settlement at Hartford was six years old; and at that early day, it would probably have ended in the entire destruction of the New England Colonies. But the extermination of the Pequods struck the natives with a panic, which lasted for nearly half a century, during which time the white settlements became so strong, that they were able, when the crisis came, to meet and vanquish the whole Indian confederacy. Let those who waste sentimental regret on the fate of this fierce tribe of savages, picture to themselves, if they can, the few and feeble Christian towns, dotted along, like patches of sunlight in the primeval and unbroken forest, numbering altogether at this time — we refer to Connecticut only — probably not more than four hundred inhabitants, and waiting daily in agonized apprehension to hear the whoop of their savage foes, who were counted by thousands, from the wilderness that skirted their dwellings, — let them imagine all this, and then censure the settlers as severely as their consciences will permit for striking the heavy and decisive blow which ensured peace and security to them and their families for forty years.

We will now see, if our readers should not consider the transition too violent, what other grave matters occupied the attention of the magistrates of these Puritan settlements, either before, or shortly after the danger from the Indians was dispelled. The peril did not unnerve them, or make them forgetful of the strictness of life and conversation which the Gospel of Christ seemed to them to require. February 8th, 1640, (N. S. 1641,) "Mr. Webster and Mr. Phelps are desired to consult with the Elders of both Plantations to prepare instructions against the next General Court for the punishing of the sin of lying, which begins to be practised by many persons in this commonwealth." When the General Court held its session in the fellowing September, it empowered the Particular Court, consisting of the six magistrates and a jury, to punish any person who should be accused and found guilty of this vice "either by fyne or bodily correction, according as they shall judge the nature of the fault to require." At the April and June sessions of the same year, the following ordinances were passed: —

"Notwithstanding the late Order conserneing the restraynt of

excesse in apparrell, yet diuers persons of seuerall ranks are obsearued still to exceede therein : It is therefore Ordered that the Constables of euery Town within these libertyes, shall obsearue and take notice of any particuler person or persons within their seuerall lymitts, and all such as they judge to exceede their condition and ranks therein, they shall present and warne to appeare at the particuler Courte ; as also the said Constables are to present to the said Courte all such persons who sell their comodityes at excessive rates ; And the said Courte hath power to censure any disorder in the particulers before mentioned."

" Forasmuch as the Court haueing lately declared their apprehensions to the Country conserneing the excesse in wages amongst all sort of Artifficers and workemen, hopeing thereby men would haue bine a law vnto themselues, but finding little reformation therein, The said Court hath therefore Ordered, that sufficient able Carpenters, Plowwrits, Wheelewrits, Masons, Joyners, Smithes and Coopers, shall not take aboue 20*d.* for a dayes worke from the xth of March to the xith of October, nor aboue 18*d.* a day for the other parte of the yeare, and to worke xi howers in the day the sumer tyme, besides that which is spent in eateing or sleeping, and ix howers in the wynter : also, mowers, for the tyme of mowing, shall not take aboue xx*d.* for a dayes worke."

The following order, which is of a much earlier date, having been passed on the 21st of February, 1637, may be regarded as a direct encouragement of marriage, though its probable object was the preservation of good morals, and to prevent idle and vicious persons from being harbored temporarily in this pious community.

" It is ordered that noe yonge man that is neither maried nor hath any servaunte, & be noe publicke officer, shall keepe howse by himself, without consent of the Towne where he liues first had, vnder paine of 20*s.* per weeke.

" It is ordered that noe Master of a Family shall giue habitacon or interteinment to any yonge man to soiourne in his family, but by the allowance of the inhabitants of the saide Towne where he dwelles vnder the like penalty of 20*s.* per weeke."

The next two orders that we shall extract are dated respectively on the 5th of July, 1643, and the 5th of March, 1644, the first being an order of the General, and the second of the Particular Court.

" Whereas, the prosperity and well being of Comon weles doth much depend vppon the well gouerment and ordering of particuler

Familyes, wch in an ordinary way cannot be expected where the rules of God are neglected in laying the foundation of a family state; For the preuention therefore of such evells and inconueniences, wch by experience are found not only to be creeping in but practised by some in that kynd, It is Ordered, that no person whatsouer, male or female, not being at his or her owne dispose, that remayneth vnder the gouerment of parents, masters or gardians or such like, shall ether make, or giue entertaynement to any motion or sute in way of mariedge, without the knowledge and consent of those they stand in such relation to, vnder the seuere censure of the Courte, in case of delinquency not attending this order; nor shall any third person or persons intermeddle in makeing any motion to any such without the knowledge and consent of those vnder whose gouerment they are, vnder the same penalty."

"Walter Gray, for his misdemeanor in laboring to inueagle the affections of Mr. Hoockers mayde, is to be publiquely corrected the next lecture day."

Three years afterwards, "the frequente taking Tobacco" was brought to the consideration of these grave magistrates, as a vicious practice which it was desirable to restrain. The good men appear to have been sorely puzzled with this matter, probably because some of their own number had found that a moderate use of the good "creature called Tobacco" was very pleasant and comfortable, and, if not exactly an innocent habit, it was at any rate a very difficult one to abandon. At the same time, upon their strict principles, it would not do to pass over altogether the indulgence of a useless luxury, which was probably offensive to many among them. Accordingly they compromised the matter, and sought to restrain within due limits a practice which they were not able to prohibit entirely, and which was not directly forbidden in Scripture. In a long order, very elaborately drawn up, all minors, and all other persons not already addicted to the noxious weed, were forbidden to use it, except under a physician's certificate that it would be useful to him, and a special license from the Court. In order that the persons thus excepted might not abuse the indulgence, it was further provided, that no one should "take any Tobacco publiquely in the street, nor shall any take it in the fyelds or woods, unless when they be on their travill or joyrny at least 10 myles, or at the ordinary tyme of repast commonly called dynner, or if it be not

then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other." Bravo! Let the degenerate legislators of modern times, who spend three months in discussing an abstraction, and then adjourn without coming to any conclusion respecting it, take a lesson in cautious, minute, and practical law-making from our Puritan forefathers.

We have given instances enough to illustrate the peculiar patriarchal character of the early legislation of Connecticut. The unthinking may find it only a pleasant butt for ridicule, and an occasion for repeating some venerable joke about the "Blue Laws." The judicious may deem it necessary to look a little more closely into the matter, and to ask what was the obvious intention of these laws, and to what sort of a community were they considered to be applicable. That such legislation would be absurd for an organized state in modern times, or for a colony as colonies are now constituted, is a remark which is perfectly just, but not at all to the purpose. It is more relevant to observe, that every head of a large and well ordered family, even in our own day, has frequent occasion to give even more minute injunctions than these in relation to matters quite as petty. He may not give them in a manner quite as formal and precise; he may not have them all recorded in a book, with the precise date on which they were enacted. He may not even, if he be kind and judicious, find it necessary ever to utter any thing in the words of command, the silent indications of his opinion and will, and the spirit of obedience that prompts the whole family, being enough to effect the objects that he desires. But his legislation, though tacit, is none the less decisive and minute, since all these things are ordered with some reference to his will, or to principles which are known to be approved or suffered by him. Now, if a separate community is formed on the plan of a family, as the Shaker community in our own day is actually formed, all those who belong to it being constituted its members either by birth within its fold, or by their own choice and the permission of the preëxisting members, then its laws may properly be made like family laws, — just as searching, minute, and precise, as the principles of the community may require; and their particular and inquisitorial character alone would afford no just cause for reprobation or ridicule. Still more, if its laws are framed in a truly devout spirit, with the

intention of yielding a more perfect obedience to the commands of God than the Christian world generally renders, and of practising austere self-denial with a view to this end, then, however rigid and particular, and even *because* they are rigid and particular, they deserve unmingled approbation and respect.

The Connecticut Colony, during the period the legislation of which we have been reviewing, did not reckon as many members as now constitute the united Shaker communities of New England, or as were often enrolled in a single Highland clan, which was properly the expansion of but one family. It was constituted on true separatist principles, on the idea of building up a peculiar people, zealous of good works; it was constituted in the hope of preserving a church of Christ free from the contamination of the world. In the preamble to the constitution which the colonists adopted for themselves as early as 1639, they declare that they "doe, for ourselves and our successors, and such as shall be adioyned to us att any tyme hereafter, enter into Combination and Confederation together, to mayntayne and preserve the liberty and purity of the gospell of our Lord Jesus which we now professe, as also the discipline of the Churches, which, according to the truth of the said gospell is now practised among us; as also in our Civell Affaires to be guided according to such Lawes, Rules, Orders," &c.

In such a purpose, surely, and in the means that were adopted to carry it out, when these means are judged with reference to the purpose, the times, the numbers and peculiar situation, of the colonists, there is nothing that is fairly obnoxious to censure or ridicule, but much that deserves the highest eulogy. It is our peculiar local boast — the fact is the foundation of our pride of ancestry — that New England was not colonized from the same motives which sent Englishmen to Hindostan, convicts to Australia, slave hunters to the African coast, or gold hunters to California. Then the laws and internal constitution of the New England colonies are not to be judged on principles applicable to these later settlements; the wisdom of either party is foolishness to the other. The Puritans came not hither to found an empire; they had no expectation even of creating a republic; they purposed to remain loyal subjects to the British crown. But they removed to the

wilderness that they might be free to worship God after their own fashion, and to remain out of sight and hearing of those who either did not worship at all, or who followed after prelates and presbyters. They were not restless fanatics, with hot heads, hasty tempers, and feeble intellects; they showed a cool and sound judgment in their ordinary concerns, an invincible determination, and a knightly courage. The Spaniards under Cortez and Pizarro did not manifest more bravery in slaying the Mexicans and Peruvians for the sake of their gold than these men showed in fighting the Pequods for the glory of God and for the safety of His church. After their victory, they immediately began to legislate for their recent foes, — to forbid the selling of strong liquors to them, to preserve their grounds from trespass, and to send missionaries to declare unto them the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. The opinions, fashions, and laws of the Puritan colonists have passed away almost as completely as the Puritans themselves. But few stones remain, with a decipherable inscription, to mark the spots where they are buried. But a monument exists to them in the hearts of their descendants; and the admiration and respect which are due to their motives and characters are renewed and strengthened by the publication of every faithful record of their doings.

Art. III. — 1. *Introduction to Meteorology.* By David Purdie Thompson, M. D., Grad. Univ. Edin. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1849. 8vo.

2. *A Complete Course of Meteorology.* By L. F. Kaemptz, Professor of Physics at the University of Halle. *With Notes*, by Ch. Martins, Supernumerary Professor of Natural History to the Faculty of Medicine, Paris; *and an Appendix, containing the Graphic Representation of the Numerical Tables.* By L. Lalanne, Civil Engineer. *Translated, with Notes and Additions*, by C. V. Walker, of the Electrical Society. Illustrated with 15 Plates. London: Hippolite Bailliére. 1845.

Although the claim of meteorology to be admitted to the rank of an exact and well-digested science is recent, still

there has never, probably, been a period or a country in which the aqueous, igneous, and electrical meteors of the air, both in their ordinary and in their more startling phases, have not been observed by curious and thoughtful men : and in which these observations have not led, if not to the discovery of laws describing the atmospheric relations of our planet to light, heat, or electricity, at least to speculations upon the phenomena observed and prognostications from them. These atmospheric changes, conducted by the agency of the various physical forces which play their part at the earth's surface, are well calculated to arrest the attention of an intellectual race, none the less in their orderly diurnal, monthly, and yearly march than in their grand revolutionary strides ; more than any other natural phenomena, they come directly home to the comfort and spirits and employment of every man, touching his property, affecting his safety, altering his plans for the day ; and by familiarity, unlike most other things, they lose nothing of their interest or their mystery.

The writings of the more civilized nations of antiquity abound in observations, allusions, and deductions relating to meteorology ; and travellers, it is asserted, visit no people where an effort to construct this difficult science is not apparent. To know the development that was attained, and the difficulties which arrested all further progress, among the ancients, we must go to the most scientific writers of the most cultivated nations, — to Aristotle among the Greeks, and Pliny among the Romans. Aristotle's treatise "On Meteors" is more voluminous than most English works on meteorology at the present day. Winds, rains, snow, hail, dew, frost, rainbows, halos, thunder and lightning, if not satisfactorily explained, are at least carefully and accurately described. Take the following passage from Book III., Chap. II. on the halo and rainbow.

"But, in the first place, it is necessary to assume the properties and the accidents pertaining to each of them. Of the halo, therefore, the whole circle is frequently seen, and is formed about the sun and moon, and the most splendid of the stars. And farther still, it is no less seen by night than by day, and about noon than in the afternoon ; but it is less seen in the morning and about sunset. Of the rainbow, however, there is never a complete circle, nor any section greater than that of a semi-circle ; and when the

sun sets and rises, the rainbow is the greatest arch of the smallest circle; but when he is more elevated, it is a less arch of a greater circle. After the autumnal equinox, also, in the shorter days, it exists every hour of the day, but in summer, it does not exist about noon. Nor are there more than two rainbows at the same time. But of these, each is of a triple color, and they have the same colors and are equal to each other in number. The colors, however, which are in the exterior rainbow, are more obscure, and have a contrary position. For the inward rainbow has its first periphery, which is the greatest, of a light red color; but the exterior has its smallest periphery, but which is nearest to this, and analogous to the others, of this color. These colors, too, are nearly alone these which painters are unable to make. For they mingle some of these colors; but they cannot by mingling produce the light red, the green, and violet color of the rainbow. But the color which is between the light red and the green is frequently seen to be yellow."

Great are the physical convulsions which have agitated this planet; manifold are the permutations through which the same identical material has passed. As the great prince of philosophers himself knew and reported, rivers are generated in one place and fail in another; "where there was land, sea is produced; and where there is now sea, there will again be land." According to Ammonius, the land has become sea for five stadia about Heraclea and Canopus, as is evident from habitations which still remain in the middle sea, and which resemble islands. The laws of nature, however, have survived all these vicissitudes of matter, and still abide the invariable expression of the unalterable wisdom of the Creator. The rainbow which hung over Greece more than two thousand years ago, and which Aristotle has so faithfully portrayed, is no other than the rainbow of the last summer in our own New England. The impression of this contrast between the brevity of individual life and experience, and the long periods allotted to the plan of nature, is deepened by the following passage from Aristotle, in which he refers to a still older antiquity, just as we refer to the Greeks and Romans.

"And the rainbow, indeed, is formed in the day; but in the night, as the ancients fancied, it is not formed from the moon. They were of this opinion, however, because the rainbow is rarely seen in the night, and of this they were ignorant. For it is produced in the night, but seldom. But the reason is, that in dark-

ness colors are concealed, and it is necessary that there should be a coincidence of many other particulars, and that all these should take place in one day of the month. For it must necessarily happen in the full moon, and then when the moon is either rising or setting. Hence we have only known it to happen twice in the last fifty years."

Many other passages might be quoted to show not only the permanency of the forces of nature, but the fidelity with which they were studied by some of the classical writers. The conversion of water into vapor under the impulse of the solar rays, and its relapse into the liquid state when the heat deserted it, in some one of the various forms of rain, snow, hail, dew, or frost; the division of the winds into dry and moist; the ominous clatter that precedes a hail-storm, and the size and shape of hail-stones; the seasons of the year and the geographical latitudes in which hail abounds, — all these facts are clearly painted from life, and the processes which they involve are interpreted as intelligibly as could be expected at a time when such material links in the chain of cause and effect as the doctrine of latent heat, and the electrical and magnetic forces, were wholly unknown. Aristotle, speaking of lightning, says it "is produced after the percussion, and posterior to the thunder; though it appears to be prior to it, because the sight apprehends its object prior to the hearing. This is evident from the rowing of three-ranked galleys; for when the sailors again elevate their oars, the first sound of the rowing reaches our ears."

So far as we can judge from Pliny's Natural History, the only work which has reached us from the vast materials collected by that laborious and learned compiler, no important additions had been made in his day to the scientific treasures which Greece had poured, with the rest of her civilization, into the Roman empire. Some of his chapters, particularly that on the rainbow, bear internal marks of the source from which they were drawn. In the writings of this first martyr of science, as he has been called, we notice, as in Aristotle, frequent passages which exhibit close and accurate observation. Speaking of thunder and lightning, Pliny says: — "Hereupon it is that every thing is shaken and blasted ere it be smitten: neither is any man stricken who either saw the lightning before, or heard the thunder clap." In another place, Pliny describes

in graphic language the water-spout. "There riseth also upon the sea a dark mist, resembling a monstrous beast, and this is ever a terrible cloud to sailors. Another, likewise called a column or pillar, when the humor and water engendered are so thick and stiff congealed, that it standeth compact of itself. Of the same sort, also, is that cloud which draweth water to it, as it were into a long pipe." In this early encyclopedia of science, superstition and a love of the marvellous have displaced in some degree the severity and dignity which stamp the pages of Aristotle. While some of the Greek philosophers were ashamed of contributing to that science which was simply useful to their fellow men, Pliny is not too proud to say, "Therefore, seeing there be so many thousand poor sailors that hazard themselves on the seas, I will treat of the winds more curiously and exquisitely than perhaps beseems the present work that is begun." How much the poor sailors profited by this utilitarian spirit may be inferred from the advice which Pliny gives them for escaping whirl-puffs or typhoons, namely, to "cast vinegar out against them as they came, which is of nature most cold." Other facts of the same spurious character, and doubtful maxims built upon them, Pliny allows to have a place in his Natural History. We feel the more lenient towards such folly when we remember that some of these traditions were not outgrown even by our own admired Franklin, and by the scientific progress of which he was the exponent. Pliny describes that sort of lightning which empties casks of their contents without disturbing the hoops, sides, or heads. "Gold, copper, and silver money is melted in the bags, and yet the very bags no whit scorched, no, nor the wax of the seal scorched and defaced, or put out of order. Martia, a noble lady of Rome, being great with child, was struck with lightning, the child she went withal was killed within her, and she, without any harm at all, lived still."

But the most patient observation, without experiments, without delicate instruments, without an intimate knowledge of the principles of all the physical sciences, and without a clear conception of the fundamental laws of equilibrium and motion, could carry men no further than to the natural history of the weather. Physical facts were known to the ancients, and the knowledge was applied to the practical pursuits of life;

but most of the great physical laws were either wholly unknown, or imperfectly apprehended. "If," says Aristotle, "any one make water very salt by mingling salt with it, eggs will swim in it, though they are full." Thus, ships which are full freighted at sea will be too heavily laden when they enter the fresh water of a river. The infirmity of ancient science appears most clearly in the conception which it had gained of mechanical principles, especially of the laws of dynamics. Aristotle denied that the wind was air in motion; he taught that the same thing which on the earth is wind, in the earth is an earthquake, and in the clouds is thunder. So far is Pliny from having a just conception of the atmosphere as a highly elastic fluid, pressing on all sides, ready instantly to leap into a new equilibrium when it is disturbed, that he discusses seriously the question how many different winds there may be, and decides in favor of eight, two for each quarter of the heaven. If the laws of mechanics had not yet been mastered in their application to simple attractive and repulsive forces, acting on a wide and open theatre, what progress could be expected in the mechanical development of those delicate forces, which are not only invisible themselves, as all other forces are, whether spiritual or physical, but which in our human conceptions of them seem allied to spiritual forces; inasmuch as the amplitudes of the motions which they cause are so small, and the material medium through which they operate is so subtle, as to escape the direct grasp of the human senses, even when exalted by the wonderful contrivances of art? What wonder, therefore, that Aristotle, Epicurus, and Lucretius, when they considered the eye and the incessant intercourse which it holds, by means of the attenuated lines of light, with the whole visible creation, in the earth and in the skies, the source of so much joy to the lowest orders of the animal kingdom, the instrument of such profound science to man himself, should have summoned to their aid the conception, not of radiations proceeding directly or by reflection from the visible object, and painting its picture on the prepared retina, but of emanations going forth from the eye to seize upon its object; and should have spoken of the reflection of the sight as we now speak of the reflection of rays of light.

The tedious centuries which bridge over the long interval

between the decay of ancient science and the revival of modern science gave no new insight into meteorology, nor added much to its storehouse of facts. During this dismal period, astronomy was subservient to astrology, chemistry to alchemy, and meteorology to the art of prognostication. The reappearance of meteorology, clothed in the simple garb of modest science, is but of yesterday. While astronomy is pursuing her luminous path through the skies with the vigor of a giant, while the chemical and physical sciences have been made transparent by the discovery of harmonious laws, while natural history is busy collecting, recording, and classifying, seeking and finding the living even among the dead, meteorology is yet in its infancy, an infancy as abundant in weakness as it is in promise. Meteorology has not fallen behind the other sciences from neglect or from want of zeal, or numbers even, on the part of its cultivators; it occupies this position from a physical necessity, and deserves reproach for it no more than the rear-guard of an army for standing in its lot. Meteorology must follow behind the physical sciences; it can never lead them.

"The number of observations," says Kaemptz, "on the modifications of the atmosphere is doubtless considerable; but they are, at the same time *observations*, in the most restricted sense of that word. We observe the phenomenon presented to us, but we cannot modify and vary it at pleasure; we cannot even reproduce it at will. In a word, we cannot have recourse to *experiment*. Our means and our powers are much too limited to give us the power of producing the least changes in the atmosphere. We are hence compelled to register facts; and, as W. Herschell has well observed, we resemble a man who hears now and then a few fragments of a long history, related at distant intervals by a prosy and unmethodical narrator. In recalling to mind what has gone before, he may occasionally connect past with present events; but a host of circumstances omitted or forgotten, and the want of connection, prevent his obtaining possession of the entire story. Were we allowed to interrupt the narrator, and ask him to explain the apparent contradictions, or to clear up any doubts on obscure points, then might we hope to arrive at a general view. The questions that we would address to nature are the very experiments of which we are now deprived in the science of atmospheric modifications."

This is a great embarrassment to meteorology, but it is not

the greatest. Otherwise astronomy, now the foremost among the sciences, would fall behind them all. We cannot tamper with the celestial mechanism; we can only observe the fixed stars and the roaming planets, through vast distances made easy to the telescope; and of the most eccentric, as the comets, we only catch a glimpse now and then. Still, geometry follows the absentee of a century with infallible precision, and, when it returns, assigns the place and the time with an accuracy which astonishes the world.

Meteorology, in its highest sense, is not a department of natural history, nor a single physical science; but the sum and substance of all the physical sciences. It is the application of all the physical sciences to a grand organic problem, — to the problem of life and growth; not indeed to the highest form of life, to spiritual life, nor to that lower kind of life which we recognize in the movements of animals, but to the problem of life in its most material, most tangible, most simple exhibition; to the life and growth which are controlled by well known physical and chemical forces, and are independent of those peculiar vital forces, which are superadded to mere physical forces when we ascend to the higher forms of life. Each planet of the solar system is a unit, an indivisible, organized unit. If a crystal is broken to pieces, each fragment, however small, retains in perfection the crystalline form and beauty, and all the curious molecular machinery which enables it to polarize the sunbeam, and extract its beautiful colors. But the rending of a planet is like the cutting off a hand or leg, or otherwise maiming the animal frame. A fanciful hypothesis was once promulgated by authority which is not likely to be soon discarded from our text books; namely, that a considerable planet revolved between Mars and Jupiter, which, by some mishap, was shattered in pieces, and that the larger fragments, outcasts from the zodiac, are occasionally discovered as telescopic planets. Supposing this theory to be hampered by no mechanical impossibility; supposing that the motions of the eight small planets could be traced back by the geometer to that remarkable conjunction when they were all together ready to pursue a common orbit, if the force which scattered them is withdrawn, what reason is there to believe that the most substantial of these bodies, four of which have by their recent discovery given as brilliant a close to the present half century,

as the other four had done to its commencement, is gifted in all respects as the earth or any other undisturbed planet; or is capable of furnishing a fit home for the organized creation without being subjected again to that long process of heating and cooling by which the various chemical and physical forces are set free in proper proportions, and the planet is tempered to the wants of the beings which are to live upon it. When we speak of each planet as an organized unit, moulded by time and not struck out at a blow, deriving its most valuable qualities from the relations of its parts and not from the inseparable properties of its atoms, it will not be understood that all change and interchange of these parts is excluded. Such stagnation is the opposite of life and growth. As the material of the human body is gradually renewed every few years, so the particles of the earth exchange places with one another; the solid rock crumbles, is washed down and converted into sediment, while the secretions of zoöphytes are tracing the foundations of islands, if not of continents. The view we have presented excludes none of those changes called growth, but only such as amount to a total dismemberment.

Where now, we ask, is the most vital part of this organized planet, the earth; where are its most precious functions; where are the breathing pores and arteries through which its circulations are conducted; where is the great heart which animates it, unless in the fluid water and air, and the motions which belong to them? Though the ocean is not so deep relatively as the dew upon the pyramid, though the atmosphere covers the earth more slightly than the thinnest veil of muslin wraps some statue of angelic size, what a desert, what a decayed body, would the earth become, if the atmosphere were stripped off and the ocean were drained? Where would be its animal and vegetable life? Or if an organization is possible in which the presence of oxygen is not required, where would be the physical life of the earth itself? Where would be the winds, and the clouds, the dew, the frost, the snow, and the rain? Where the rainbow, the aurora, and the morning and evening glories? How sombre and dead would even the sun, moon, and stars appear, if their light was not mellowed and refined by its passage through the atmosphere? How silent and cheerless, how deaf and dumb, would the whole earth be, how useless the voice and the ear, if the hum of insects, the song

of birds, and the peerless tones of the human voice died instantly on the spot where they originated, instead of being caught up by the omnipresent air, and carried in a thousand directions to charm the senses and delight the hearts of all living things? Without the atmosphere, in what new and extraordinary way would an equalization be effected between the superfluous heat of the equator and the excessive cold of polar regions? How would the carbonic acid be prevented from gaining a dangerous ascendency at the north during the long winter, if it were not exchanged, through the medium of the atmosphere, with the superabundant oxygen generated at the equator by its luxurious vegetation?

The ancients, having clearer conceptions of animal forces and motion than of such as were mechanical, assigned to each planet a tutelar divinity, by which all its motions were produced. The bold and imaginative Kepler, cramped by the same poverty of mechanical ideas, made the planets themselves real animals, — huge monsters swimming in space, and puffing, sweating, and spouting, and thus creating volcanoes, tempests, and earthquakes. Modern astronomy has dispensed with all tutelary divinities except the single law of gravitation; and this law, acting conjointly with the chemical and physical laws, has superseded Kepler's personification of the meteorological phenomena. When we speak of the earth, particularly in its atmospheric relations, as organized, we do not mean that it resembles man or any other animal, nor do we mean that it is animated by the presence of all those living things which find their home and sustenance upon it. We refer to the development, growth, complexity of relations, and reciprocity of services between its different parts under the agency of purely material forces, which remind us of the higher forms of life in which the chemical and physical forces are subordinate to vital and spiritual influences; of which we know little except their reality and power. With this caution, let science delight to study the growth of milky ways, of systems and individual planets. Without compromising her severity she may fancy the solid mountains to be the backbone of the earth, as the atmosphere is the vital part, the heart of the organized mass, whose pulsations animate the whole. Though, as we have said, the atmosphere comprises but an insignificant fraction of the whole material of the planet, still the bulk and weight even

of the atmosphere are vast beyond comparison with any thing else we commonly call an animal; and the forces concealed in it have no common unit with those which belong to humbler organizations. Is not the atmosphere the depository of those grand forces of heat and electricity, in their latent form, a single spark of which is sufficient to illuminate the eye and animate the frame of the largest monsters that live upon the earth? Though the atmosphere is thinner relatively than the film of varnish upon a common globe, its collected weight equals five thousand millions of millions of tons. Equally disproportioned are the rapid circulations in an animal, which are completed once in every few minutes, to the vast currents of wind and moisture which encircle the earth from the equator to the poles, and from the poles back again to the equator. The moon performs a whole revolution round the earth, while a single drop is flowing from the head waters of the Ganges down the eighteen hundred miles which separate it from the ocean. The earth, therefore, may go round in its large orbit, before a drop of water shall have made the tour of our planet from the spot in the ocean whence it ascended in mist or vapor back to the same spot again. If the circulation of a single particle occupies so much time, astronomy must be taxed for her largest secular periods to express the secular disturbances of the atmosphere. If, as Lalande has calculated, the conjunction of the six chief planets in the same spot of the heavens will take place only once in seventeen millions of millions of years, what finite mind can comprehend the periodicity of many atmospheric changes? to what standard reduce the shortest time for ringing all the changes upon the atmospheric elements? According to Pliny, some ancient astronomers, whose conceptions of the celestial mechanism bear a closer resemblance to an orrery than to the great heaven of heavens, supposed "that, after the end of every fourth year, not only all winds, but other tempests and constitutions also of the weather, return again to the same course as before."

Meteorology must instruct us in the physiology of the earth, as geology has chalked out its anatomical structure. When we call the movements of the atmosphere organized, we do not deny that they are mechanical, but declare rather the complexity and delicacy of the machine. These atmospheric movements present to the mind a mechanical problem for which

the celestial mechanics will hardly furnish the alphabet. In its presence, the mind even of a Newton or Laplace seems impotent. What formulæ shall express the changes of the wind, the alternations of heat and cold, of dryness and moisture, of a heavy and a light atmosphere; over which presides not the simple force of gravitation alone, but elasticity, heat, electricity, magnetism, hold a divided empire? Whoever is accustomed to contemplate nature under its physical and mathematical aspect may readily believe, that even the fickle weather stands out before the mind of the Creator in all the simplicity of the conic sections, and conforms to algebraical rules as simple, perhaps, as the celebrated laws of Kepler. Well may science humble herself at this moment of her proudest triumph, to feel how circumscribed her range, how clipped her wings, how dim her vision, how incompetent to grapple with some of the most familiar phenomena of the outward universe. Though meteorology, as at present developed, falls exceedingly short of the high destiny which in imagination we have seen prefigured for it, it has already assumed the dignity of a physical science. This improvement is to be referred, partly, to the greater skill now expended in the construction of meteorological instruments; partly, to systematic and judicious plans of observation; partly, to the superior education and scientific acquirements of those who cultivate the science; but much more, we are persuaded, to the progress which the last fifty years have witnessed in those physical sciences most akin to meteorology. More labor has been expended in meteorology, and to less profit, perhaps, than in all the other physical sciences. Thousands of observations on the thermometer and the barometer have been made by incompetent observers, who brought no thought to their work, but went daily to their instruments from habit, as some men go to the post-office. Good observers have wasted their energies on poor instruments, unworthy of confidence and discreditable to science. Observations, which if reduced and printed, would help to light up the dark ways of meteorology, lie entombed in the manuscripts in which they were originally entered, a dead loss to science. The most liberal endowments, the highest order of artistic skill, the best scientific talent, have been lavished on astronomical observatories, while meteorology has been left to take its chance with amateur observers; as if it were too simple to require patron-

age, or too unimportant to deserve it. Even within the walls of the astronomical observatory, made sacred to science, meteorology was regarded as an interloper which might trespass on the funds of the institution, or distract the zeal of observers. Captain Smyth has given us, in his "Celestial Cycle," the following anecdote in relation to Lalande and the observatory over which he presided.

In his astronomical *exposé* for 1801, Lalande says: "Well-placed weathercocks are very rare at Paris. There is none at the observatory, though I requested one on being appointed director; and I have thanked, in the name of all observers, citizen Bois, tinman, who, having built a house on the Quai des Augustins, has erected there a lofty and very movable weathercock, with letters indicating the four cardinal points, which will be on a line with a meridian I have marked out on the quay. Astronomers, when they go to the Institute or Board of Longitude, will have an opportunity of seeing conveniently the direction of the wind; and the same advantage will be enjoyed by the inhabitants of that vast quay, of the Louvre, and the surrounding houses." This indifference shown to meteorology by the cultivated, who should have known how to prize it, left it in the hands of the illiterate, and served to perpetuate, if it did not produce, its degradation. It was only a few years since, says Captain Smyth, that the editors of the celebrated *Moore's Almanac* attempted to discard the column containing the moon's supposed influence on the legs, arms, nose, eyes, &c. In order to feel the public, a small edition of only one hundred thousand copies was issued at first. But the omission was detected; the whole edition returned, upon their hands and they were forced to print another, with the favorite column restored.

We rejoice to believe that a better day has already dawned on meteorology; that the practical and scientific importance of the subject is realized; that accomplished observers are demanded for it, who not only know how to observe, but what to observe, and are able, by a happy selection, to take hold of the salient points in the science, and extricate themselves from its overwhelming mass of details. The whole scientific world is impressed with the importance of the subject; and competent observers are devoting their energies exclusively to special departments even of the general science of meteorology. If the

expectations of meteorologists are less ambitious than formerly, they are more likely now to be realized. They are not able, and they do not aspire, to " predict or even approximate to a prediction, whether, on the morrow, the sun shall shine, or the rain fall, or the wind blow, or the lightning descend. The wind bloweth where it listeth ; we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." They aim, first of all, to investigate the most general movements of the atmosphere, eliminating what might dazzle as well as perplex the casual observer, because it is local and accidental. Hence the importance of knowing where to observe, as well as what to observe, and how to observe. A single year of good observations made at a critical place will be more fruitful than fifty years of observation elsewhere. Hence the meteorologist must sometimes leave his home and country, and plant himself in some lonely island, on some height almost inaccessible, in places which have no charm to the heart of man except that of science. Individuals can always be found ready for the sacrifice, if the necessary means are provided. The hardy navigators, who for scientific objects have wintered around the maximum of cold, if not at the geographical poles ; geographers, whose labors have expanded into every latitude and longitude ; meteorologists, who have pillowed their heads on glaciers, the sides of volcanoes, or upon the eternal snows ; astronomers, whom their beloved science has driven into a southern exile, — these men, and the adventures of which they are the heroes, are a sufficient assurance that devoted observers will be ever ready to go where the laurels of true science are to be won.

The general principles of physical science can be investigated anywhere, by the solitary student, if he take care to make himself and keep himself familiar with the labors of others in similar provinces of science. But the application of these general principles to the physical condition of the atmosphere cannot be studied anywhere ; neither can they be profitably pursued alone. The two hundred thousand observations made by Dalton, during a period of fifty years, the fifty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty observations taken at Stockholm during an equal term of years, are not available for the settlement of preliminary questions in meteorology, for want of comparative observations in other parts of the earth. The associated action which marks the present movement in behalf

of meteorology is not a new idea; but it has never till recently been practicable on a large scale. The meteorological society of the Palatinate, which commenced its operations in 1780, under whose auspices, and with whose instruments, a series of observations was made at Cambridge, since published in the Memoirs of the American Academy, lasted only ten years. The distracted state of Europe afterwards, the wars and the alienation of feeling which lasted even when peace had returned, prevented a renewal of the effort. At length, a variety of causes coöperated in consummating what had so long been desired. The startling display of meteors in 1833, the return of another epoch of auroral exhibitions, the residence of Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, the influence of the British Association and other scientific confederacies, the mighty voices of Gauss and Humboldt, heard and respected over the whole world, led to decisive action. The independent observatories that have already been erected for meteorological and magnetic purposes rival in number, and the excellence of their appointments, both of observers and instruments, the astronomical observatories. This would not have been possible in so short a period, had the buildings or the instruments used in meteorology compared in cost with the grand instruments which adorn the astronomical observatory. The latter, also, is not left dependent on a neighbor's weathercock for the direction of the wind, but keeps one eye open on the physical changes in the earth's atmosphere, while the other is lifted to the stars. The situation of the special meteorological observatories has not been abandoned to accident or fancy; but they have been distributed over the earth, as the light-houses are posted upon the coast, in barren, bleak, and desolate places, clustering, if anywhere, round the spots of greatest danger. The part which America has played in this meteorological movement has been a subordinate one. The British government commenced a meteorological observatory at Toronto in 1840, which has been continued to the present time, and been the centre of considerable operations in British America. Establishments of a similar character have been temporarily sustained by private bounty at several places in the United States.

Among other ways in which the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is laboring for the advancement of science, it has

assumed recently the responsibility of superintending and publishing the meteorological observations made in the United States, and of furnishing instruments for places of eminent value in meteorology. New York has taken the lead among the States in helping forward this science, by providing sets of comparable instruments for thirty stations, carefully selected on two lines of different level extending through the State. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston invited the attention of the legislature of Massachusetts to the same subject, at their recent session, and recommended the appropriation of $1200 to furnish instruments for twelve stations in this State, which was promptly granted by the legislature. It is expected that individuals will be induced, here and elsewhere, to undertake the observations, from an interest in the subject more than by the trifling compensation that can be afforded. When we consider the vast geographical extent of the United States, its importance in a meteorological view, as containing an area wide enough to exhibit grand atmospheric movements, the insignificance of the outlay compared with the advantages to be realized or with the cost of most other operations, practical or scientific, it is believed that the other States will not be slow to emulate the example of New York and Massachusetts. The State of its abundance should give a little for the promotion of a desirable scientific enterprise, when men of science, of their penury, contribute all they possess, namely, their time and labor. At the request of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Guyot of Cambridge has prepared, and is on the point of publishing, complete instructions to meteorological observers; and it cannot be too strongly urged on all who, in any part of the country, desire to coöperate for the advancement of meteorology, that they should adopt the instruments and the methods of observing which Mr. Guyot may recommend. A uniform system of meteorological observations, extensively adopted all over this vast country, would be an example to the world, and the best assurance which could be given, that science was prepared to cope with some of the difficult problems relating to the organic structure of our planet.

While so much has been done, within a few years, and is still doing, in a public way, towards laying an ample and stable foundation for meteorology, zealous observers have been sedu-

lously pursuing special departments of the subject with remarkable success. One class of observers has watched with successful pertinacity the falling stars; another has been no less assiduous in studying electrical meteors. One class, at whose head stand Dove and Kaemptz, has perfected the theory of the winds, and demonstrated their paramount influence on other atmospheric changes; while another class, in whose ranks Reid and our own countrymen Redfield and Espy occupy the first place, have aspired, and not without reason, to prescribe laws even to the fury of the storm. At Madras, Bermuda, and the Isle of Mauritius, are established what may be called storm-observatories; where the annals of the tropical hurricanes are written down from the logs of ships which encountered them, or from the records of the observatory; where the premonitory signs of destructive whirlwinds are discovered by induction, and telegraphed on their reappearance to the shipping in the harbors.

An exponent of the present activity in meteorological inquiry is the increased abundance and excellence of the literature on the subject. We need only refer to the quartos of meteorological observations periodically sent forth from the astronomical and the meteorological observatories; to Arago's elegant report on thunder and lightning, from which British authors have so largely and unceremoniously drawn; to Peltier's book on waterspouts; to Espy's Philosophy of Storms; to the two substantial volumes which Lieut. Col. Reid has published at different times on the same subject; to the numerous valuable papers of Redfield in Silliman's Journal and elsewhere, and the equally numerous and no less valuable memoirs of Piddington in the Journal of the Asiatic Society; to the practical application which Mr. Piddington has made of the theory of storms, (teaching the navigator to profit by them,) and which he has given in his recent publication "The sailor's horn-book for the law of storms in all parts of the world." Finally, we may point to the "Meteorologische Untersuchungen" by Dove, and the various papers which this illustrious physicist has published in the Memoirs of the Berlin Academy; to the "Lehrbuch der Meteorologie," in three volumes, by Kaemptz, which appeared during the interval between 1831 and 1836; and to the more recent works on the same subject which are named at the head of this article; one

of which is from the same meteorologist to whom we have just referred. The splendidly illustrated report, published by order of the French government, on the auroral observations made by Lottin and the other members of the French commission of the North, should not be omitted in this rapid recital of meteorological literature.

The "Introduction to Meteorology" by Thompson, and the "Complete Course of Meteorology" by Kaemptz, are elaborate and classical treatises upon the general science so far as it is yet developed. A glance at the contents of these works, and those of a similar aim, published in the early part of the century, will indicate the stride which the science has taken. Marvellous phenomena, or, as Kaemptz styles them, problematic phenomena, such as showers of sulphur, corn, blood, flesh, fish, meteoric stones; also, prognostications of the weather; topics which fill a considerable portion of Forster's book on atmospheric phenomena, shrink, in the works before us, into the compass of a few pages. While Professor of Physics at Halle, Kaemptz made observations on the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer for ten consecutive years. He made his home on the Righi in Switzerland, 5938 feet above the level of the sea, from May 27 to June 24, 1832; on the Faulhorn, 8766 feet above the sea, from the 11th of September to 5th of October. He passed more than a month of the next year on the same elevated spots. In 1837, he studied the atmospherical phenomena of the North of Europe at Deep on the Baltic, and at this present time he is a professor in the University at Dorpat. Mr. Thompson has not favored the reader with any preface to his work; we have, therefore, no positive knowledge of his qualifications other than the character of the book itself, and that is sufficient. Although the topics discussed in these works are the same, and the order of arrangement not dissimilar, neither appears as a transcript of the other; each has the merit and all the value of an independent work. The quality of mind of the two writers is very different. Kaemptz is an able observer; Thompson a learned and elegant compiler. Kaemptz has treated the subject profoundly and originally; Thompson has made it attractive. Kaemptz has been so preoccupied with those investigations into the primary laws of meteorology, which he has helped to elucidate, as to make of too little importance other

inquiries, not so fundamental, perhaps, and, not yet certainly, susceptible of the same precision, but none the less important. The labors of Espy are not mentioned, unless by the French translator in a note; and the theories of Redfield and Reid in regard to the philosophy of storms, which are too plausible and too directly associated with Dove's general view of the winds to be summarily dismissed, are not even named. Mr. Thompson's work shows familiarity with the whole field of meteorology and all its historical treasures; it is, without doubt, the ripened fruit of his accumulated labors. Kaemptz's book may be the best guide to the scientific meteorologist, but Thompson's will be full as interesting to the amateur. We must avoid, however, painting these contrasts in too strong a light. Either book may be read with profit by all; and each is an important acquisition to meteorological literature. Kaemptz's work is, to use his own phrase, rendered complete by the circumstance that he treats at some length, and in an elementary way, of the various physical laws which are applied in meteorology.

We have spoken of the plan of the two works as not unlike. This comes partly of necessity. The human mind, unable to grapple with a subject so complex as meteorology, in all its generality, seeks relief by contemplating it in detached parts. First of all, we might naturally study the relations of the atmosphere to the chemical forces. This leads us to consider the chemical properties of the atmospheric ingredients, and the harmony which must exist between them and animal and vegetable life. This preliminary step is deliberately taken by Thompson; but our other author, as if anxious to lose no time in getting at his subject, jumps at once, after three pages of introduction, to the physical relations of the atmosphere. Afterwards, however, he briefly alludes to the chemical properties of the atmospheric gases.

First among the physical conditions of the atmosphere is its relation to the dominant force of gravity. This leads us to consider the weight of the atmosphere, as measured by the barometer. The struggle between the weight of the air and its elasticity, ending in its assuming a figure of equilibrium, suggests the bulk and form of the atmosphere, the law of density which it follows at different heights above the sea, as determined by the barometer or the duration of twilight, with

the assistance of acknowledged principles in geometry and mechanics. In the agitations of the atmosphere, gravity appears as the principal leveller, the instrument of order and stability, as heat is the great disturber. All structures, organic and inorganic, almost all chemical and physical processes, and many of the most homely arrangements of civilized society are intimately related to the weight of the atmosphere, and are seriously affected by any change in that weight. It is well known that the boiling point of water and other liquids, or the temperature at which they pass suddenly into the state of vapor, diminishes as the atmospheric pressure decreases. Mr. Thompson repeats a pleasant anecdote, told by Mr. Darwin of the Beagle, who, in 1835, crossed the Andes, which shows that the subduing influence of cooking belongs to the heat and not to the fact of boiling. "Our potatoes," says Mr. Darwin, "after remaining for some hours in the boiling water, were nearly as hard as ever. The pot was left on the fire all night, and next morning it was boiled again; but yet the potatoes were not cooked. I found out this by overhearing my two companions discussing the cause; they had come to the simple conclusion, that the potatoes were bewitched, or that the pot, which was a new one, did not choose to boil them." Thompson adds that "on the Nonewara mountain, Baron Hügel had much difficulty in melting ice in consequence of its passing off in vapor without dissolving; at last he found the boiling point of water to be 188°." On the Andes, the Peak of Teneriffe, Mont Blanc, and at the Hospice de St. Bernard, water boils at so low a temperature that the heat is not sufficient to soften animal fibre. Hence, the peasants are provided with what may be called a high-pressure pot, protected by a safety-valve. In 1817, Rev. F. J. H. Wollaston invented a thermometer, which indicated the one thousandth part of a degree of Fahrenheit. As the boiling point of water sunk through several divisions on the scale of this instrument, if it was raised from the floor to a table, Wollaston thought that it would supersede the barometer for measuring heights, especially when regard was had to its strength and portableness. Its manufacture for this purpose has recently been revived in Europe.

The same diminution of atmospheric pressure, which allows water to boil with less heat, makes it difficult to obtain that

heat. Travellers, since the thirteenth century, have noticed that fires kindled on mountains burned less freely than on the plain below. An equal impediment exists to that slow combustion which accompanies respiration. The whole animal creation sympathizes with the inconvenience, and sometimes pain, which are endured by those who have entered into the rarefied strata of the atmosphere. Mr. Thompson agreeably illustrates this point by telling the story of Mr. Lyell, "that the English greyhounds, taken out for the Real del Monte company in Mexico, when hunting at an altitude of 9000 feet, where the barometer does not rise above 19 inches, were unable to bear the fatigues of the chase, and fell down gasping in such an attenuated atmosphere; but, as if nature would provide for the altered condition of the race, the whelps felt no inconvenience from its rarity." The pliability of the human body, its power of adapting itself to new physical circumstances, is wonderful in this as in other things. The whole range of the barometer at the earth's surface, which is sometimes completed in the short space of a few weeks, as at Cambridge during the last winter, corresponds to a change in the pressure which surrounds the human body to the amount of more than one ton. In 1804, Gay Lussac ascended in a balloon 23,000 feet; in 1838, Green and Rush rose in the same way to a height of 27,136 feet. Lussac's barometer stood at 13.95 inches,* and the pressure on the body was diminished by more than seven tons. Where no effort is necessary, as in these cases, this extraordinary change in physical circumstances produces less effect than in climbing mountains; where, though the change is less sudden, a few steps suffice to exhaust the strength. Experiment shows that birds, whose home is in the deep sky, still feel the exhaustion in the receiver much more quickly than cold-blooded animals, as fishes.

We pass to a brief consideration of the atmosphere in its relation to heat. Here we enter a rich province of meteorology. Heat is the prime mover in the atmospheric mechanism. Among the physical relations of the atmosphere, those to heat are the most momentous. We are here led to examine the position in which the earth stands to the sun, the great source of

* Mr. Thompson's remark (page 42,) "that the weight of atmosphere which Gay Lussac then sustained was only about a fifth of that borne at the surface of the earth" is incorrect. It was about two fifths.

calorific radiation ; and the degree to which the fund of heat thus derived is modified by the temperature of the spaces through which the earth, along with the rest of the solar system, may be passing, and by the internal heat of the earth, which is continually renewed by the solidification of liquid matter within the crust and by the release of its latent heat. Under the potent wand of the solar beam, the earth's waters ascend in the state of vapor, an invisible mysterious state, afterwards to reappear in the shape of the white cumulus, the frowning nimbus, or the delicate cirrus ; or to paint on the sky the beautiful lines of the mackerel's back. So incessant, so irresistible, is the power of these slender rays from the sun, that the united strength of the human family is insufficient to protect a single sea from their devastations. Mr. Leslie has computed that 52,120 million cubic feet of water, each of which weighs 62½ pounds, are carried up 18,000 feet into the atmosphere every minute. The power of the sun in producing evaporation equals that of eighty millions of millions of men, or 200,000 times the accumulated toil of the working population of the earth ; and it is eighty times as great as the power which it exerts together with the moon in producing the tides. Acquiring in its passage from the liquid to the gaseous state a capacity for heat which exceeds that which accompanies a similar physical change in any other fluid, with what admirable economy does this enormous mass of vapor garner up the prodigal rays of a tropical sun and of a summer's day, rescue them from the incessant radiation which wastes all free heat, and transport them in its delicate folds, on the wings of the winds, to the uttermost parts of the earth, to bestow them on seasons and zones which fare less sumptuously from the sun's bounty. There and then, it descends as dew, (called star-spit by the natives of Orinoco,) or frost, rain, hail, sleet, or in some one of the ninety beautiful forms of the snow, to gladden the heart of man and make the desert blossom as the rose.

The direct action of the solar rays, combined with the heat and moisture dispensed by the curious mechanism put in play by the solar heat, is the most considerable element in climate, the peculiarities of which are too minute for philosophy to follow. The influences of climate are neither few nor small. So sensitive is man to the smallest modification of climate, that he is always willing to construe some occasional and extraor-

dinary excess into a permanent change. These excesses are no indication whatever of climate. Occasionally we read in books that the Black Sea or the Baltic, the Euxine or the Propontis, were frozen over; that the harbor of Genoa, Leghorn, Marseilles, or Venice was blocked up with ice; that wine was split with a hatchet in Flanders; that the Thames, the Rhine, the Seine, the Hellespont, and many other rivers of Europe have been frozen so that carriages crossed them; that fires were kindled, fairs held, and oxen roasted upon them; that armies encamped on them, or crossed over them, as on solid ground. Such things would be extraordinary now; they were equally extraordinary then. On this subject Mr. Thompson makes the following remarks: —

"That human agency may be subservient to producing considerable local changes in the temperature of the seasons, by draining marshy countries, cutting down forests, and bringing the soil under cultivation, cannot be doubted; but it has been shown by Arago, in a series of collected observations, extending back to a century before the birth of Christ, that, upon the whole, there is no material alteration in the temperature of the seasons. Schouw has demonstrated the same; and by a happy accident, which has restored Raineri's early Florentine registers, Signor Libri has shown that the climate of Northern Italy is now the same as it was in the days of Galileo."

Who has not observed that the hottest and the coldest days ever experienced at the same place often fall into a single year? Dureau de la Malle, in a memoir on the climate of ancient and modern Italy, presented to the French Academy in 1848, uses the following strong language: —

"I terminate by affirming that the epochs, or at least the limits, of the different agricultural labors, and the several phases of vegetation, are, for the same localities and the same altitudes, identical in ancient and modern Italy; and, finally, that from the age of Augustus to the present era, the climate of Italy has not undergone any sensible modifications in its mean temperature, its annual or even monthly."

The climate of a country is not made or unmade by a day or a year. Its virtues are distilled from a thousand separate influences. The transient excesses, caused by momentary accumulations of heat, moisture, or electricity, at particular

points, in spite of the perfect system of transportation and equalization of which we have spoken, have not power to produce so much as a ripple on the even surface of the general climate.

Man is not able wholly to resist the physical influence of climate; still he has a great capacity of endurance against excesses of the most opposite character. In Nubia, the thermometer sometimes reaches 130° Fahr.; and when exposed to the sand and the sun, it has mounted to 150°. Thompson relates, that Griffiths observed the thermometer in the desert near the Euphrates ascend during land winds to 130° in the shade, and 156° in the sun. Turn now to the opposite extreme. Gmelin, the elder, who explored Siberia, records the temperature on one occasion as being 20° below zero in Fahrenheit's scale. Captain Parry has recorded it at 55°, Capt. Franklin at 57°, Capt. John Ross at 60°, and Capt. Back at 70°; all below zero. Mr. Thompson has enlivened his work with the following description by Captain Lyon, who had been transferred in a short period from Africa, the hottest region in the world, to the winter quarters of Captain Parry, in the coldest.

"At our first quarters, my clothing, with the exception of a thicker jacket, was the same as I had worn during summer. I never exceeded one pair of thin worsted stockings, neither did I find it requisite, unless the weather was windy, to wear either a great coat or comforter when walking out. There were two or three others equally insensible to the cold as myself; but the change of climate had an effect on me, which, I believe, was not experienced by the rest, and which was, that the hair from my head regularly *moulted*, if I may be excused the expression, and was renewed two or three times; even in the summer following, and in this second winter, the process still continued, although in a slighter degree. My health all this time was better than I had ever enjoyed for so long a period. But we all felt now the necessity of putting on additional clothing, both while below, and when walking out; coldness in the feet was, I believe, the most general complaint. . . . . Our stove-funnels collected a quantity of ice within them, notwithstanding fires kept up night and day, so that it was frequently requisite to take them down, in order to break and melt out the ice, as it collected in the same form as the pulp of a cocoanut lies within the shell."

Degrees of temperature vastly exceeding any which occur

in the routine of atmospheric changes have been endured for a few minutes. Sir Francis Chantrey exposed himself to a temperature of 320° in his drying furnace.

Let us next contemplate the relations of the atmosphere to electricity and magnetism. These relations, though subordinate, certainly, to those of gravity, elasticity, and heat, must not be overlooked, as they have sometimes been by those who undertake to construct meteorological theories. We may not be able to point, with confidence, to any grand central orb pouring down electricity upon the earth as the sun pours down heat. Nevertheless we are at no loss for the origin of those electrical disturbances which are renewed every day, and sometimes acquire a fearful magnitude. Not an atom stirs, no chemical, physical, or mechanical change occurs to a body, no animal or vegetable function is discharged, without the evolution of its equivalent of the magical fluid. No drop of vapor leaves the earth's waters, no portion of a cloud recondenses into rain, no winds blow, rubbing against each other or against the rough planet, without contributing, each smallest particle its mite, to swell the electrical wave, What wonder, therefore, when the bridle is taken from the atmosphere, when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, that the electrical force also should overleap its equilibrium to afflict and destroy? The experiments of Franklin and his cotemporaries with kites and vertical rods; the recent experiments of Weekes, Crosse, and others, with long wires suspended horizontally like the telegraph wires, have made men of science at home even with the lightning. Mr. Thompson states, that "in 1811, at Philipsthal, in Eastern Prussia, an enormous block was shivered in a thunder storm, by means of a tall iron rod duly provided for the purpose." Here the lightning was deliberately used to blast rocks.

Arago, in his eulogy upon Volta, in 1831, took occasion to assail the claim of Franklin to the discovery of the electrical character of lightning; a claim which the whole scientific world had been proud to acknowledge for three quarters of a century. Arago contends, that if the merit of the discovery consists in the first intimation of the identity of lightning and electricity, then it belongs to Nollet; if the merit consists in the experimental proof of this identity, then it belongs to another of his countrymen, D'Alibard; so that

France has it at any rate. In our opinion, the merit of a conjecture belongs to him who first started it, and the merit of the experimental proof belongs to him who originated that. Which has the greatest merit, the conjecture or the experimental demonstration, must be judged by their fruits. We further assert, that the merit of the first conjecture does not belong to Nollet, and that the merit of the first experimental proof does belong to Franklin. Nevertheless the passage from Nollet is very remarkable. We take it as Kaemptz has given it.

"If any one, after comparing the phenomena, undertook to prove that thunder is in the hands of nature what electricity is in our own; that those wonders, which we now dispose of as we wish, are trifling imitators of those great effects which terrify us; that the whole depends upon the same mechanism; if he should show that a cloud prepared by the action of the winds, by heat, and the mixture of exhalations, is, in respect to a terrestrial object, what the electrized body is when in presence and at a certain distance from the one which is not so; I acknowledge that this idea, if it were well maintained, would please me much, &c."

This passage was published in 1748. But Mr. Gray, in 1735, had expressed the hope "that there may be found out a way to collect a greater quantity of electric fire, and consequently to increase the force of that power, which, by several of these experiments,

'Si parva licet componere magnis,'

seems to be of the same nature with thunder and lightning." Hawksbee, Wall, and Winkler all shared in this conjecture, and some of them anticipated Nollet in it by nearly half a century. So much for the conjecture. Then as to the experiment, we wholly disagree with Arago as to the value to be put upon it. He thinks the identity so obvious, that an experiment was almost useless to prove it. The identity was no doubt obvious to him; but it is the experiment which has made it so. Now, to whom does the merit of the experiment belong? Franklin, in a letter to a friend, which was published to all Europe, suggests two methods of making the experiment; by a rod or by a kite. D'Alibard, following, as he is careful to say, the method which Franklin had pointed out, obtained a spark from a rod on the 10th of May, 1752. Franklin drew down the lightning on the kite-string on the 15th of June.

We should not have felt it necessary to recur to this opinion of Arago in regard to one of the most brilliant discoveries of the American philosopher, had not Martins, the translator of Kaemptz's meteorology from the German into the French, showed a disposition to renew the claim for France, though upon a different ground; and did not the note in which his opinions are expressed appear also in the English translation which has been made from the French. Kaemptz, after doing justice to Nollet and others, who had conjectured the identity of electricity and lightning, uses these words: — "To study the electricity of the clouds, Franklin was the first to employ the electric kite." On the paragraph of which this is a part, Martins has this note: "Franklin, in his excellent work on the influence of points, had indicated the means of investigation which he proposed using to study the electricity of the clouds; but it was in 1752, that D'Alibard was the first to mount at Marly-la-Ville a fixed apparatus with which he drew forth sparks from a storm cloud, and it was Romas who first sent up the electric kite, in the same year." This is all true. But why does not Martins tell us how Romas succeeded? He sent up his kite on the 14th of May. He selected the day because it was showery. It had rained, he tells us, ten times. *Still he could not get a spark.* On the 17th of June, he tried again and succeeded. But Franklin's experiment had already been made triumphantly. We will only add the hearty words with which Thompson closes his review of the subject, though he makes no reference to the recent demands set up by the French philosophers which we have been discussing.

"The letters of the modest and perspicuous American were rejected for publication by the Royal Society of London. In England and France, opposition arose — violent, puerile, and sickening. Truth triumphed over the Abbé Nollet and our countrymen. Priestley at home, and Beccaria in Italy, entered the lists, and defended Franklin. The Royal Society elected him a Fellow, and, as if to atone for past faults, presented to him a medal! The Fellowship conferred upon him less honor than he did upon it; it may be forgotten, and the medal may moulder in darkness; but the name of Franklin will endure, and beam with greater radiance in ages yet unborn, in proportion as this subject is studied and new truths are unveiled. The time is on the wing, when not only in India, but in Polynesia and

Central Africa, the experiment of the electric kite will be familiarly known to every schoolboy, and the fame of Franklin wide as the world."

In reviewing the electrical relations of the atmosphere, the aurora must not be forgotten. Whoever has witnessed the beautiful experiment of sending friction electricity through a tall exhausted receiver will confess the resemblance of this electrical light, both in its colors and its motions, to the aurora, or skipping goats, as it has been figuratively called. The Indian believed that the aurora is the descending spirit of his fathers; the philosopher has taught that it is the magnetism of the earth spouting out from the magnetic pole; or that it arises from vapors and exhalations which have ascended to such a height as to be outside of the shadow of the earth, and to be illuminated by the sun. Captain John Ross explained the auroral light by the reflection of sunlight from the brilliantly colored ice and snow of the polar seas. Though it may not be possible, in the present condition of science, to sketch all the parts of the delicate machinery by which this grand exhibition is produced, still the opinion at the present day is almost universal, that the phenomenon is electrical. It is not strange, that the vapor which goes up should carry with it latent electricity as well as heat; it is not strange that this latent electricity should be freed when the vapor forms cloud; that the greatest amount of electricity should be set free in high latitudes, where the condensation is the greatest; that the electricity abandoned to itself should seek the earth again, as lightning or as the aurora. But how shall we explain the symmetry of the auroral lines? If the laws of perspective are applied to them, the complex arrangement is reducible to beams parallel to one another and to the magnetic axis of the earth. What is the substance of these conducting lines, and why they take that position, no one is able to say. Biot remarks, "But of all terrestrial substances, only the metals, so far as we know, are in any considerable degree susceptible of magnetism. It is, then, probable that the columns of the meteor are, at least in a great measure, composed of metallic particles reduced to powder of extreme fineness." Mr. Faraday inclines to the opinion that all bodies, the solids as well as the liquids, are represented in the atmosphere by their vapors, which have gone up at ordinary temperatures.

To prepare the way for a satisfactory physical explanation of the aurora, it is essential to exclude all that is merely traditional, or about which there are contradictory reports. The light of the aurora is what especially signalizes it. This is comparatively faint. When the whole hemisphere is illuminated by it, the light does not exceed that of the full moon. Artificial electricity, when it traverses the thin air in the receiver of the air-pump, is very faint. But the atmosphere, in the region to which the aurora belongs, is highly attenuated, to a degree unapproached by the best artificial vacuum, if we adopt the larger estimate of the height of the aurora. It has been computed, that a single cubic inch of common air could, by expanding, fill a sphere as large as Saturn's orbit with an atmosphere equal in density to the earth's atmosphere 500 miles above the surface.

It has been asserted that the aurora addressed other senses besides the eye. Trevelyan learned in Farœ, that it was accompanied by a peculiar smell. In still more decided language does Gmelin, in his account of Siberia, speak of the sounds emitted by the aurora. "However beautiful this spectacle may be, I think it will be impossible to contemplate it for the first time without emotions of terror; so constantly is it accompanied, as I have been informed by several intelligent persons, with noises like those hissings and cracklings produced by very large fireworks." The testimony of the inhabitants of the Shetland Islands is equally full and complete. Edmonston relates, that in a voyage between London and the Shetland Islands, an aurora appeared, vivid and loud; "the noise with which it was accompanied was such that the sailors were afraid to remain on deck." Biot, to whom we are indebted for these cases, gives his own opinion in these words:—"It seems probable, after this mass of testimony, that the meteor sometimes descends so low as to allow us to hear the noise proceeding from it." On the other hand, scientific travellers, who have made the aurora an object of special study, do not allude to these sounds, and Captains Parry and Scoresby expressly say, that they never heard them. In one of Franklin's expeditions, an officer heard a hissing noise, such as might be made by a bullet, passing through the air, which he attributed to the aurora; but his companions explained it by the action of the

severe cold on the snow. "The auroras," says Humboldt, "have become more silent since observers have better understood how to observe them, and how to listen for them."

It is a common opinion that the aurora occurs more frequently now than it did one or two centuries ago. Halley waited to see an exhibition till he had almost ceased to hope. Celsius says it was more rare in Sweden previous to 1716 than it has been since. Between 1716 and 1732, it was observed 316 times. Mairan, who in 1754 published a great work of classical authority on the subject, enumerates 1441 appearances only, between the years 583 and 1751. It is his opinion that these exhibitions were not distributed indiscriminately during this long period, but were crowded into distinct epochs, of which he is able to separate 22 distinctly from each other. Before adopting such an opinion, great weight must be given to the increased number of observers and to the more favorable position which they enjoy. In high latitudes, the aurora is almost as common as the rising of the sun. The French scientific commission, which spent some time at Finmark in 1838 and '9, witnessed 150 displays in 218 days. Captain Lefroy has taken measures to have the aurora observed at all the regimental guard-rooms in Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. In 1848–9, the number of exhibitions, compared with the number of nights when they would have been visible if they were produced, amounted to between 19 and 33 per cent. for different places; though generally the aurora was not looked for after midnight. On two occasions, the same aurora was seen at all the stations, which were distributed over an area of 1,150 miles in longitude and 140 in latitude. These and other observations made in British America have suggested to Captain Lefroy, that the aurora was not unmindful of the hour of the night, but was visible about 10 or 11 in the evening more frequently than at other hours. If these observations are continued for several years, and others like them made in the United States, the theory can be fairly tested whether the aurora, like the falling stars, obeys a period.

Before we have the elements of a correct theory of the aurora, the immense discrepancies in regard to its observed distance must be reconciled. Some observers assert that the height of the aurora is 1,000 miles; others think as many

feet will be nearer to the truth. Parry thought on one occasion the aurora was between the observer and some rising ground only 3000 feet distant. The elder Ross saw it, as he supposed, between two ships, or between his ship and an iceberg. Some explain away these cases by the persistency of the impression on the retina. The extraordinary refractions, so common in high latitudes, might displace the aurora, as they disfigure and displace other visible objects. On the other hand, the parallactic determinations of the height of the aurora, which have placed it between 50 and 825 miles from the earth on different occasions, are open to the objection that the two observers, whose results become the elements of the calculation, may not be looking at the same object; that each observer may have his own aurora, as each has his own rainbow, and his own thunder and lightning. The point at issue is fundamental. While one class of distances keeps the aurora in our immediate neighborhood, in the region of clouds and other ordinary meteorological phenomena, the other lifts it into spaces not of the earth, but rather cosmical. Though elevated to unusual regions of the atmosphere, from which otherwise no report has ever come to science, we may still claim the aurora for the earth, as it partakes of its diurnal motion, and arranges its flashing lines so rigidly according to the direction of the earth's magnetic axes. Sir John Ross observed in 1818, while his ship was moving south from 74° latitude, that the auroras were seen to the south, till he reached the parallel of 66°; after which, they swung round to the north. Almost every city and town, we presume, can sympathize sincerely with the vigilant firemen of London, who, according to Thompson, have turned out on several occasions to extinguish the aurora.

We conclude this division of our subject, on the electrical relations of the air, with the following sentence from Kaemptz, in whose opinion we fully concur. "However, it appears to me demonstrated, that electricity is not the cause of the modifications of the atmosphere; and its most formidable manifestations occur, because the electricity liberated by the precipitation of the vapor of water cannot be neutralized except by a spark."

Finally, let us take a glance at the position which the light occupies in meteorology. According to the latest

researches of Melloni, the same individual rays from the sun which warm the earth enlighten it likewise. The well known want of proportionality between the calorific and luminous intensities of the same solar rays Melloni explains by an organic peculiarity in the eye itself; which is so tempered as to respond strongly to certain undulations, and feebly or not at all to others, with which its own harmonics are not in tune. The most intense undulations, mechanically considered, are not necessarily those which awaken the sensation of the brightest light. The intensity of the sensation depends in part on the pitch of the undulation, or on what we commonly call its color, and not exclusively on its intrinsic force. As the solar heat, distributed and economized by atmospheric agencies, ministers to the comfort of man, tempering the extremes of geographical position, and equalizing to a considerable degree the blessings of a provident nature, so the light of the sun kindles the face of creation into a smile and brings gladness to man's heart. But it is the atmosphere which converts the raw material from the sun into countless forms of unspeakable beauty; scattering the rich colors over the sky, breaking it into beautiful fragments to paint the rainbow, and ornamenting the dull face of nature with its mirage, its halos, its extraordinary refraction, and its stellar scintillation. If heat is the useful handmaid of the earth, the light is the ornament and grace of our planet.

After the solar radiations, clothed with their triple charm of light, heat, and chemical action, have reached the earth, they convert the part of it which they impinge upon into a centre of secondary radiations; these secondary radiations, however, are so modified by the gross material from which they spring, so reduced in pitch, it may be, as no longer to possess the power of acting on the eye. Hence the means divinely appointed for distributing the light to the scattered pilgrims on the earth are different from those which transport the heat. The exquisite experiments of Melloni have proved, that the heat has not been wholly sifted from the moonlight. Nevertheless the moon's agency in warming the earth is wholly insignificant. But in illuminating the earth, the moon is second only to the sun. By beautiful and simple astronomical arrangements, the full moons of winter run high, and remain above the horizon more than half the day. This

compensation for the absence of sunlight is perfect in all its details. At the poles, during the sun's six months' absence, the moon keeps an incessant vigil, only sinking below the horizon at her change, when her dark side is turned to the earth and her presence is useless. Laplace was led by his analysis to the conclusion that, if the moon were placed opposite to the sun and about four times as far from the earth as she now is, and then started in her new orbit with a certain velocity, she would always remain in opposition. As she would be too far off then to receive the earth's shadow, we should have a full moon every night. If the earth were a gainer, the moon certainly would be a loser. If the moon were always full to the earth, the earth would never be full to the moon, but ever new. If the earth were ready, would the moon consent to this proposed amendment to the solar system? As the light of the moon would then be sixteen times less to us than the present light of a full moon, perhaps even we should not consent.

Let us not undervalue the meteorological provision for equalizing the light. The atmosphere, by refracting and reflecting the sun's rays, anticipates for us his presence in the morning, and makes his rays still linger over our heads in the evening. The same astronomical cause which keeps the sun below the horizon six months at the pole, prolongs the twilight, which at the equator is only an hour, to four and a half months. But the refractive and reflective powers of the air carry to still greater extremes the duration of twilight, and always in favor of the poles.

"In the interior of Africa," says Kaemptz, "where the air is sometimes so pure and so transparent that Bruce, when in Sennaar, saw the planet Venus in broad daylight, night immediately succeeds sunset. On the other side of the Alps, in Dalmatia for instance, night occurs half an hour after sunset. Between the tropics, twilight is still shorter; it lasts a quarter of an hour at Chili, according to Acosta; and a few minutes at Cumana, according to M. de Humboldt. The same phenomenon occurs on the coast of Africa. These results differ very manifestly from those obtained by calculations, according to which twilight ought to last at least an hour. We are, therefore, obliged to admit that, between the tropics, the sun is not so far below the horizon at the end of twilight as it is in the very high latitudes."

If the refractive power of the tropical air falls below the

average, that of the polar air exceeds it. On the 3d of February, 1820, when Captain Parry was in latitude 74° 47′, the sun made his appearance after an absence of ninety-two days, three days sooner than calculation predicted. On the 24th of January, 1597, Barentz saw his disc at Nova Zembla fifteen days before he was expected to return. If meteorology can produce such permanent and material disturbances in the precision of astronomical calculations made for different latitudes, we shall not be surprised at occasional excesses of atmospherical refraction anywhere. In 1750, the sun was still above the horizon at Paris, when the moon rose in a total eclipse. The same phenomenon was witnessed in Great Britain in 1837. In these cases, the amount of refraction was not unusual; but its reality was brought home to the senses in an extraordinary manner. We have read with a little surprise the following remarks of Mr. Thompson, which seem to carry us back to the good old days of meteorology.

"This recalls to mind the miraculous lengthening of the day when Joshua was engaged in combat with the Amorites. Then the sun did not set on Gibeon, and the moon tarried in Ajalon. Though we doubt not the power of him who said and it was done, to hold the earth 'in the hollow of his hand,' while it ceased to perform its diurnal revolution — to stay the moon in her orbit, and prevent her rotating on her axes — to interpose his almighty arm between the other members of the system and physical disturbances — these, and more if required, we freely grant, still we humbly think, that this miracle was wrought by the secondary influence of an unusual refraction. Another miracle, which we would explain in a similar way, was the returning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz."

Indispensable as is the light to the physical well-being of man, to the perfection of vegetation, to valuable processes of art, and as an instrument of research opening to him an infinitude of worlds of which otherwise he would be ignorant, the alternation of light with darkness exercises an important influence on civilization. Mr. Thompson has enriched his book with the following description by Captain Beechey of the effect of perpetual sunshine.

"The novelty it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant delight in an unexplored and naturally

boisterous sea was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations of day and night. But the reluctance we felt to quit the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep the night watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish. What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome; and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost with a clockwork regularity, and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required."

Throughout the whole of this review of the various relations of the atmosphere, who can fail to acknowledge the Divine Artificer who has organized it for the wonderful services it must perform? Every living thing draws nourishment from it, though it is made up of elements which, chemically combined, compose either an irrespirable medium, an intoxicating draught, or a virulent poison. It conveys sound, and obstructs less than any other substance the light and heat. The thinnest slice of a crystal can alone compete with the air in transparency, though the thickness of the latter exceeds 40 miles. One half of the solar rays of heat reach the solid earth when they pass perpendicularly through the atmosphere, and one quarter of the light. So transparent is the air in Persia that the stars do not twinkle; and among the Andes, the *poncho* or mantle worn on horseback can be seen at a horizontal distance of 16 miles. Even the inertia of the atmosphere has been turned to good account. When the air is in motion, it wafts our ships and turns our machinery; when it is at rest, it is an ever present defence around each city and home, protecting it by night and day from the distant assaults of the unprincipled and ambitious.*

The glance we have cast at the applications of physical science to meteorology will give some idea of the range of subjects pertaining to the latter, and which both our authors have thoroughly handled; though neither of them in the exact

* A 24-pound shot which might, *in vacuo*, reach the horizontal distance of 125,000 feet, is reduced by the resistance of the air to a range of 7,300 feet.

order in which it has seemed proper to us to introduce them. A great variety of topics, belonging to the natural history of the science, are not omitted by either; but we have no time to dwell upon them. The falling stars, once styled meteors *par excellence*, are now admitted into works on meteorology by virtue of one out of four hypotheses to explain their origin, and that by no means the most probable one. Mr. Thompson discusses them, and Mr. Kaemptz gives them a corner in his short chapter on problematic phenomena. We pass over the subject, as it has already been ably treated in the pages of this Review. Mr. Thompson affords a page or two to the zodiacal light; but its title to admission is of no value, and Kaemptz silently rejects it. Thompson gives the authority of Laplace for discarding the theory that the zodiacal light belongs to the sun's atmosphere.

"The sun's atmosphere," says Laplace, "can extend no farther than to the orbit of a planet whose periodical revolution is performed in the same time as the sun's rotatory motion about its axis; or in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days. Therefore, it does not extend so far as the orbits of Mercury and Venus; and we know that the zodiacal light extends much beyond them. Again, the ratio of the polar to the equatorial diameter of the sun cannot be less than $\frac{2}{3}$ (for when the centrifugal force at the equator just equals gravity, or the atmosphere is most compressed at the poles, this is the ratio); now, the zodiacal light appears under the form of a very flat lens, the apex of which is in the plane of the solar equator. Therefore, this fluid is not the solar atmosphere."

Mr. Thompson makes no reference to the preceding passage, which we have extracted from the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace, as containing the most exact exposition of his views in relation to the zodiacal light. Humboldt in his Cosmos refers to it. But unfortunately he has paraphrased the passage, instead of using the words of Laplace; and has fallen, therefore, into an inaccuracy of statement very unusual for him. These are the words of Humboldt: —

"This phenomenon, whose primordial antiquity can scarcely be doubted, and which was first noticed in Europe by Childrey and Dominicus Cassini, is not the luminous solar atmosphere itself, since this cannot, in accordance with mechanical laws, be more compressed than in the relation of 2 to 3, and *consequently cannot be diffused beyond* $\frac{2}{3}$ *of Mercury's heliocentric distance.* These same laws teach us, that the altitude of the extreme boundaries

of the atmosphere of a cosmical body above its equator, that is to say, the point at which gravity and centrifugal force are in equilibrium, must be the same as the altitude at which a satellite would rotate round the central body simultaneously with the diurnal revolution of the latter."

The words which we have italicized are not a consequence of the proposition to which they are appended, but of the proposition which follows.

Oersted, the distinguished philosopher of Copenhagen, observes, that little has been done in discovering laws of meteorology, because men have sought to find out the first change in the atmosphere, and have had an overstrained regard for some comprehensive principle, instead of carefully collecting facts and tracing the proximate causes. Without meaning to take the least exception to the truth of this remark, we still believe it to be incumbent on the scientific meteorologist to have a high aim, and never to lose sight of it. Else, how shall he know what to observe among the countless phenomena which crowd upon his vision, and how to dispose of what he has observed? The indiscriminate collection of meteorological details is not science, any more than a heedless picking up of stones is geology, or the bare counting of the stars is astronomy. In examining the two works under review according to this standard, the scientific reader will have no difficulty in distinguishing the peculiar cast of each. Mr. Thompson calls his work an introduction to meteorology; while Mr. Kaemptz aspires to a complete course of meteorology. Each work is true, and perhaps equally so, to its title. Thompson's work is replete with information, enlivened by anecdote, and embellished by poetical allusions. It is written in an elegant and generally accurate style, always beautiful, and sometimes eloquent. And what is of no small moment in a book of facts, it contains very few typographical errors. The work of Kaemptz is more severe in its object, and more sober in its style. Probably the language of no author does perfect justice to his thought. In the present instance, we do not read his words, but the translation of a translation, so that the ordinary insufficiency of language is raised to the third power. Beneath all this, however, we see the strength, clearness, and caution of the author's mind, and the approximation he makes to a dynamical view of meteorology. Kaemptz does not study the periodical changes in the barometer, thermometer, and

hygrometer, by themselves, but in combination with the prevalent winds which accompany them. The general climate of a place, as well as the particular weather, depend on the temperature and moisture of these winds; and this temperature and moisture depend on the direction of the winds, in other words, on the latitude and geographical peculiarities of the countries from which they come, compared with the latitude and geographical peculiarities of the countries to which they go. Yes, the winds, the fickle and unsteady winds, are the landmarks in meteorology; and as soon as a correct dynamical theory of these winds is matured, an ample and solid foundation will be laid for the whole science.

In 1827, Dove attempted to complete the theory of the winds, by applying to the irregular winds which blow in the middle latitudes the same solution which had been given for the regular trade-winds of the tropics. As the history of this solution is often given with a great lack of precision, (being attributed sometimes to Halley, sometimes to Hadley, and by Kaemptz indiscriminately to both,) it may be worth while briefly to recapitulate it. Two centuries ago, Descartes ascribed the trade-winds to the inertia of the atmosphere, which did not acquire the full speed of the equator, but always had a relative motion westward with respect to the solid land. Galileo also recognized in the trade-winds the evidence of the lagging of the atmosphere. Bacon, rejecting, as he did, the Copernican system, and believing the earth fixed, explained the trade-winds by supposing the air, which was of the heaven heavenly, to partake of the diurnal motion of the heaven westward. In 1686, Dr. Halley referred the trade-winds to the confluence of air into the space which had just been heated by the sun. Halley took no account, in his theory, of inertia, but rested exclusively on the agency of heat; Descartes, on the contrary, neglected the heat, and placed his sole reliance on the inertia which Halley repudiated. In 1735, Hadley gave the true solution, now universally received; combining the effect of heat, which raises a vertical current, with the inertia of the air as it changes its parallel of latitude. Dalton, a great philosopher, but not a scholar, reproduced Hadley's theory in 1793, without being aware that he had been anticipated; a mistake into which he fell on other occasions, and for a similar reason, namely, want of familiarity with the history of science. Dalton said that De Luc was, so far as he knew,

the only person who had given any weight to inertia. We should not fail to remark, that the accepted theory of the trade-winds, original with Hadley and Dalton, is not a happy mixture of conflicting views; for the heat and the inertia which figure in it play parts wholly different from the unphilosophical ones assigned to them by Halley and Descartes. The inertia, as it was applied by Descartes and Galileo to the explanation of the trade-winds, is not a *vera causa*. For, however much the air may have lagged behind when the earth first began to turn, it must ere this have acquired by friction the common diurnal motion. This objection does not hold against the use which Hadley and Dalton made of inertia. So long as air continues to come from the poles, it comes with an insufficient velocity of rotation, so that the trade-wind is perpetual. Moreover, the loitering of the air would be greater as it was higher above the earth, whereas in fact the upper strata move in the opposite direction to the lower, and, therefore, faster than the solid mass. Again, the influence of heat as applied by Halley to the explanation of the trade-winds is no better. If the air follows the sun, it must circumnavigate the earth in a day. Such a wind never has been witnessed; much less is it the gentle trade-wind, with which the ship performs her voyage from continent to continent without once taking down her royals. The only approximation to Hadley's theory was made by Hooke. He availed himself of the sun's rays to make an ascending current at the equator, and thence a polar current in the lower stratum, and an equatorial current in the upper stratum; but he clung to the favorite idea that the air hung back from the diurnal motion, or outran it, to explain the easterly and westerly elements of direction in these two currents. Humboldt, who in other respects has given the history of the theories upon the trade-winds very elaborately, has lent his aid to perpetuate the confusion of the very different views of Halley and Hadley upon this subject. Humboldt says in his Cosmos, "Hooke's more correct view was taken up by Halley late in the eighteenth century, and was then more fully and satisfactorily explained with reference to the action of the velocity of rotation peculiar to each parallel of latitude. Halley, prompted by his long sojourn in the torrid zone, had even earlier (1686) published an admirable empirical work on the geographical extension of trade-winds and monsoons." As

Halley died in 1742, as his theory rejected "the velocity of rotation peculiar to each parallel," and as Humboldt adds in a note that the theory of Galileo must not be confounded with that of Hooke and Hadley, — we think Humboldt must have intended to write Hadley instead of Halley, in the first sentence above quoted. The recurrence of the name in the next sentence, where no one but Halley can be meant, does, we confess, clash somewhat with this attempted solution of the mistake.

We cannot agree with Dove when he says, that no one has gone beyond Halley in explaining the winds. The error into which Dove has fallen does not interfere at all with the merit of his own labors. It occurs to his clear mind, that the upper and southwest current, which is moving from the equator to the north pole, must occasionally sink and displace the lower and northeast current, which is blowing from the north pole to the equator; so that, instead of regular winds, like the trades in the tropics, where one of these currents has the supremacy, there are irregular winds in the higher latitudes, depending on the conflict of the two antagonistic currents. The prevalence of either of these winds at a particular time and place, with its characteristics of temperature and moisture, determines the essential features of the weather. By this theory, Dove is able to explain a phenomenon well known to Bacon, which is vulgarly expressed by saying that the wind does not back in, but has a progressive change of direction, from the east through the south to the west. "*Si ventus se mutet conformiter ad motum solis, non revertitur plerumque, aut si hoc facit, fit ad breve tempus.*" This applies to the northern hemisphere only; in the southern hemisphere, the rotation of the winds is from the east through the north to the west. The physiognomy of the earth, the outline of the contact of the land with air and water, derange this general dynamical action, as the most regular part of it, the trade-winds, is deranged in the eastern hemisphere, and converted into monsoons.

If the sun moved always in the earth's equator, the theory of the winds might stop here. But the parallel to which the sun is vertical shifts in the course of the year, from 23° south latitude to 23° north latitude. As the sun advances upon us from the equator, the southeasterly trade-wind of the southern hemisphere follows it, encroaching on the zone of which the northeast trade-wind is in possession. As the southeasterly

current passes into the northern hemisphere, it becomes southwesterly with regard to the solid earth, which it surpasses in velocity of rotation. In the neighborhood of the northern tropic, we have a struggle every summer between this southwesterly trade from the other hemisphere, and the polar current from the north. The effect of the collision is twofold: — a rotation of the air from north through the west to south, and a diminution in the motion of the great body of it towards the west. As soon as this column of southern air has ploughed through the northern trade, and reached the southwesterly winds of higher latitudes, where the westerly motions conspire, it changes its progressive direction suddenly towards the east, and no longer feels the power which makes it whirl. Hence the origin of the tropical hurricanes; hence the derivation of their whirlwind character; a character which Reid, Redfield, and others have deduced from their practical study of hurricanes. Hence the progressive motion of the hurricanes, first towards the northwest, and then with a sudden turn towards the northeast. Hence their diminished violence after they have passed the tropics. Hence the season of the year at which hurricanes most abound. When the sun has gone back from the northern to the southern hemisphere, the polar current from the north follows it, and makes reprisals in the other hemisphere for the interruption it has suffered in its own. Hence the hurricanes of the southern hemisphere, the season when they occur, and the direction in which they turn. Truly may it be said, that Dove, while sowing to the wind has reaped the whirlwind.

To some, a meteorological theory will have no value if it cannot explain the exceptional and wonderful phenomena of the atmosphere. Such persons will be disappointed with the work of Kaemptz. The true meteorologist, says Kaemptz, gives no more value to these extraordinary things than the zoölogist to monstrosities. To all those who tell strange stories in regard to showers of frogs, fish, and other small animals, Kaemptz has no other answer to give but that of one of the most distinguished naturalists of the age, made to one who told him he had seen one of these phenomena: — "It is fortunate," he said, "that you have seen it, for now I believe it; had I seen it myself, I should not have believed it."

There is another class of amateur meteorologists, who are

ever seeking for a sign. "Never," says Arago, "whatever may be the progress of the sciences, will the *savant* who is conscientious, and careful of his reputation, speculate on a prediction of the weather." Mr. Thompson quotes this remark, and seems to subscribe to it. Still, he has a care for those who have less reputation, and are not afraid of losing it. He tells them that, in the Polish mines of Viclizka, near Cracow, a large block of salt, called Lot's wife, indicates to the miners the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere above. An aurora was seen in New England, Dec. 11th, 1719, (said to have been the earliest witnessed in this country,) which filled the Colonies with consternation. A writer in the Boston News-Letter closes his description of it with these words: — "As to prognostications from it, I utterly abhor and detest them all, and look upon these to be but the effect of ignorance and fancy; for I have not so learned philosophy or divinity as to be dismayed at the signs of heaven; this would be to act the part of a heathen, not of a Christian philosopher."

We have spoken of the general character and contents of the two works under review. It only remains to say a word in regard to their scientific and typographical accuracy. In regard to the work of Mr. Thompson, we have little to add on this point to what has already been said. His book, though not wholly free from errors, chargeable sometimes to the press and sometimes to the author, displays marks of care in all its details. No less praise must be bestowed on the original work of Kaemptz. Perhaps we might take exceptions to general statements of facts, which are true only in a limited sense, and when applied to a particular continent. For example, Kaemptz says: "Daily experience has long taught us that the air is not equally moist with every wind. When the farmer wishes to dry his corn or his hay, or the housewife spreads out her wet linen, their wishes are soon satisfied if the wind blows continuously, but a much longer time is required with a west wind. Certain operations in dyeing do not succeed unless during east winds." The work of Kaemptz contains several elaborate Tables, which will prove useful to the practical meteorologist. A French translation of this book (which was published in 1840) was made in 1843 by Martins, an eminent philosopher who has had large experience in meteorological observations. This trans-

lation is very free, and at the same time so condensed as to imperfectly express the ideas of the original. In some cases it has been made without sufficient care. In one or two instances, more than half a page has been omitted by accident or design; we do not include the changes which Martins notices in his preface. This French translation is the basis of that which we have been reviewing. The English translator, Mr. C. V. Walker, is already known as an author; he edits a scientific magazine, and has himself been engaged in investigations connected with electricity. The translation of this important work of Kaemptz, which according to the united confession of Martins and Walker is the only complete treatise on meteorology in any language, will not add to his reputation. He adheres to the French idioms and words so closely that the language becomes absurd. In only one instance, so far as we know, has he corrected even an error of the press, (p. 451); and frequently he commits mistakes inexcusable in a translator or a man of science.

On page 105, we read, "But air at 15° being able to contain only 13^{m}.44 of vapor, the mixture will have 52 per cent. of vapor of water." This is a literal translation of the French; but the "only," which has no equivalent in the German text, darkens the sense of the passage. On page 121, we read, "When the ascending current relaxes toward evening, the clouds descend; as [*et*] on arriving into strata of air which are less heated, (*plus chaudes,*) they again pass into the state of invisible vapor." On page 141, a defect in the French text has been copied, without reflection, into the English translation. "During whole days, the sun is invisible in England, whilst a clear sky is extended over continental Europe; in summer it is precisely the contrary." Here is the statement of Kaemptz: — "*Tage und Stunden vergehen im Winter in England, während welchen die Sonne nicht durch die Wolkendecke dringt, dann hat das Festland häufig das schönste heitere Wetter, während dieses im Sommer,*" *&c.*

On page 156 occurs another passage, in which the English translator blindly follows his blind guide into a greater blunder. "When the sun is very far from the zenith, that is to say, when it is in the northern hemisphere, during the months of December and January, the temperature is relatively very low." The German runs thus: — "*Ist nämlich die Sonne*

am weitesten vom Scheitel entfernt, (also, in der nördlichen Halbkugel im December und Januar) so ist die Warme am kleinsten;" which we thus render: — "Is the sun removed to its greatest zenith distance, as is the case in the northern hemisphere in December and January," &c.

An inaccuracy which both our translators share, may be found on page 176. "Annual vegetables, and especially those of the corn tribe act in a different manner. The hardness and vigor of the winter little concerns them. The only thing essential to them is the period during which they are developed; thus the curves that indicate their northern limits are parallel to the isotherals. *In Norway, barley is cultivated in certain places situated under the 70th degree.* Towards the east, its limit falls southerly, and in Siberia none of the corn tribe are found north of 60°." The German, which corresponds to the part in italics, is: — "*Im innern von Norwegen und Lappland kann noch in einer Breite von 70° Getreide gebaut werden, was an der Meeresküste erst mehrere Grade weiter südlich möglich ist.*" On page 190 is this statement: — "Besides their elevated temperature, these S. W. winds are also distinguished by their moisture, which is such that, in winter, they are almost entirely saturated with the vapor of water; hence the atmosphere of Europe and America is almost constantly foggy during that season." In the German and French it is, "western Europe and America."

The next case we shall mention is particularly discreditable to Mr. Walker, though the French translation is not perfect. "This is due to the little variation in the height of the sun in the different seasons, and to the difference of the constant sea and aerial currents that prevail in these regions."—p. 194. The French reads thus: *Cela tient à la faible variation de la hauteur du soleil dans les differentes saisons, et à l'influence des courans marins et aériens constans* (sondern in dem früher erwähnte Einflusse der Passäte und Meeresströmungen) *qui regnent dans ces regions.*"

In the next sentence, the English translator has been faithful to the French, but the latter gives any thing rather than the remark of Kaemptz. "*Car ainsi que nous l'avons vu, la coté est d'Amerique est rechauffeé par un courant equatorial, et la coté ouest refraichie par un courant venant du nord.*" In the German it reads: "*Während nämlich neben Americas*

Ostküste das warme Wasser des Aequators fortläuft, und die nördlicher liegenden Punkte etwas erwärmt, finden wir neben Africas Westküste einen von Norden kommenden Meeresstrom, welcher die südlicher liegenden Punkte erkaltet."

The French translation of the sentence which follows is equally defective, and the defect mars the English also. On page 205, Mr. Walker translates thus: — "Finally, between six and ten metres, the instrument indicates throughout the day *(pendant toute l'année)* a temperature which is very nearly that of the annual mean."

Again, on page 207: — "If it is collected in a subterranean reservoir, sufficiently deep, that the diurnal variations have no longer any power to act on it, it will acquire a certain degree of temperature. In passing out by any channel, its temperature will be modified by the sides of this conduit; it will, therefore, be reduced in winter and elevated in summer, especially if we think of the great capacity of water for heat." We will say nothing about the inelegance of the first sentence, but give the French of the last. "*En s'écoulant au dehors par un canal, sa temperature sera modifiée par les parois de ce conduit: elle sera donc abaissée en hiver, elevée en eté, surtout si le canal est long et superficiel. Mais dans une source abundante, cette influence se reduit a peu de chose, surtout si l'on songe à la grande capacité de l'eau pour la chaleur.*"

Another blunder meets our eye on page 210. "The law according to which temperature decreases, as to the limits of the atmosphere (*jusqu'aux limites de l' atmosphere*, even to the limits of the atmosphere) is yet unknown." "*Selbst wenn ein Kubikfuss dieser dünnen Luft eben so viel Wärme verschluckt hat,*" is rendered by Mr. Walker, on page 218, in imitation of the French, "even where a cubic metre of this rarefied air has not absorbed more heat than a cubic metre of denser air." "*Ein andere Unterschied zwischen Pflanzen in Hohe and Tiefe zeigt sich in der Lebensdauer der Gewächse,*" is translated literally from the French, "Another difference resides in the duration of the plants."—p. 224.

Again, we read in the German: — "*Wird nun der Luftdruck kleiner, so wird zwar der Gewichtsverlust auf beiden Seiten der Wage geringer, aber diese Verminderung ist für die grosse Kugel grösser und so wird sie schwerer, weshalb sie sinkt.*" Both translators reverse the statement thus: — "If,

then, the pressure diminishes, the weight (it should be loss of weight) of the two bodies, *in equilibrio*, diminishes also; but that of the sphere diminishes less (it should be *more*) than that of the body; it will, therefore, be heavier, and will descend." —p. 237. An inaccuracy of the French text in the numbers which express the temperature correction of the barometer is inadvertently copied by the English translator on page 239.

"*Meine eigenen Messungen in Halle geben für die Wendestunden folgende Momente in wahrer Sonnenzeit in Stunden und Decimaltheilen derselben,*" is translated vaguely enough on page 250, in too close imitation of the French, "my series at Halle gives for the tropical instants the following moments in true time and in the decimal parts of an hour." "*Bis endlich deshalb ein Maximum eintritt, weil die schnelle Abnahme der trockenen Luft ein Uebergewicht erhält,*" is translated literally from the French, on page 272, "and it attains its maximum when the pressure of the air begins to diminish."

A gross blunder is made by the English translator on page 303. "If this coincidence did (*does*) not occur, then would there be (*are there*) lamentations without end on the inaccuracy of barometers in general, or of accusations against him who should be particular in observing it. It would be more wise to lament that a prejudice on this point could become rooted in the generality of minds." The correct translation is: "If this coincidence does not occur, then there are lamentations innumerable on the inaccuracy of the barometer in general, or accusations against that one in particular which men have been observing. It would be more wise to mourn over a prejudice which was rooted to such a degree (*à ce point*) in the public mind."

We pass only to the next page before we stumble upon another error. "For a long time philosophers vainly endeavored to explain the relation by which the two phenomena were connected; De Luc was the first to point it out in general terms, and although his hypothesis does not induce (*ne soutienne pas une discussion approfondie*) a searching investigation, it is generally adopted."— p. 304. "*Ganz dasselbe gilt von den Westwinden welche im Sommer so sehr vorherrschten,*" is rendered literally from the French, "The same remark for the west winds which prevail throughout the sum-

mer."—p. 316. Again, on page 318, we read, "Observers of antiquity, such as Woodward, Wallis, and others, had even (*deja* in French, and *schon* in German) found, &c. On page 320, we read "above" where we should read *below*. In the French it is *audessus*, a misprint for *audessous;* but the English translator faithfully copies it, though the next sentence, if read with care, contradicts it. On page 323, he falls again into the same snare. "We know that the winter of 1829–30 was one of the coldest that had occurred in Europe for a long time; this same winter was so mild in America that there was no ice on the west coast, which permitted Captain Ross to advance so far to the north." "*Aber dieser Winter war in Nord-America so gelinde, an seine Nordküste war das Eis nicht sehr bedeutend, und Ross konnte deshalb so weit nach Westen gehen.*"

A careless translation on page 327 makes nonsense: "Some ancients considered thunder as produced by emanations arising from the earth. This idea was adopted by many learned men; and although Aristophanes ridiculed it in his comedy of *The Clouds*, yet the fear of the gods always served to weaken it in proportion as the doctrine of Epicurus was the more spread," "*cependant la craint des dieux alla toujours en s'affaiblissant à mesure*," &c. On page 332, Mr. Walker, himself an electrician, adopts the error of the French text, translating "influence" by "induction." In German it is *Mittheilung;* and this in electricity is the opposite of induction, (*Vertheilung*,) as the context is sufficient to show.

A very careless translation arrests attention on page 379. "This table shows that hail falls at all hours of the day, but that it falls more commonly about midday or soon after, at the moment of the greatest diurnal heat. The numbers then diminish in a very regular manner, but at the hours nine and nineteen they are greatest, which might be supposed *a priore*." Read now the German: "*Diese Tafel zeigt, dass zu allen Zeiten des Tages Hagel gefallen ist, dass er aber zur Zeit der grössten Tageswärme oder etwas nachher am häufigsten ist. Die Zahlen gehen im Allgemeinen ziemlich regelmässig fort, nun um 2 Uhr, 9 Uhr, und 19 Uhr ist die Zahl der Niederschlage etwas grösser, als man es nach den für die benachbarten Stunden gefundenen Grössen erwarten sollte.*" The French translation omits very important parts, though otherwise correct.

The following from page 414, which is literally translated from the French, conveys no idea: "It appears more probable that this rarefaction of the air is limited; for, as each planet draws to itself a part of the atmosphere, refraction, according to a remark made by Wollaston, would be very marked in these planetary atmospheres."* On page 419, another false translation has been copied from the French. "The amplitude of these oscillations, that is to say, the deviations of two successive waves, are not the same for the different rays of the spectrum." "*Die Weite der Excursionen, d. h. der Abstand zweier einander folgenden Wellen, aber ist für die verschiedenen gefärbten Strahlen ungleich.*" On page 427, we read, "The circle No. 4, to which Scoresby assigned a diameter (it should be *semi-diameter*) of about 40°, appeared to be very uncommon; however, (*wenigstens*) I have never seen it more than two or three times in the Alps," &c. The French has the same errors. On page 440 we have *ray* for *radius;* but what is of more importance: — "In gusty weather I have frequently seen rainbows on a blue sky, when drops were falling to the earth, (*sans que les gouttes tombassent sur la terre,*) because they evaporated during their fall." On the last line but three of page 441, we have "*refraction*" for "*reflexion.*"

"*So werden sich beide Bögen dergestalt zeigen, dass jedesmal der Winkel zwischen dem einfallenden und gebrochenen Strahle* 41° *beträgt,*" is erroneously translated by Martins and Walker, "The two bows will always meet so that the angle between the refracted and the incident ray is 41°."

A moderate acquaintance with terrestrial magnetism would have saved the English translator from another error. "From this point the western declination diminishes; and, at the east of the United States, the needle points exactly to the north pole," &c. — p. 448. "*Und im östlichen Theile der Vereinigten Staaten,*" &c. The French reads, "*a l'orient des Etats-Unis.*"

---

*Es scheint jedoch wahrscheinlicher, dass diese Ausdehnung der Luft eine bestimmte Gränze habe: denn ware dieses nicht der Fall, und eignete sich jeder Planet von der durch den ganzen Weltraum verbreiteten Materie einen Theil davon an, wie ihn seine Anziehung erfordert, so müssten die Atmosphären welche auf diese Weise um jeden Planeten gebildet werden, ähnliche Phänomenone zeigen, als die uns umgebende Lufthülle, und namentlich müsste nach einer Bemerkung von Wollaston die Strahlenbrechung darin sehr lebhaft seyn."

"*Et n'ont l'apparence d'une masse lumineuse continue que parceque les intervalles sont remplis,*" &c., is translated (p. 456) "and which have *not* the appearance of a continuous luminosity only because," &c. The plain statement "*Eben so wenig lässt sich angeben, ob die Luftelectricität bei Nordlichtern eine ungewöhnliche Stärke besitze,*" after passing its twofold ordeal, reads thus in English: "It is also equally impossible to say whether the atmospheric electricity is generally more powerful than usual." — p. 461. "*De la force d'impulsion,*" is translated, "the force of the inhalation." — p. 478.

In many passages where the translation has not perverted the sense, it is frequently inelegant and sometimes ungrammatical. Mr. Walker repeatedly translates *anormale*, "anormal;" *isolèment*, "isolately;" *chiffre* (*eine grösse,*) "a figure;" *tres-propres*, "very suited;" *a la plus grande analogie*, "greatly analogous;" *trop forte*, "higher;" *plus longue*, "larger." On page 450, we have this passage: "Confining ourselves in the study of terrestrial magnetism, in considering the direction of the needle, is only looking upon one part of the question," &c.

We have said enough to show that the present translation of Kaemptz's meteorology into English fails essentially of giving the author's opinions, or of teaching the truth. It is so overloaded with errors (only a part of which we have had room to specify,) as not to be a safe guide in the hands of the novice; and in its style we look in vain for that neatness, purity, and elegance of diction, which impart a charm to the paths of severe science no less than to the pleasing walks of literature.

Art. IV. *The History of Ancient Art.* Translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by G. Henry Lodge. Vol. II. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1849. Grand 8vo. pp. 270.

A prosaic mind is apt to consider every thing useless which is not practical, and nothing practical which does not minister

to our daily physical wants. Under this view, the Fine Arts are condemned by some as a superfluous product, existing by sufferance, if at all, but of little intrinsic value; the effeminate offspring, it may be, of passion or sensibility, but not of reason, or judgment, or any of the faculties on which we depend in the weightier affairs of life. By others again, these Arts are discarded as factitious and artificial, in judging of which there is hardly any firmer standard than fashion or caprice. Others still see in them but the trifles which the idle may well enough amuse themselves with to-day, and quite as well forget to-morrow; or, — looking at them a little more gravely, — see but the dangerous baits which luxury hangs before the people whom she would enervate and ruin.

From these conclusions, it is hardly necessary, in view of the admirable, discriminating, and eloquent work which we have named at the head of our article, to indicate our absolute and unqualified dissent. We feel, nevertheless, the difficulty of speaking about arts, the grander productions of which but few of our readers can have seen, so that the very illustrations of our thoughts need themselves to be explained. But we do not forget that the spirit of art is latent in many a bosom; that a simple ballad may please us as truly as the Paradise Lost; that the song of our fireside may charm as well as the Oratorio; that if art is to be loved by those alone whose eyes look every day upon the immortal works of the mighty Grecians or Italians, it were a melancholy conclusion indeed for many of us. We gratefully remember, too, that the love of beauty is confined to no locality; and from far away places, secluded valleys, and quiet villages, unknown to fame, have sprung those who have gladdened the world by their pictures of loveliness and power. The discipline of art is wide and manly; it supplies that which the mind earnestly and instinctively craves, that without which it is left as dry and juiceless as the stubble of the last year's cornfield! True, art is always *practical* in the best sense of that abused term. Its products are vigorous or delicate, sublime or beautiful, according to its means and objects; but under every phase, they are as truly natural as any products of nature. So far from being a mere contrivance for our amusement or pleasure, art springs spontaneously and necessarily from the unrepressed workings of the soul.

It is instructive to remember, that, by the ignorant and unthinking, the same objection is often brought against the highest forms of pure science as against the highest forms of art; namely, that it is unpractical, speculative, useless. Science is good when it helps us to navigate the ocean, to make railroads, to build houses; but when it quits these immediately and narrowly useful labors, and ventures into the higher regions, when it investigates the absolute laws of numbers, or the vast principles of geometry, and seems for the time content with the knowledge it discovers, then it is vain and foolish. Such also is the judgment passed upon art. We are dissatisfied and fault-finding because she does not perform what she does not pretend to perform, forgetting that man is most dignified by those powers which separate and distinguish him from every other order in creation; that the mind often finds its pleasure and reward in the very processes of its development; and that the minor advantages for which men sometimes pretend to love learning and skill, even the utility and gracefulness of the furniture in their parlors and of the vases upon their shelves, are themselves the products of more recondite studies than the objector ever dreamed of, — of those very studies and arts which he slights or condemns. It is, besides, a law of the mind, that even science itself cannot be studied for its mere economic advantages without the student's failing to understand its spirit and missing its higher aim. The miner, who digs with no other purpose than to accumulate the precious ores and metals, cannot rise to the comprehensive intelligence and wisdom of the geologist, who searches reverently into the secrets of the world's formation. The anatomist, who studies the human frame merely that he may convert his knowledge into a means of more successful livelihood, cannot understand the profounder laws of our being like him who comes with wonder, docility, and love, to discover in the crowning work of the creation, the most surprising and varied proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator.

This same utilitarian spirit, narrow at first, and of necessity ever contracting, must check every scientific discovery, and if it could rise to the contemplation of beauty at all, would be offended that so many rich and rare things exist where they never can be seen and enjoyed; — so many flowers opening their brilliant petals for the sun alone to look upon, and wast-

ing their fragrance on the ungrateful air ; so much strength and beauty of beast and bird never recognized ; so many diamonds shut up in inaccessible recesses ; so many pearls that no diver shall discover.

> " Rhodona ! if the sages ask thee why
> This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
> Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
> Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
> I never thought to ask, I never knew ;
> But in my simple ignorance suppose,
> The selfsame power that brought me there brought you."

Man liveth not by bread alone. That is useful, we cheerfully grant, which ministers to our comfort, averts calamities, and subjects the elements to our control. But is that less so which makes us more intelligent and rejoicing witnesses of the myriad ways of Providence, — which encourages and cultivates reverence and purity, self-devotion and faith? All that widens and multiplies the fields of knowledge, that inspires a reasonable curiosity, (the mother of enterprise,) that renders the mind more subtle, discriminating, and discursive, and that preëminently, which most completely insures the control of the intellectual and moral over the physical and sensuous, is useful in the best sense.

Art, indeed, does not occupy itself about the common and the trivial, and is not apt to estimate the ordinary aims of labor or ambition as of the highest consequence ; but rather is inclined to postpone artificial distinctions to those which are inward, essential, and permanent. So far, it may not be prudent. But we doubt whether the charge against artists, of a want of practical talent, be a just one. They, unfortunately, have been compelled to exercise as much ingenuity in getting their daily bread as most men ; and if they have not lived in luxury, it has been, sometimes at least, because they have striven for something better. Recall to mind the grander ministers of art. We suspect that Phidias and Praxiteles, Michael Angelo and John of Bologna, Raphael and Titian, could handle a chisel or file, a saw or brush, as neatly as any stonecutter or house-painter of our day. The fact is, that during the centuries when art flourished most, none were such practical mechanics as the painters and sculptors. They were civil engineers, and architects, and constructors of military engines. They built palaces and churches, planned fortifications, erected fountains,

defended cities. Leonardo da Vinci was learned in almost every science, and accomplished in almost every art. When Florence was besieged, in 1529, by the Emperor Charles V. and the Pope Clement VII., Michael Angelo was appointed director-general of the fortifications; seventeen or eighteen years later, he was raised to the post of architect of St. Peter's. The very scaffoldings which he erected when painting his great frescoes, were so ingeniously contrived that they form one element of his fame. Benvenuto Cellini, that prince of goldsmiths and silversmiths, boasted that, at the siege of Rome, he himself pointed the cannon, which, at one discharge, killed the Constable of Bourbon, and at another, the Prince of Orange. To these ordinary or extraordinary labors, they descended with spirits kindling with the enthusiasm familiar to their higher calling. They, indeed, according to the judgment of their time, were men with little about them that was effeminate or weak. Companions of princes, scholars, and soldiers, whatever was great, or learned, or perilous, they shared in, and made it greater still, more full of earnestness and of wisdom. Because of their manner of life, too, in part, they became what they did. They were far enough from growing up in the shade or within the protected enclosure. They breathed the free air of the camp and the court, as well as that of the closet and the studio. Storms as well as sunshine beat upon them. In the perilous days when some of them lived, it was literally true, that the sword often lay beside the pencil and the canvas. Nearly all the great painters, sculptors, and architects were thrown into the very centre of the exciting life of their age, and made a part, — how great a part! — of its spirit and glory.

It is indeed a problem, why, in the sixteenth century, the fine arts so suddenly reached an eminence which has baffled all subsequent effort; but the problem finds a counterpart in several eras of literary history, as striking as anywhere, perhaps, in the drama of Greece and of England; and it only renders the genius of the artists the more noticeable. After ever so careful an inquiry, we might be obliged to let more than half the solution of the question rest on the fact, that genius is incomprehensible, and however directed by circumstances, is not created by them, and must remain a mystery even to itself.

In illustrating quite generally some of what may be called

the educational effects of the fine arts, it is hardly necessary to pause for a rigorous definition of them. It will be enough to consider them as aiming at the production of ideal grandeur or beauty. Art seeks to preserve and to create. It seizes upon the exquisite shapes and hues which are so fragile, the strength and glory of which are mortal, and half rescues them from the power of insatiable time. From ordinary scenes it plucks the covering of vulgar life, and reveals the soul of beauty. The true artist loves art for its own sake, and is satisfied with the ample reward which it brings him. With sympathy or without it, and it may be as often without as with, he struggles onward to realize his ideal. "My friend," said that greatest of modern sculptors, Thorwaldsen, to one who 'found him in a glow, almost a trance, of creative energy,' "my dear friend, I have an idea, I have a work in my head which will be worthy to live. A lad had been sitting to me sometime as a model yesterday, when I bade him rest awhile. In so doing, he threw himself into an attitude which struck me very much. What a beautiful statue it would make! I said to myself. But what would it do for? It would do — it would do — it would do exactly for Mercury, drawing his sword just after he has played Argus to sleep. I immediately began modelling. I worked all the evening, till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again. I struck a light and worked at my model for three or four hours; after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest; again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since. O, my friend, if I can but execute my idea, it will be a glorious statue."* Something like this is ever true of the creative artist. He sings, paints, sculptures, because he cannot help it. He cannot sleep, — "his idea will not let him sleep." To labor for hire merely reduces the art to a trade. That is the cool calculating process of traffic, not the birth-throe of genius. His art, indeed, must often be a means of livelihood; yet even then, how inadequate the compensation, sometimes from the ignorance or stolidness of the buyer, sometimes from the want of any standard by which to estimate the product, or of coin to exchange for it. Who can estimate the worth to England, to

* See that delightful book, *Guesses at Truth*. 3d edition, 1st series, p. 82.

the world, of the Paradise Lost? Who compute its ever increasing power to expand, elevate, refine, and purify the intelligence of a people? Five pounds were truly about as near the mark as five thousand or five million. He who works for pay merely is an artisan, not an artist; a manufacturer, not a creator; he suits the tastes of his patrons, and produces what will sell, not a new form of beauty, not an ideal of character, no Apollo, no Transfiguration, no Othello.

In judging of the influence of art, we may look at it historically, or, by studying its nature, attempt to determine what faculties it educates, and what wants it supplies. We may regard it as affecting that general national culture, which we at once recognize wherever found; or as touching the eye, ear, tongue, hand, heart of every man, moulding his sentiments and thoughts, directing his affections, enriching his enjoyments, enlarging the circle of his intellectual action, elevating his aim, and gilding his hopes. Can a people be found of the smallest advancement in knowledge who have not produced, at least, some semblance of painting or sculpture, to say nothing of poetry, the earliest though grandest product of human thought? or of music, the instinctive language of emotion? Does not every tribe which has exhibited the rudest element of culture, at once and by instinct, as we might say, produce (unless restrained like the Turks and Arabs, by a religious dogma,) a picture or an image, some mute prophecy of a higher art?

If culture of necessity produces art, so, on the other hand, the existence of art is demonstrative evidence of refinement and skill. Roaming solitary through an eastern desert, (for the swarthy Bedouin who guides his camel is no companion,) the traveller, at the close of a weary day, beholds the distant palm grove, and rising from it, the pillars of a once magnificent temple. Approaching it, he finds its crumbling columns still supporting fragments of the adorned frieze, while figures in marble, — men, maidens, and divinities, — still cling to the tottering pediment. He is among ruins where "sorrow and glory meet together." He enters the enclosed chambers, and upon the dusky walls discerns forms which the limners, with divine skill, portrayed there two thousand years ago. He digs in the sands, which, in mockery of man, have enveloped and enshrouded palace and market-place, and brings up again from their graves the matchless forms of Pentelic or Parian

marble which once graced the baths, villas, and homes of a people about whom history is nearly silent. In this lack of history, what judgment will the traveller instinctively form of this Tadmor of the desert? What but that Zenobia, or one like her, and a people worthy of so magnificent a queen, once dwelt there? Does he not, in the play of fancy, reconstruct those august edifices, retouch the paintings, restore the statues, bid the centuries roll back, and again gather in the theatre the joyful and refined crowd, lead the solemn procession around the temples, listen to the discourses of philosophers, go to the workshops even, handle the chisel and the hammer, and hear the clink and ring of the steel as the master chips off the petrified shroud which from the beginning has held his faun, his hero, and his goddess concealed? Could he, by any perversion of mind, suppose, that he was standing among the sepulchres of an ignorant or rude people? or that "barbaric pearl and gold" had left such relics? These are not the remains of barbarism. A people who could have produced such things must have been intelligent, accomplished, subtle, and skilful. So unhesitatingly, so clearly, and confidently do we read the mind of the discriminating, versatile, imaginative Greek in the Parthenon, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the Apollo, the Niobe, and the Medicean Venus. Just as conclusively do we read that of the domineering, imperial Roman in his aqueducts, amphitheatres, his stone bridges, and military roads. We could draw no more true or more direct inference of the military purposes of people from the existence of a well-built fort or man-of-war, or of their practical and commercial skill from a ship, a railroad, or a manufactory.

If, from general observations like these, we turn to the narrower field of art in its influence upon the culture of the individual student, we shall find no contradictory result. It may be necessary to remember, that, as the method of art is the reverse of that of science, so its mode of teaching is quite unlike the scientific; so unlike indeed, as often to be misunderstood, or overlooked, or supposed to be no teaching at all. "What does it prove," has often been the edifying inquiry, felt if not expressed, on the exhibition of a masterpiece of art. The question proves many things, however it may be with the picture which provokes it; it proves that the inquirer does not distinguish between art and science, and would bring the for-

mer to the tests of the latter ; that he would virtually reduce the action of the mind to that of the mere understanding, and its enjoyments to the mere acquisition of knowledge, — of knowledge, too, not always the most profound, but, it may be, quite empirical.

Science separates and distinguishes, art combines; the process of the one is analytic, of the other synthetic. Science discovers, art produces ; science ends in the abstract, art in the concrete. Science reduces the complex being, man, to his elements, separates soul from body, divides soul into faculties, and body into bones and muscles, tissues and fluids, resolves these, too, into earths, alkalis, and gases, and stops there only because unable to go farther. Art, so far as it can in obedience to its necessary laws, reconstructs the mysterious being, perfect in form, strength, enjoyment, and life. Art spreads before us a gorgeous landscape, the forests all tinged with autumnal glories ; science demonstrates the concealed something which has changed, as in the twinkling of an eye, the soft verdure to those inimitable splendors. Art, like nature, her guide and mistress, presents us with objects complete and many-sided, and, in proportion as she does this well, approaches her ideal limits. Science demonstrates, art reveals. Art speaks to our sentiments, affections, passions ; science, to the understanding and reason. Art often depends on science for the safest, surest, and truest realization of its ideal ; science as often depends on art for the wisest and most effective exhibition of its discoveries. They move in separate but harmonious spheres, which it were no less foolish than false to confound. Each needs the help of the other, in a certain measure, for the fulfilment of its own purposes. Science teaches directly and formally ; art, indirectly and informally. It often reaches the head through the heart ; it proves a truth by an exhibition of its effects.

How many of our purer sentiments and affections, of our grander and sterner purposes, — how much, indeed, of the best part of our moral education, comes from that unconscious cultivation, which we owe not to our employed teachers, (it lies far beyond their power,) but to our circumstances ; to a thoughtful mother, who instilled so many beautiful lessons when we never dreamed of study ; to the picture on the wall, shedding upon us its silent but powerful influence through all

the impressible years of childhood; to the fine poem we became familiar with; to the silent, awful, friendly mountain, which overshadowed our dwelling; to the restless, restless sea, which never ceased to moan and murmur upon the beach before the door!

It may be shown very conclusively, we think, that in all symmetrical education there is need of a study of art in some of its forms, to counteract the effect of dwelling exclusively upon the processes of science. In eloquence, for example, important as is argument, the form of the argument must be rhetorical, and not barely logical. So in practical philosophy, and even in theology, is it not possible that false conclusions have been formed from thinking that man acts from the parts of his nature into which we have dissected him; from forgetting the frequent complexity of motives; from our habit of anatomizing the soul and studying it in its dead and dried fragments, instead of regarding it in full life and health, and considering the verities of religion as adapted to it, and insuring, when received, the highest expansion of the soul? It is, at least, worthy of notice, that the Scriptures present for our instruction the living examples and not abstractions; Moses, David, and Daniel, and not dogmatic precepts on the characteristics of a law-giver, prince, or premier.

Were it but to cultivate a habit of enlarged and accurate observation and delicate discrimination, a habit which may be carried over from objects of beauty or grandeur to all the ordinary affairs of life, it would be no small thing that the study of art would do for us. Indeed, as not only the perceptive, but the reflective, powers are largely demanded in the artist, so the study of his works must in turn cultivate these powers; and a facility and accuracy in severer pursuits, as well as a sensitive taste, a quick perception of proprieties, and a judgment in graver matters almost instinctively accurate, may spring from the discipline of these beautiful studies.

A source of constant enjoyment, not the least intense, nor the least innocent, and free to everybody, is found in a watchful and sympathizing regard of nature. It is a pleasure, to the extent that every acquisition of knowledge is so, to learn the mere facts of nature, the shapes of leaves, the color and forms of grasses; and a habit of watchfulness of the outward world is a pretty certain assurance of a well-informed man.

But far greater is the pleasure and the reward of the philosophic mind which arranges and classifies, as well as receives; which, in the exhaustless fertility and variety of nature, sees the vigorous working of her mysterious but regulated powers, and in her anomalies even, perceives evidences of undiscovered laws, prophets of a future revelation.

To him who watches nature with a cultivated eye and a sympathizing spirit, she speaks a language how various and how friendly! Every cloud-shadow chasing its fellow over the plain, every babbling brook, every waving field of grain, all varieties of hill and dale, mountain and forest, the woods in spring and the woods in autumn, the endless changes of light and shade, gorgeous clouds and solemn ocean, — all are significant. Nature talks with herself; she talks also to him, her lover and friend. "Deep calleth unto deep." "The trees of the field do clap their hands." Forest nods to forest, wave embraces wave. He who is thus watchful of nature comes to recognize in all her forms his many friends. He will wait hopefully for their coming, and bid them farewell in sorrow. Apostrophe and personification are the natural utterances of the heart.

By a law of our being, we are ever projecting our own feelings into the outward world, and thus rendering it instinct with life, a companion which never disputes nor blames, nor misjudges, — never obtrudes, nor dogmatizes, yet restrains, guides, and instructs; and all this the more effectually, because operating so variously, so gently, so constantly. It is a fact in practical astronomy, we believe, that the eye needs a careful discipline before it can perceive the more delicate phenomena of the heavens. The ear just as truly requires long culture before it can detect the varieties of sound in a large orchestra, or disentangle the complex and intricate web of harmony in the oratorio. As truly do eye and ear, when directed to sights and sounds in nature, need a preliminary discipline before we can receive full enjoyment or profit. To the man of common observation, all forests, for example, are nearly alike. But when he learns the shapes and characters of trees, how the limbs, like the arms in gestures, from different shapes and directions, are differently expressive, how they are modified, too, by foliage and color and grouping, each forest comes to have for him an articulate and intelligible language. The

traveller who stands for the first time upon Table Rock, is overwhelmed with the grand continuous roar of the cataract; but, by and by, he becomes conscious of lesser sounds and of many varieties. Listening attentively, he distinguishes the hissing rush of the rapids, the dashing of the superficial currents against each other, and even the tinkling of the little rills which stray out from the edge of the vast current, and fall over the precipice by the side of it as playfully as if all alone. The sounds of all waters are gathered into one to form the harmony of the grandest diapason of the world.

To recognize and love the beauties of nature requires a peculiar moral culture; nor is this the less true of art. In music, a simple melody is the most widely popular, because best understood. So in painting, a trivial, common, even vulgar, subject may attract the eye of the uncultivated, when the loftier and poetic will be unnoticed. Glaring and obtrusive colors please him whom a modest and truthful representation will not attract for a moment. A Dutch kitchen, or the interior of a stable, by the patient and exact pencil of a Fleming, will delight many an observer more than the St. Jerome or the Transfiguration; will delight them, too, because the subject is so easily apprehended and so exactly treated, and not because of the peculiar artistic excellences which have given the Flemish school, in all its varieties, a deathless fame. In both nature and art, not he who has opportunities merely, but he whose senses, and affections, and intellect have been fully cultivated, appreciates and enjoys.

How many of the most delightful pictures of nature come from our poets, — pictures which may have been a thousand times before our eyes, but which we never saw till the poet gave us light and life, but which, henceforth, we shall ever behold; pictures where the visible and audible mingle with the imaginative, and so double our vision and our enjoyment, and we become like the man in the Arabian tale, on whose eyes the magician rubbed an ointment, and he at once looked through the thick dirt and rubbish upon all the gems and gold of the earth. Who that has read the verse of Shakspeare —

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank" —

can forget it, or fail to see a new beauty in the reality?

> "The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
> And blow the morning from their nostrils,
> Making their fiery gait above the clouds —"

in the words of Marlowe, is a picture almost as full of life as the Aurora of Guido or Guercino. It would be superfluous to illustrate this point farther.

Thousands have looked upon the paintings of Claude and Salvator, of Guido and Domenichino, and have seen none of the beauties which yet are there, or only those most prominent and common, until some poet, or artist with a poet's spirit, has stood like a prophet to declare the interpretation of the symbols, to reveal the *mind* of him who thus in colors and shapes embodied his great conceptions. So mysteriously is the divine secret wrapped up in every great work of genius, open though it seems to lie to the gaze of all the world. We are naturally, then, led to notice the power of the imagination to create and idealize a power which finds its chief play in the Fine Arts. To some, perhaps, the bare mention of such a function may seem to betray an unhappy leaning to the unreal and untrue. This conclusion will, we trust, be corrected by a better understanding of the subject. That is a mind of extreme narrowness and obtuseness, which considers the *imaginative* as the contrary of the true and synonymous with the *false*. Opposed to the *actual* it indeed is, and to that opposition owes, in part, its benign power. Raphael and Michael Angelo have been called the "two great sovereigns of the two distinct empires of Truth, — the actual and the imaginative."

It is the purpose of all art to be thoroughly true; and it is unreal only in the sense of not always absolutely restricting itself by any given and particular form of nature, or fact of history. It is really most true to the heart, to the grander lessons it aims at, and to the broader and essential features of the scene represented, when it sometimes forgets or disregards the minor and unimportant facts. This is so, partly because every art must be limited by the special objects which it aims to accomplish, and by the means which it is compelled to employ, and partly because it aims at an ideal perfection, which, though shadowed forth in nature, is never actually found. Art seeks to realize that of which nature is prophetic; nor is this aim really different from what is, or ought to be, the aim of every one in life. We need an ideal in learning and in teaching, in character and in action. The mind

which has none is uncertain, and without enthusiasm, and is also destitute of one of the strongest aids to the highest attainment. That creative genius, even, pauses somewhat in its course, whose works are fully up to its idea. A friend of Thorwaldsen once found him in low spirits, and having asked him if any thing had distressed him, the sculptor replied: "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" asked the visitor. "Why; here is my statue of Christ," (a work, we may say, of amazing beauty, and serene sublimity); "it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now, my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." *

In order to realize any thing great or good in character, influence, or productions, man must struggle unceasingly for a more perfect future. He *must* be dissatisfied with the present. He needs an ideal to elevate him above vulgar thoughts, to sustain him amid the thousand depressing influences to which he is subjected, — an ideal, without which there would be no reformation, no discoveries, no grand improvements. One of the great moral influences of the imagination, rightly directed, is thus to inspire the soul with better resolutions, by picturing before it scenes such as nature never, or only in her rarest moods, affords, yet which we feel to be profoundly true. An ideal is necessary to keep the actual up to a tolerable standard. Without it, the race would sink, not at once, but gradually and surely. We need some exhibition of perfect justice, goodness, and truth, so that these fundamental moral virtues shall be neither forgotten nor counterfeited. Beauty must be portrayed by art, more radiant even than in nature, that our notion of beauty may not fail. It will not do to trust to the actual realization of it in a world of storms, and accidents, and infinite disorder. Were we contented to copy the actual, it is hardly extravagant to say, that we might in time come to look on deformity itself as beautiful, and the Apollo, with the fire and high disdain of the god upon his brow, might be put out of countenance by the flat head and stretched lip of the Oregon Indian. Something like this, and

* *Guesses at Truth*, 1st ser., 3d. ed., p. 83.

not much less strange, has been seen in the vagaries of fashion, which occasionally has sanctioned those deformities of the great which no skill could remedy.

Let us here look for a moment at the creative power of genius. The artist is not a mere mechanician, adroitly to unite materials which another may join still more skilfully; nor a discoverer merely, with his modicum of knowledge, to be superseded by another, whose profounder researches put to shame his comparative ignorance, or invalidate his conclusions; but an originator, a creator, in the highest sense in which those terms can be applied to a finite mind; and when, in obedience to the master's command, there stands before us some marvellous embodiment of a mysteriously awful conception, some new and genuine form of beauty, strength, grace, passion, sentiment, some vagrant and ethereal vision of loveliness, never revealed before, — some strange demonstration of human hopes or passions amid the mighty realities of a world where "truth is stranger than fiction," we see what cannot be superseded, cannot grow old. The Prometheus, the Parthenon, the Dying Gladiator, the Transfiguration, Hamlet — all are as fresh as on their natal morn; they cannot die; they cannot grow old; they do not belong to the domain of time; they have all of immortality that human works can have, κτήματα ἐς ἀεί. Why is this, do we ask? They are products of those high faculties which, in their nature, are emancipated from time and space, whose aim is the absolute, the permanent, the eternal; faculties which, boldly and intensely exhibited in another, tend, by a mysterious sympathy, to awaken the same in us. Well may we catch some of their enthusiasm, whose life was so full of vivid thought and emotion. Nor is this general vivifying power of the highest art its least important function. If it were only that art exhibits the peculiar and expressive features of past ages and people, it would be invaluable; but when it becomes the living vehicle of thoughts and feelings common to the universal heart of the race, he were indeed a simpleton who should despise it, — a Vandal or a Goth who would destroy.

Let us never forget the earnest, patient toil, and the intense action of the minds which have produced such works. By some, art has been looked upon mainly as a sport and recreation; but so its masters have never thought of it. Was it a

play to him, "the mighty sovereign of the ideal," whose nearly fourscore and ten years found him still meditating new works in his favorite arts? or to him, who, dying at thirty-seven, had filled Italy with representations of beauty, and grace, and power, which none have excelled, none rivalled? Or (not to overburden the catalogue,) to him among ourselves, painter, poet, philosopher, who was so suddenly, and for us, but not for himself, untimely, summoned away from this lower sphere, leaving the paint still fresh on that immortal canvas, where he was striving to depict that august and fearful scene when the Babylonish monarch shrinks back aghast at the fire-traced words which foretell his doom? Were these, and their compeers of the elder or the later days, but at play, and not rather working with the full strength and energy and majesty of the intellects they were endowed with? Then is it mere holiday business, riotous delight even, to write histories and poems, to foretell the courses of the stars and the ways of men, to navigate fleets, fight battles, govern empires, to do any thing which, being well done, has hitherto made men famous. To look upon the monuments erected by the joyful toil of the past, whether to commemorate achievements, or as the necessary products of overflowing minds, how does it enlarge the soul? How it emancipates us from the tyranny of the present, to live for a time in the ages that are past, and with the men who bent the stern energy of their minds to the great legacy which they left, of thought and feeling springing in them through the multiplied influences of the times, and wrought out by them for the instruction and joy of many generations.

He who for the first time enters into the world of art, and becomes conscious of its objects and its power, feels as if he had begun to live a new life. Every latent sympathy seems to have caught fire; new ties bind him to nature and to life. He unconsciously is stretching and grasping for the unattained, the perfect, the infinite. He is above the level of mere knowledge. Unawares he has been raised into the sphere of passion, of beauty, of goodness and truth, and therefore of power. He approaches the ideas of what is truly noble and grand and excellent.

There is another function of the imagination, by which we are led to see in every outward manifestation an evidence of

an inward spiritual agency, so that the otherwise feeble and trivial and insignificant are clothed with a certain celestial glory. To one, indeed, "the primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose is" and nothing more; to another, it is suggestive of thoughts world-wide.

> "To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is altogether a common-place and inert mind, of the nature of a brute's, indeed, which sees no uses in the world but those which minister to our physical comforts, no glories in the creation above those of simple sensation. The imagination rarely sees objects in their simple nakedness, but clothed and in company. Hence, to an imaginative mind, the picture and the statue are symbols, expressive of far more than meets the eye. The yet and forever unfinished, semi-colossal statues of evening and morning, night and day, by Michael Angelo, in the new sacristy of the church of San Lorenzo at Florence, have been finely called (by a critic of great taste and feeling and eloquence, when he has not a special and unworthy end to serve,) "four ineffable types, not of darkness nor of day, not of morning nor evening, but of the departure and resurrection, the twilight and the dawn of the soul of man." And he goes on, (this same critic,) after naming several works of this king of sculptors, painters, architects, "All these, and all else that I could name of his forming, have borne, and in themselves retain and exercise, the same inexplicable power, — inexplicable, because proceeding from an imaginative perception almost superhuman, which goes where we cannot follow, and is where we cannot come." * Were we to follow out this topic, it would be easy to show by most pertinent illustrations what courses of thought are awakened in an imaginative mind by the presence of an original work; how fine as gossamer are the threads of association which bind thought to thought, yet how strong. Figure after figure rises before us, and the cold and motionless statue upon which we look becomes an enchanter to awaken in us powers of whose existence we had not been aware, and to evoke ideal scenes which fill us with surprise and awe.

---

* *Mod. Painters*, vol. 2.

Each art has a grand and peculiar power which none can wield who is not great in knowledge, in feeling, in the recognition of profound ideas, as well as often in the lower departments of mechanical adroitness and skill. Provinces have become famous because of the artists who dwelt in them; wanderers from every zone have bent their willing steps towards a city or village through the mysterious attraction of a picture or a statue. To think of Michael Angelo and Raphael, of Velasquez and Rubens, as of the same exalted fellowship with Dante, and Tasso, and Milton, once seemed to us preposterous; but we do not think so now. Painters, and sculptors, and architects, if they have an advantage over the poet in vividness of representation, in vividness of a single impression, have this signal disadvantage, that they cannot send their works to the home of every genial mind, and win their easy way to countless hearts in far-off lands and distant generations. They cannot, to any great extent, repeat their productions. While the poet is the companion of everybody, and his winged words fly through all mouths, *they* must trust their fame to history and tradition and criticism. Engraving, though an invaluable aid in disseminating some general knowledge of their works, and standing to the other arts somewhat as printing to writing, is itself an art which demands great talent, almost genius, and therefore is too rare and costly to be used with the utmost freedom; and, besides, it of necessity fails in some peculiarity of every other art whose works it imitates. It can neither give the color of painting, nor the grandeur and various aspects of sculpture and architecture.

The mind of Raphael and Guido we cannot fairly read except at Bologna or Rome; nor that of Michael Angelo but at Rome or Florence; nor of Salvator Rosa but at Florence or Naples; nor of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, but at Venice. Elsewhere we may, indeed, see their works, but we get no adequate idea of their various power and grandeur; it is like studying Shakspeare in his sonnets, or Milton in his Allegro and Penseroso. Few have had the Bœotian satisfaction of the Roman Consul, who compelled the master of the ship which carried the precious spoils of art from Greece to Italy to give bonds, if he should lose them, to furnish others as good. The artist can thus speak to but comparatively few, but to them with unrivalled power, a power which cannot be ex-

pressed, cannot be understood, until felt; and which, until then, it seems much like affectation to speak of. But how many, (to illustrate our thought by that art to which we have scarcely referred,) have walked beneath the colonnades of the Parthenon, the arches of the cathedrals at Antwerp, at Rouen, at Strasburg, with inexpressible awe, — with feelings subdued, softened, humbled. These are not mere piles of brick and mortar, not mere structures for convenience or shelter; but edifices whose expressive forms have grown up from the vital working of an indwelling spirit, — emblems of stability, of heavenward aspirations, of religious faith. Ages are bound together by them; on the same foot-worn stones have walked and kneeled ten, twenty, fifty generations. The venerable structures belong to no time, are emancipated from the frivolities of fashion and the frailty of man, and stand as emblems of eternal truths. The petty interests of the day, the squabbles of fiercest rivals, the contentions of great parties and sects have all sunk to oblivion; but the ideas of Ictinus and Brunelleschi, embodied in these masses of imperishable material wrought together with unwearied patience and the most cunning skill, are still vital and efficacious, and speak to every heart as earnestly, as affectingly, as at the beginning.

How many millions have found in the Apollo, the Niobe, the Moses, the Transfiguration, a revelation of beauty, or sorrow, or authority, or supernatural glory, which they never before conceived of. Who that, without expecting much, or without knowing what to expect, has stood for the first time before the Crucifixion, by Tintoretto, at Venice, can ever forget the tempestuous rush of emotions which swept through his soul at the sight of that amazing picture. Who that has seen the Greek Slave has not felt that "there has lighted on this orb" a being almost of another sphere, — of this world and yet above it, — exposed in the market, yet above the possibility of degradation; and by the awful power of innocence and beauty and pious resignation, shutting the mouth of heartlessness, and awing sensuality itself into the semblance of purity. Those who have seen these things are held by a spell which they may not comprehend, but which they cannot break, and would not if they could, and which, every moment, grows stronger and stronger. Nay more, they seem to have entered

a new world, with new sources of instruction and delight. Faculties seem to burst into life which had lain dormant from their birth, but now are clamorous for their appropriate aliment, and in their very action raise their possessor to a higher and freer region, and seem to have carried him nearer the realization of his great birthright as a son of God and heir of immortality.

In speaking thus of the culture derived from art, we have barely indicated a line of thought which may be followed out to far richer and more complete results. The subject rightfully demands a development of the influences of art on different orders of mind; its conservative power — its liberalizing and harmonizing influences — its effect on the poetic faculties — its prompting to earnest thought — its power for generous culture in the city and in the schools, — and (what might be especially wished) its power in cultivating a pure taste — in beautifying our homes and rendering them more attractive, and in serving as a counterpoise to ruder, or vulgar, or less innocent means of enjoyment — in helping us to see more clearly and constantly the beauty with which God has clothed the world; inspiring thoughts of gentleness and charity, making us interested and happy in something besides the vehement and often embittered contest of parties and sects, or the hard watchfulness and toil of the struggle for wealth. So might it be more strongly recommended to many minds as of great efficacy and of unexpectedly wide utility.

Without expanding these considerations, we may briefly refer to one other point, namely, that the highest art helps us to form an ideal of excellence still higher than it represents. There is a beauty higher than Raphael ever conceived of, a sublimity grander than Buonaroti ever strove to portray. To the conception of them we may never attain here, but through their aid we may approach the goal where even they can no longer be our masters. Were it not for their labors, we should never have entered upon the field of their glory; but from a profound and reverent contemplation of them, we come to anticipate something still more wonderful. There begins to whisper within us a prophecy of futurity. Still more, we begin to feel that the highest beauty, unmarred by evil, can only be discovered and represented by a virtuous soul, and that, in proportion as the great painters have been imbued with reli-

gious ideas has been the sublime excellence of their works. Here, where art rises and melts into something better, — where, failing to realize that which it strives for, it yields to a greater spiritual power of which it *may* be an ally, we may with propriety leave the subject just where to many minds it opens the most interesting view.

Art alone will save no people ; let Italy witness, if witness be needed ; but may it not retard their fall, and if prostrate, help to restore ? Even in that impoverished and sad country, does not her art elevate and dignify even what it cannot renovate, and the memory of her mediæval glory do more than half that is done to inspire her best minds with purest, most patriotic purposes, and to redeem all minds from something of the sorrow and degradation to which they have been exposed ?

Art alone will not afford a complete culture to the individual, nor should its influence ever be mistaken as moral or religious in the highest sense. We should be extremely sorry to be so misunderstood. It brings to every one, indeed, a peril proportioned to its advantages ; but there is a work of great consequence which it may do in educating the soul for a higher life ; and he who hangs one really fine picture on his wall does something to refine and elevate his tastes, to fit himself for the intenser enjoyment of nature, to elevate his ideal of excellence, to expand and cultivate his highest faculties, to adorn and bless his daily life, and towards the acquisition and maintenance of the most beautiful character.

We have been beguiled (much too far our readers may think) along a pleasant way ; but must return for a few moments, before we quite transgress our limits, to the volume immediately before us. The main events in the life of Winckelmann, — his early familiarity with Greek literature, his profound and philosophical study of ancient art, and his untimely death by assassination at Trieste, — are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. His works, though often referred to, have been less generally studied by the English reader from difficulty of access. That difficulty, with respect to a portion of his works, is now removed, and so felicitously too, that whoever glances, however cursorily, at this beautiful volume, will be strongly tempted to make it his own, and to study it with care. Where the whole appearance of the book is so admirable, and marks, in the very beauty of its typography, the

superintendence of a liberal and cultivated mind; when its illustrations, too, go far beyond the original German editions, it seems like ingratitude, or an avaricious desire for all excellence within the narrowest limits, to ask for any thing more; yet had it been possible to give outlines, or partially filled engravings of a few more of the world-famous statues, of the Apollo, the Niobe, and the Laocoön, for example, the usefulness as well as beauty of the volume would have been considerably increased, and we should have had absolutely *nothing* to wish for. As it is, the lovers of art are under great obligations to Dr. Lodge, obligations which we should be glad to see repaid far more liberally than we fear they will be.

The present volume is the second of the original series, and contains Books IV. and V., *Art among the Greeks.* Should the remaining volumes be published, we are sure that they will be hailed by an increasing number of readers with great delight. More than three quarters of a century has not superannuated the criticisms of Winckelmann, but for the most part confirmed them. We had marked several passages for quotation; but the length of our discussion obliges us to content ourselves with one which shows most distinctly the philosophical character of the critic, and contains wise and essential directions to all observers of art.

"Seek not to detect deficiencies and imperfections in works of art, until you have previously learnt to recognize and discover beauties. This admonition is the fruit of experience; of noticing daily that the beautiful has remained unknown to most observers, — who can see the shape, but must learn the higher qualities of it from others, — because they wish to act the critic, before they have begun to be scholars. It is with them as with school-boys, all of whom have wit enough to find out their instructor's weak point. Vanity will not allow them to pass by satisfied with a moderate gaze; their self-complacency wants to be flattered; hence they endeavor to pronounce a judgment. But as it is easier to assume a negative than an affirmative position, so imperfections are much more easily observed and found than perfections, and it requires less effort and trouble to criticize others than to improve oneself." p. 194.

Were this rule but observed, how much harsh, shallow, and utterly valueless criticism would be avoided!

We cannot look at this work and others recently published,

including especially, as among the most prominent in different departments and with different methods, the (London) Art Journal, and the eloquent volumes of Mr. Ruskin, (much as we dissent from some of that gentleman's criticisms,) without the satisfactory feeling that the English student of art never before had access to so adequate means of cultivating his taste and knowledge. And when we call to mind the works of some of our own artists, of Allston and Greenough and Powers, not to name others, we rejoice in the evidence they give that the broad significance of art is better than ever before understood amongst us; that here, too, beauty is seen and loved, — beauty instinct with goodness and truth.

ART. V. — *The Ways of the Hour; a Tale.* By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Author of "The Spy," "The Red Rover," &c. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 512.

MR. COOPER as a novelist is but the ghost of his former self. He committed literary suicide at least ten years ago; and the volume now before us, though it bears his name, certainly affords no proof of his resurrection, or the restoration of his faculties. We are provoked enough to doubt the asseveration of the title page; The Ways of the Hour is *not* written by the author of The Spy; it is a lame and impotent caricature of that author's manner, exhibiting and exaggerating all his faults, but showing none of his excellencies, and not animated by one spark of his genius. With some glaring defects of manner, with ill-jointed and most improbable plots, feeble delineations of character, and an abundance of prosy conversations, the earlier fictions of *that* author still showed so many striking merits, as fairly to earn for him, for a while, the title of *the* American novelist. His strength consisted chiefly in his descriptive power and his skill as a narrator. Many of the scenes and incidents created an interest that was almost painful. The escape of the pedler spy with a squadron of Virginia light-horsemen at his heels, the chase of an American frigate by an English squadron, the wreck of

the Ariel, the defence of the island at Glenn's Falls against a troop of savages, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill as witnessed by Lionel Lincoln, are passages almost unmatched for power, vivacity, and scenic effect, by any novelist except Scott. The remainder of the story through which these fine sketches were distributed was generally a curious piece of patchwork, the best quality of which was negative; it did not avert the reader's attention from the incidents, and land or sea views, which alone were worthy of it. Characters supposed to be men and women flitted about, and held interminable conversations with each other about nothing at all; these were necessary, indeed, for the progress of the story, but they were none the less incumbrances. Mr. Cooper never invented but two probable and interesting characters in his life, — Long Tom Coffin and the Leatherstocking; and the latter of these, as if to show how much the writer was delighted with his success, was made to figure in about six different novels, at as many stages of his supposed life. This poverty of invention in character, and the almost total want of humor and pathos, are the probable causes why even the most successful productions of our author would seldom bear a second reading. They were commonly laid aside after the first perusal, with a feeling that the whole stock of amusement which they could afford had been exhausted.

Mr. Cooper's literary existence properly terminated with the publication of The Monikins, a novel of which it is not possible to say much, as we have never read it, and never met with any individual who had. It was the close of a lamentable series of fictions, the scenes of which were supposed to take place on European ground, and to embody the results of the author's observation while abroad. The good-natured and much-enduring public, slow to forget an old favorite, read them all through in the vain hope of finding somewhere a touch of the author's unrivalled power of description. But the first individual, who made the same benevolent attempt upon The Monikins, dislocated his jaws before completing the second chapter; and no one has dared to repeat the experiment. Of the novels which have come after it, amounting on the average to at least one in each year, it is enough to say that they are written by a shade of Mr. Cooper, who represents very fairly his bad taste, his garrulity, and his

prejudices, but bears no likeness of his manlier features. Many of them are not novels, or romantic fictions, in the proper sense of the term, but tedious arguments, or querulous pleas addressed to the community's sense of justice, founded on the imaginary slights or wrongs which the author has suffered. He has had the misfortune, apparently, to quarrel with the world, or with that small portion of the world with whom the location of his property brings him immediately in contact. He has thought proper to carry on this war with his own peculiar weapons, by publishing a series of stories, which appear to be very bitter village satires. P. P., clerk of our parish, has seemingly quarrelled with the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and the representative to Congress; and he seeks to gain his revenge by gibbeting them all in print. But he has succeeded in manifesting his purpose, much more than his power, to wound; he has shown bad policy, bad temper, and bad taste. If his satirical strokes are really directed against individuals, as they appear to be, the intended victims are shielded from harm by their own insignificance. The world at large does not know, and cannot know, that Lawyer Timms stands for Mr. A., that Mr. B. is pilloried under the appellation of Saucy Williams, or that Mrs. Pope represents the garrulous and silly busybody, Mrs. C. These worthy individuals are no more personalities in the world's eye than so many letters of the alphabet.

We would not do Mr. Cooper any injustice. We know nothing of the grounds of his dispute with his neighbors, nothing of the causes which have brought upon him the enmity of many newspaper editors, or have involved him in a long succession of lawsuits. It is even possible that he has not alluded to these personal matters in his recent novels, but that the ill-favored pictures in them are only types of a class, not portraits of individuals. If so, our ground of censure is only shifted, not taken away. If he has not quarrelled with a particular society, he has quarrelled with all North America; if these sketches are not libels upon individuals, they are libels upon his countrymen at large. They are ebullitions of ill nature, petulant manifestations of an irritable and scolding temperament. Mr. Cooper evidently does not like our American works and ways. But he cannot censure them in the spirit of a philosopher or a humorist; he can only croak and

growl. Consequently, his sketches of character abound in marks of bad temper and savage exaggeration, without being enlivened by a single stroke of wit or playful fancy, or evincing any power of grotesque and humorous combination. Hence, they appear, as we have said, like personal satires or libels; their aspect is neither truthful nor complaisant. They are not imaginative portraitures of American life in general, but sour caricatures, it matters not whether of persons or classes.

It is no unusual thing for a writer to lose both his fancy and his humor, when he loses his temper. Dickens is an eminent instance. In general, he is very good-humored; he laughs at the follies, prejudices, and vices of his countrymen, and thereby does much to amuse, and something to amend them. His caricatures, when most severe, are so enveloped in an atmosphere of fun, that even if they were drawn from the life, the victims themselves would be compelled to laugh. Mr. Squeers, the brutal and ignorant schoolmaster, Mr. Pecksniff, the quintessence of hypocrisy and selfishness, appear so comical from the very exaggeration of their evil qualities, that the reader cannot find it in his heart to hate them; he even conceives a sneaking kindness for these scamps, and heartily wishes their reformation. But Mr. Dickens had the misfortune to quarrel with the people of this country, or perhaps we should say, that our countrymen had the misfortune to incur his displeasure, because at first they very foolishly made an idol of him, and then, when he asked them to give him solid pudding in place of empty praise, by passing a law of international copyright, which would have added many thousands a year to his income, they rather gruffly refused, and some of the newspapers even began to abuse him. Mr. Dickens went home in a towering rage, and forthwith wrote a novel for the express purpose of venting his spite upon the Americans. His most ardent admirers will hardly deny, that the American chapters in Martin Chuzzlewit are the feeblest portion of the book, that they are both spiteful and dull. The writer's genius deserts him here, because he is more intent upon wreaking his anger, than upon gratifying his love of the ludicrous. Mr. Jefferson Brick, the New York editor, Mrs. Parkins's boarding house, Col. Thompson, and Eden, the frontier settlement, are dull and gross caricatures. They have a foundation in truth; they probably come quite as near to real

life as do most of the writer's English sketches; but they are conceived in a spirit so bitter and resentful, that Momus himself could hardly laugh at them. They are excrescences upon the story, the progress of which is impeded by their presence; and the reader cannot avoid execrating the unlucky chance that induced either Martin Chuzzlewit or Mr. Dickens ever to cross the Atlantic.

Most of the characters intended to be humorous or satirical in Mr. Cooper's Ways of the Hour, and several other of his recent novels, may be classed with the very feeblest of Mr. Dickens's American creations. They are coarse and spiteful caricatures, not relieved by a single ray of wit or fancy, neither humorous nor grotesque, but stiff, sprawling, and unnatural, like the figures which children cut out of card paper. A rude likeness can faintly be distinguished in them, just as the awkward semblance of two legs, two arms, and a head, on one of these card figures, proves that it was intended to represent a man. Mr. Cooper's style is so prosy and diffuse that we can with difficulty find a passage short enough to be transferred to our pages, which shall at the same time show the justice of our criticisms. But a portion of the following conversation between 'Squire Dunscomb and 'Squire Timms may serve to show what opinion our author entertains of American lawyers, American courts of justice, and American newspapers.

"Take a seat, Mr. Timms," said Dunscomb, motioning to a chair, while he resumed his own well-cushioned seat, and deliberately proceeded to light a cigar, not without pressing several with a species of intelligent tenderness, between his thumb and finger. "Take a seat, sir; and take a cigar."

Here occurred the great *tour de force* in manners of 'Squire Timms. Considerately turning his person quartering towards his host, and seizing himself by the nose, much as if he had a quarrel with that member of his face, he blowed a blast that sounded sonorously, and which fulfilled all that it promised. Now a better mannered man than Dunscomb it would not be easy to find. He was not particularly distinguished for elegance of deportment, but he was perfectly well-bred. Nevertheless, he did not flinch before this broad hint from vulgarity, but stood it unmoved. To own the truth, so large has been the inroad from the base of society, within the last five-and-twenty years, on the habits of those who once exclusively dwelt together, that he had got hardened even

to *this* innovation. The fact is not to be concealed, and, as we intend never to touch upon the subject again, we shall say distinctly that Mr. Timms blowed his nose with his fingers, and that, in so doing, he did not innovate one half as much, to-day, on the usages of the Upper Ten Thousand, as he would have done had he blowed his nose with his thumb only, a quarter of a century since.

Dunscomb bore this infliction philosophically; and well he might, for there was no remedy. Waiting for Timms to use his handkerchief, which was produced somewhat tardily for such an operation, he quietly opened the subject of their interview.

"So the grand jury has actually found a bill for murder and arson, my nephew writes me," Dunscomb observed, looking inquiringly at his companion, as if really anxious for further intelligence.

"Unanimously, they tell me, Mr. Dunscomb," answered Timms. "I understand that only one man hesitated, and he was brought round before they came into court. That piece of money damns our case in old Duke's."

"Money saves more cases than it damns, Timms; and no one knows it better than yourself."

"Very true, sir. Money may defy even the new code. Give me five hundred dollars, and change the proceedings to a civil action, and I'll carry any thing in my own county that you'll put on the calendar, barring some twenty or thirty jurors I could name. There *are* about thirty men in the county that I can do nothing with — for that matter, whom I dare not approach."

"How the deuce is it, Timms, that you manage your causes with so much success? for I remember you have given me a good deal of trouble in suits in which law and fact were both clearly enough on my side."

"I suppose those must have been causes in which we 'horse-shedded' and 'pillowed' a good deal."

"Horse-shedded and pillowed! Those are legal terms of which I have no knowledge!"

"They are country phrases, sir, and country customs, too, for that matter. A man might practise a long life in town, and know nothing about them. The Halls of Justice are not immaculate; but they can tell us nothing of horse-shedding and pillowing. They do business in a way of which we in the country are just as ignorant as you are of our mode."

"Have the goodness, Timms, just to explain the meaning of your terms, which are quite new to me. I will not swear they are not in the Code of Practice, but they are in neither Blackstone nor Kent."

"Horse-shedding, 'Squire Dunscomb, explains itself. In the country, most of the jurors, witnesses, &c., have more or less to do with the horse-sheds, if it 's only to see that their beasts are fed. Well, we keep proper talkers there, and it must be a knotty case, indeed, into which an ingenious hand cannot thrust a doubt or an argument. To be frank with you, I 've known three pretty difficult suits summed up under a horse-shed in one day; and twice as many opened."

"But how is this done? — do you present your arguments directly, as in court?"

"Lord bless you, no. In court unless the jury happen to be unusually excellent, counsel have to pay some little regard to the testimony and the law; but, in horse-shedding, one has no need of either. A skilful horse-shedder, for instance, will talk a party to pieces, and not say a word about the case. That 's the perfection of the business. It 's against the law, you know, Mr. Dunscomb, to talk of a case before a juror — an indictable offence — but one may make a case of a party's general character, of his means, his miserly qualities, or his aristocracy; and it will be hard to get hold of the talker for any of them qualities. Aristocracy, of late years, is a capital argument, and will suit almost any state of facts, or any action you can bring. Only persuade the jury that the plaintiff or defendant fancies himself better than they are, and the verdict is certain. I got a thousand dollars in the Springer case, solely on that ground. Aristocracy did it! It is going to do us a great deal of harm in this murder and arson indictment."

. . . . . .

"It is wonderful, 'Squire, how many persons see the loose side of democracy, who have no notion of the tight! But, all this time, our client is in gaol at Biberry, and must be tried next week. Has nothing been done, 'Squire, to choke off the newspapers, who have something to say about her almost every day. It 's quite time the other side should be heard."

"It is very extraordinary that the persons who control these papers should be so indifferent to the rights of others as to allow such paragraphs to find a place in their columns."

"Indifferent! What do they care, so long as the journal sells? In our case, however, I rather suspect that a certain reporter has taken offence; and when men of that class get offended, look out for news of the color of their anger. Is n't it wonderful, 'Squire Dunscomb, that the people don't see and feel that they are sustaining low tyrants, in two thirds of their silly clamor about the liberty of the press?"

"Many do see it; and I think this engine has lost a great deal

of its influence within the last few years. As respects proceedings in the courts, there never will be any true liberty in the country, until the newspapers are bound hand and foot."

"You are right enough in one thing, 'Squire, and that is in the ground the press has lost. It has pretty much used itself up in Duke's; and I would pillow and horse-shed a cause through against it, the best day it ever saw!"

"By the way, Timms, you have not explained the pillowing process to me."

"I should think the word itself would do that, sir. You know how it is in the country. Half a dozen beds are put in the same room, and two in a bed. Waal, imagine three or four jurors in one of these rooms, and two chaps along with 'em, with instructions how to talk. The conversation is the most innocent and nat'ral in the world; not a word too much or too little; but it sticks like a bur. The juror is a plain, simple-minded countryman, and swallows all that his room-mates say, and goes into the box next day in a beautiful frame of mind to listen to reason and evidence! No, no; give me two or three of these pillow-counsellors, and I 'll undo all that the journals can do, in a single conversation. You 'll remember, 'Squire, that we get the last word by this system; and if the first blow is half the battle in war, the last word is another half in the law. Oh! it 's a beautiful business, is this trial by jury."

"All this is very wrong, Timms. For a long time I have known that you have exercised an extraordinary influence over the jurors of Duke's; but this is the first occasion on which you have been frank enough to reveal the process."

This extract shows very clearly what was Mr. Cooper's purpose in writing the whole book. It was not his object simply to amuse his readers by an entertaining fiction. He wished to write a dissertation on the American mode of rendering justice in a court of law; and because he doubted his powers of obtaining an audience, or finding readers, if he pursued this purpose in a straightforward way, by writing an avowed essay upon the subject, he concocts a story, and invents characters, with especial reference to this end, and attempts to smuggle in truth, or what he considers as truth, under the garb of fiction. He says explicitly in his preface, "the object of this book is to draw the attention of the reader to some of the social evils that beset us; more particularly, in connection with the administration of criminal justice." The book, accordingly, is a hybrid; a portion of it is to be judged

upon the principles of criticism which are applicable to the composition of prose fiction; the remainder is to be tried by the force of the arguments alleged against the practice of trial by jury in a democracy. Objections urged against it in the former respect may be answered by the plea, that it is avowedly argumentative and discursive in character; that it is not a novel, but an essay. If its egregious misstatements and exaggerations are exposed, the answer is ready, that it is a work of imagination, not of fact. We admit the justice of both allegations; we have shown that it is prosaic and dull as a fiction, and we proceed to show that it is imaginative and unfounded in its statements of fact.

The plot of the novel is awkward and improbable enough; but as it is the main portion of our author's argument against the trial by jury, we must endeavor to give an abstract of it. A house in the village of Biberry, New York, inhabited by an aged and childless couple of the name of Goodwin, takes fire in the night-time, is burned to the ground, and, as is supposed, the two old folks lose their lives in the flames. The charred remains of two human beings are found in the ruins, and though so much injured that the sex cannot be distinguished, are finally pronounced to be the corpses of old Peter Goodwin and his wife. The skulls of both are fractured; and as they were side by side when found, and the fracture was of the same character and in the same part of the head in the two cases, it is concluded that they were both murdered by one blow, and that the house was then set on fire to conceal the crime. Suspicion falls upon a mysterious young woman, known only under the evidently assumed name of Mary Monson, who had been residing with the Goodwins for a short time as a boarder, and who was with difficulty rescued on the night of the fire. She is beautiful and accomplished, and it soon appears, moreover, that she is very rich, or at least, that she has almost an unlimited command of money for present exigencies; yet she refuses to communicate to any one her real name, her previous history, or her motives for coming to Biberry. The possession of such advantages, and her refusal to gratify the impertinent curiosity of the villagers, creates a strong prejudice against her, which is strengthened by one really suspicious circumstance. Mrs. Goodwin was a miser, who kept a private hoard of gold in an old stocking,

which was usually deposited in the drawer of a bureau, though her vanity induced her often to take it out, and make a show of it to the wondering gossips, her neighbors. This bureau was saved from the flames, and when its drawers were opened before the coroner's jury, the stocking with the treasure it had contained was missing. Mary Monson was present as a witness before the coroner; and, as she was known to have a considerable sum in gold in her possession, she was desired to produce her purse for inspection. After this purse had been passed from hand to hand among all the persons in the room, the coroner finds in it a foreign gold coin, somewhat peculiar in appearance, and notched on the edge, which two of the witnesses present swear they had recently seen among the other contents of Mrs. Goodwin's old stocking. Mary Monson is then committed to jail on a triple charge of robbery, murder, and arson.

Dr. McBrain, a benevolent and acute physician of the city of New York, who was present at the coroner's examination, and had timidly expressed his doubt whether the two skeletons produced could be those of Peter Goodwin and his wife, inasmuch as he thought they were both the remains of females, is struck with the gentle and lady-like manner of the accused, with her friendlessness, the evident prejudice against her, and the gross insufficiency of the grounds on which she was arrested. He interests his friend Tom Dunscomb, the great New York counsellor, in her favor; and the latter generously takes charge of her defence without a fee. But the demand upon his charity does not seem to be very urgent, as the lady gives an extravagant fee to Timms, a greedy and selfish pettifogger, who is employed by her as junior counsel, and also expends large sums, at his instigation, in trying through paid agents to turn the tide of public sympathy against the prosecution. Dunscomb is an eccentric old bachelor, and a profound lawyer, who finds his chief amusement in grumbling at all the innovations which the State of New York has recently made in the practice of her courts, and in laughing at his friend Dr. McBrain for marrying a third wife. A nephew and niece of Dunscomb, and a daughter-in-law of the physician, also appear on the stage; but as they have nothing to do but to talk, and their presence does not at all affect the progress of the story, we need say no more about them.

The conduct of Mary Monson becomes more and more mysterious. Though imprisoned on a capital charge, she contrives to enjoy most of the comforts and luxuries of life; her cell is carpeted, and furnished with a harp and other rich articles; and as she has obtained by money a set of false keys, she leaves the prison whenever she pleases at night, always taking care to return to it before morning. Her chief pleasure seems to consist in arranging with Lawyer Timms, for whom she has a hearty contempt, though he is in love with her, a set of manœuvres designed to operate on public opinion respecting her case, as an offset to those which are unscrupulously practised by the prosecution. Her trial at length comes on, and after proceedings which are detailed at length, and most of which are in defiance of the first principles of law and the ordinary rules of criminal proceedings, she is found guilty and sentenced to death for the murder of Peter Goodwin. Not a tittle more of evidence is produced against her than what we have already related, and "the great lawyer," Dunscomb, shows himself a ninny and an ignoramus in the conduct of her cause. Just after her sentence is pronounced, Peter Goodwin makes his appearance in court alive and hearty, to the great astonishment of the jury and of his old acquaintances. Mary Monson has known of his existence all the while, and by means of her agents has kept him secreted by keeping him half drunk, in order that she might have the glory of being falsely convicted of murder and arson, and thereby proving the imbecility of American courts of law. It is further made to appear, that no crime at all had been committed, except that of larceny by Mrs. Burton, a witness for the government, who had stolen the stocking with its golden contents just after the bureau was removed from the burning house. The fact also comes to light that Mary Monson is insane, and so not responsible for any act, though her madness only manifests itself by excessive cunning and shrewdness in the management of her trial,—qualities in which she certainly beats the great lawyer Dunscomb all hollow.

"The fire was accidental, as has been recently ascertained by circumstances it is unnecessary to relate. Goodwin had left his wife, the night before the accident, and she had taken the German woman to sleep with her. As the garret-floor above this pair was consumed, the plough fell, its share inflicting the blow

which stunned them, if it did not inflict even a greater injury. That part of the house was first consumed, and the skeletons were found, as has been related, side by side. In the confusion of the scene, Sarah Burton had little difficulty in opening the drawer, and removing the stocking. She fancied herself unseen; but Mary Monson observed the movement, though she had then no idea what was abstracted. The unfortunate delinquent maintains that her intention, at the time, was good; or, that her sole object was to secure the gold; but, is obliged to confess that the possession of the treasure gradually excited her cupidity, until she began to hope that this hoard might eventually become her own. The guilty soonest suspect guilt. As to "the pure, all things are pure," so it is with the innocent, who are the least inclined to suspect others of wicked actions. Thus was it with Mrs. Burton. In the commission of a great wrong herself, she had little difficulty in supposing that Mary Monson was the sort of person that rumor made her out to be. She saw no great harm, then, in giving a shove to the descending culprit. When looking into the stocking, she had seen, and put in her own pocket, the notched piece, as a curiosity, there being nothing more unusual in the guilty thus incurring unnecessary risks, than there is in the moth's temerity in fluttering around the candle. When the purse of Mary Monson was examined, as usually happens on such occasions, we had almost said as *always* happens, in the management of cases that are subsequently to form a part of the justice of the land, much less attention was paid to the care of that purse than ought to have been bestowed on it. Profiting by the neglect, Sarah Burton exchanged the notched coin for the perfect piece, unobserved, as she again fancied; but once more the watchful eye of Mary Monson was on her. The first time the woman was observed by the last, it was accidentally; but suspicion once aroused it was natural enough to keep a look-out on the suspected party. The act was seen, and at the moment that the accused thought happy, the circumstance was brought to bear on the trial. Sarah Burton maintains that, at first, her sole intention was to exchange the imperfect for the perfect coin; and that she was induced to swear to the piece subsequently produced, as that found on Mary Monson's person, as a literal fact, ignorant of what might be its consequences. Though the devil doubtless leads us on, step by step, deeper and deeper, into crime and sin, it is probable that, in this particular, the guilty woman applied a flattering unction to her conscience, that the truth would have destroyed."

The true name of Mary Monson is Madame de Larocheforte. She was American by birth, the granddaughter of a lady who had jilted Dunscomb in his youth, and bequeathed a

touch of insanity to all her descendants. She had married a Frenchman of rank, much older than herself, whom she hated, and soon abandoned, taking refuge under a false name in the State of New York, where the laws, according to our author, permit married women to leave their husbands, and allow them the separate management of their property. And this wild and improbable tale, of the conviction of a mad woman for the murder of a person still alive, for arson committed on a dwelling-house which was accidentally fired, and for stealing gold which was actually stolen by the chief witness for the prosecution, — of her conviction under evidence which would hardly have authorized a justice of the peace to commit her for trial, — is Mr. Cooper's ground for impugning the fairness of our courts of law, and for affirming that the institution of trial by jury "is totally unsuited to a democracy!" There may be defects and evils in the administration of criminal justice in our country, but this, certainly, is not the way to expose or amend them.

Our author is most unhappy in selecting a ground of complaint against the action of juries in America. No one can justly accuse them of undue severity. Their tendency, it is notorious, especially in capital cases, is to acquit, when both the law and the evidence require a conviction. From a natural unwillingness to have any share in taking away human life, from increased doubts as to the equity and expediency of capital punishment, and from involuntary sympathy with a person pleading for his life when the whole force of the government seems to be arrayed against him and striving to produce a conviction, the jury often seem disposed to take the bit in their teeth, and to carry off the accused in triumph, in spite of the testimony. They usurp the prerogative of the pardoning power, and often say "not guilty," when they mean only that the criminal ought "not to be punished." In order to save their consciences and their oaths, we have often wished that the Scotch practice might be introduced into the English common law, so that the jury might be allowed to return a verdict of "not proven," when the evidence did not absolutely compel them to say either "guilty" or "not guilty." At present, the "reasonable doubt," of which they are told the prisoner must have the benefit, is often made to cover most unreasonable and illegal scruples. The case of the Boorns, who

were tried and convicted in Vermont, over thirty years ago, for the murder of their brother-in-law, who subsequently made his appearance alive, is about the only one which we can recollect that affords even a coloring of probability to Mr. Cooper's extravagant fiction ; and in that instance, the court and the jury could plead in justification of their blunder, that they had relied mainly on the confessions which the accused, from some inexplicable motives, were induced to make.

There is no pressing necessity to answer our author's arguments, or to defend an institution so ancient and so much honored as the trial by jury. We admit there is some force in his remark, that in a monarchy, where the jury stand between the sovereign and the people for the protection of the latter, such a tribunal is more useful and more likely to be just than it is in a democracy, where the people themselves are the sovereign power. And yet this distinction is not so important as it seems ; for the unity of " the people," even in the wildest democracy that ever existed, is only fictitious, — a mere figure of speech. In our own country, a jury commonly represents the opinion of the disinterested and unimpassioned multitude sitting in judgment upon the contending claims of individuals. It is true, that the judges and the prosecuting officer represent the sovereign power in the state, and that the jury also form a portion of the same sovereign power ; but we must recollect that this sovereign is not one, but many, and therefore does not sit as a judge in its own cause. Its unity is fictitious ; its multiplicity is real. The jurymen in this country are usually no more biased in favor of the government, because it is a government of the people, than they are in favor of the accused, who also is one of the people, one of themselves. Nay, because the government is in a great degree a unit, while the people are many, and though they elect the government, they are still ruled and repressed by it during its term of office, the sympathies of the jury are more likely to be with the accused than with the accuser. It is only in very few cases that the excitement against a supposed criminal becomes so universal and overwhelming, as to rob him of the chance of a fair trial. And the law is very watchful to guard against even this infrequent danger of rooted prejudice or personal dislike. The care with which a jury is selected, not by any means on the principle of universal suffrage, but by putting

the names only of respectable householders into the box; the searching questions that may be put by the counsel on both sides to every one who is drawn by lot, before he is allowed to try a particular cause; and the separation of the jurymen, for the most part, from popular influences during the time of the trial, together with the solemnity of the oath that is administered to them, and of the charge which they receive from the bench, are very efficient safeguards against prepossession and malice. We respect, we honor, the judges, who have kept the ermine of office quite as unsullied in this country as in Great Britain. If they were appointed, as before, *quamdiu se bene gesserint*, we should be quite willing to place the issue of every trial in their hands, after the common fashion in a court of admiralty. But the independence of the judiciary among us, of late, has been seriously impaired in several States, by causing the judges to be elected by popular vote, and to hold office only for a short term of years. It would be very perilous, under such circumstances, to give them the whole power and responsibility, instead of allowing them to share it, in each case, with a small number of persons chosen by lot from the community at large, and representing not only the authority, but the average intelligence and the sense of justice, of the whole people. It will require much weightier arguments than any which Mr. Cooper has adduced to shake our confidence in an arrangement which seems equally deserving of respect for its antiquity and its adaptation to the wants of the present age.

Art. VI. — *The Scarlet Letter, a Romance.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 322.

That there is something not unpleasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends, is a maxim we have always spurned, as a libel on human nature. But we must be allowed, in behalf of Mr. Hawthorne's friend and gossip, the literary public, to rejoice in the event — a "removal" from the office of Surveyor of the Customs for the port of Salem, —

which has brought him back to our admiring, and, we modestly hope, congenial society, from associations and environments which have confessedly been detrimental to his genius, and to those qualities of heart, which, by an unconscious revelation through his style, like the involuntary betrayal of character in a man's face and manners, have won the affection of other than personal friends. We are truly grieved at the savage "scratches" our phœnix has received from the claws of the national eagle, scratches gratuitous and unprovoked, whereby his plumage remains not a little ruffled, if his breast be not very deeply lacerated. We hope we do not see tendencies to *self immolation* in the introductory chapter to this volume. It seems suicidal to a most enviable fame, to show the fine countenance of the sometime denizen of Concord Parsonage, once so serene and full of thought, and at the same time so attractively arch, now cloudy and peevish, or dressed in sardonic smiles, which would scare away the enthusiasm of less hearty admirers than those he "holds by the button." The pinnacle on which the "conscience of the beautiful" has placed our author's graceful image is high enough, however, to make slight changes from the wear and tear of out-door elements, highway dust, and political vandalism, little noticed by those accustomed to look lovingly up to it. Yet they cannot be expected to regret a "removal," which has saved those finer and more delicate traits, in which genius peculiarly manifests itself, from being worn away by rough contact, or obliterated by imperceptible degrees through the influence of the atmosphere.

Mr. Hawthorne's serious apprehensions on this subject are thus candidly expressed: —

"I began to grow melancholy and restless; continually prying into my mind, to discover which of its poor properties were gone, and what degree of detriment had already accrued to the remainder. I endeavored to calculate how much longer I could stay in the Custom House, and yet go forth a man. To confess the truth, it was my greatest apprehension, — as it would never be a measure of policy to turn out so quiet an individual as myself, and it being hardly in the nature of a public officer to resign, — it was my chief trouble, therefore, that I was likely to grow gray and decrepit in the Surveyorship, and become much such another animal as the old Inspector. Might it not, in the tedious lapse of official life that lay before me, finally be with me

as it was with this venerable friend, — to make the dinner hour the nucleus of the day, and to spend the rest of it, as an old dog spends it, asleep in the sunshine or the shade? A dreary look-forward this, for a man who felt it to be the best definition of happiness to live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities! But, all this while, I was giving myself very unnecessary alarm. Providence had meditated better things for me than I could possibly imagine for myself."

A man who has so rare an individuality to lose may well shudder at the idea of becoming a soulless machine, a sort of official scarecrow, having only so much of manly semblance left as will suffice to warn plunderers from the property of "Uncle Sam." Haunted by the horror of mental annihilation, it is not wonderful that he should look askance at the drowsy row of officials, as they reclined uneasily in tilted chairs, and should measure their mental torpidity by the length of time they had been subjected to the soul-exhaling process in which he had not yet got beyond the conscious stage. It was in pure apprehension, let us charitably hope, and not in a satirical, and far less a malicious, mood, that he describes one of them as retaining barely enough of the moral and spiritual nature to keep him from going upon all fours, and possessing neither soul, heart, nor mind more worthy of immortality than the spirit of the beast, which "goeth downward." Judging his aged colleagues thus, well might the young publican, as yet spiritually alive, stand aghast! A man may be excusable for starving his *intellect*, if Providence has thrown him into a situation where its dainty palate cannot be gratified. But for the well being of his *moral nature*, he is more strictly responsible, and has no right, under any circumstances, to remain in a position where, from causes beyond his control, his conscience is deprived of its supremacy over the will, and policy or expediency, whether public or selfish, placed upon its throne. "Most men," says our honest author, "suffer moral detriment from this mode of life," from causes which, (having just devoted four pages to a full-length caricature,) he had not space to hint at, except in the following pithy admonition to the aspirants after a place in the Blue Book.

"Uncle Sam's gold — meaning no disrespect to the worthy old gentleman — has, in this respect, a quality of enchantment, like that of the Devil's wages. Whoever touches it should look well

to himself, or he may find the bargain to go hard against him, involving, if not his soul, yet many of his better attributes; its sturdy force, its courage and constancy, its truth, its self-reliance, and all that gives the emphasis to manly character."

It was great gain for a man like Mr. Hawthorne to depart this truly unprofitable life; but we wish that his demise had been quiet and Christian, and not by violence. We regret that any of the bitterness of heart engendered by the political battle, and by his subsequent decapitulation without being judged by his peers, should have come with him to a purer and higher state of existence. That a head should fall, and even receive "an ignominious kick," is but a common accident in a party struggle, and would be of no more consequence to the world in Mr. Hawthorne's case than any other, (the metaphorical head not including brains,) provided the spirit had suffered no material injury in the encounter. Of that, however, we have no means of judging, except by comparing this book of recent production with his former writings. Of the "stern and sombre" pictures of the world and human life, external and internal, found in the Scarlet Letter, we shall speak anon. The preface claims some farther notice.

One would conclude, that the mother on whose bosom the writer was cherished in his urchinhood had behaved herself like a very step-mother towards him, showing a vulgar preference of those sons who have gathered, and thrown into her lap, gifts more substantial than garlands and laurel wreaths. This appears from his reluctant and half ashamed confession of attachment to her, and his disrespectful remarks upon her homely and commonplace features, her chilly and unsocial disposition, and those marks of decay and premature age which needed not to be pointed out. The portrait is like, no doubt; but we cannot help imagining the ire of the ancient dame at the unfilial satire. Indeed, a faint echo of the voice of her indignation has arrived at our ears. She complains, that, in anatomizing the characters of his former associates for the entertainment of the public, he has used the scalpel on some subjects, who, though they could not defend themselves, might possibly wince; and that all who came under his hand, living or dead, had probably relatives among his readers, whose affections might be wounded.

Setting this consideration apart, we confess that, to our

individual taste, this naughty chapter is more piquant than any thing in the book; the style is racy and pungent, not elaborately witty, but stimulating the reader's attention agreeably by original turns of expression, and unhackneyed combinations of words, falling naturally into their places, as if of their own accord, and not obtained by far seeking and impressment into the service. The sketch of General Miller is airily and lightly done; no other artist could have given so much character to each fine drawn line as to render the impression almost as distinct to the reader's fancy as a portrait drawn by rays of light is to the bodily vision. Another specimen of his word painting, the lonely parlor seen by the moonlight melting into the warmer glow of the fire, while it reminds us of Cowper's much quoted and admired verse, has truly a great deal more of genuine poetry in it. The delineations of wharf scenery, and of the Custom House, with their appropriate figures and personages, are worthy of the pen of Dickens; and really, so far as mere style is concerned, Mr. Hawthorne has no reason to thank us for the compliment; he has the finer touch, if not more genial feeling, of the two. Indeed, if we except a few expressions which savor somewhat strongly of his late unpoetical associations, and the favorite metaphor of the guillotine, which, however apt, is not particularly agreeable to the imagination in such detail, we like the preface better than the tale.

No one who has taken up the Scarlet Letter will willingly lay it down till he has finished it; and he will do well not to pause, for he cannot resume the story where he left it. He should give himself up to the magic power of the style, without stopping to open wide the eyes of his good sense and judgment, and shake off the spell; or half the weird beauty will disappear like a "dissolving view." To be sure, when he closes the book, he will feel very much like the giddy and bewildered patient who is just awaking from his first experiment of the effects of sulphuric ether. The soul has been floating or flying between earth and heaven, with dim ideas of pain and pleasure strangely mingled, and all things earthly swimming dizzily and dreamily, yet most beautiful, before the half shut eye. That the author himself felt this sort of intoxication as well as the willing subjects of his enchantment, we think, is evident in many pages of the last half of the vol-

ume. His imagination has sometimes taken him fairly off his feet, insomuch that he seems almost to doubt if there be any firm ground at all, — if we may so judge from such mist-born ideas as the following.

"But, to all these shadowy beings, so long our near acquaintances, — as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions, — we would fain be merciful. It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each, in its utmost development, supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another; each leaves the passionate lover, or the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his object. Philosophically considered, therefore, the two passions seem essentially the same, except the one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance, and the other in a dusky and lurid glow. In the spiritual world, the old physician and the minister — mutual victims as they have been — may, unawares, have found their earthly stock of hatred and antipathy transmuted into golden love."

Thus devils and angels are alike beautiful, when seen through the magic glass; and they stand side by side in heaven, however the former may be supposed to have come there. As for Roger Chillingworth, he seems to have so little in common with man, he is such a gnome-like phantasm, such an unnatural personification of an abstract idea, that we should be puzzled to assign him a place among angels, men, or devils. He is no more a man than Mr. Dombey, who sinks down a mere *caput mortuum*, as soon as pride, the only animating principle, is withdrawn. These same "shadowy beings" are much like "the changeling the fairies made o' a benweed." Hester at first strongly excites our pity, for she suffers like an immortal being; and our interest in her continues only while we have hope for her soul, that its baptism of tears will reclaim it from the foul stain which has been cast upon it. We see her humble, meek, self-denying, charitable, and heart-wrung with anxiety for the moral welfare of her wayward child. But anon her humility catches a new tint, and we find it pride; and so a vague unreality steals by degrees over all her most humanizing traits — we lose our confidence in all — and finally, like Undine, she disappoints us, and shows the dream-land origin and nature, when we were looking to behold a Christian.

There is rather more power, and better keeping, in the character of Dimmesdale. But here again we are cheated into a false regard and interest, partly perhaps by the associations thrown around him without the intention of the author, and possibly contrary to it, by our habitual respect for the sacred order, and by our faith in religion, where it has once been rooted in the heart. We are told repeatedly, that the Christian element yet pervades his character and guides his efforts; but it seems strangely wanting. "High aspirations for the welfare of his race, warm love of souls, pure sentiments, natural piety, strengthened by thought and study, and illuminated by revelation — all of which invaluable gold was little better than rubbish" to Roger Chillingworth, are little better than rubbish at all, for any use to be made of them in the story. Mere suffering, aimless and without effect for purification or blessing to the soul, we do not find in God's moral world. The sting that follows crime is most severe in the purest conscience and the tenderest heart, in mercy, not in vengeance, surely; and we can conceive of any cause constantly exerting itself without its appropriate effects, as soon as of a seven years' agony without penitence. But here every pang is wasted. A most obstinate and unhuman passion, or a most unwearying conscience it must be, neither being worn out, or made worse or better, by such a prolonged application of the scourge. Penitence may indeed be life-long; but as for this, we are to understand that there is no penitence about it. We finally get to be quite of the author's mind, that "the only truth that continued to give Mr. Dimmesdale a real existence on this earth, was the anguish in his inmost soul, and the undissembled expression of it in his aspect. Had he once found power to smile, and wear an aspect of gayety, there had been no such man." He duly exhales at the first gleam of hope, an uncertain and delusive beam, but fatal to his misty existence. From that time he is a fantasy, an opium dream, his faith a vapor, his reverence blasphemy, his charity mockery, his sanctity impurity, his love of souls a ludicrous impulse to teach little boys bad words; and nothing is left to bar the utterance of "a volley of good, round, solid, satisfactory, heaven-defying oaths," (a phrase which seems to smack its lips with a strange *goût!*) but good taste and the mere outward shell, "the buckramed habit of clerical decorum."

The only conclusion is, that the shell never possessed any thing real, — never was the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, as we have foolishly endeavored to suppose; that he was but a changeling, or an imp in grave apparel, not an erring, and consequently suffering human being, with a heart still upright enough to find the burden of conscious unworthiness and undeserved praise more intolerable than open ignominy and shame, and refraining from relieving his withering conscience from its load of unwilling hypocrisy, if partly from fear, more from the wish to be yet an instrument of good to others, not an example of evil which should weaken their faith in religion. The closing scene, where the satanic phase of the character is again exchanged for the saintly, and the pillory platform is made the stage for a triumphant *coup de théatre,* seems to us more than a failure.

But Little Pearl — gem of the purest water — what shall we say of her? That if perfect truth to childish and human nature can make her a mortal, she is so; and immortal, if the highest creations of genius have any claim to immortality. Let the author throw what light he will upon her, from his magical prism, she retains her perfect and vivid human individuality. When he would have us call her elvish and imp-like, we persist in seeing only a capricious, roguish, untamed child, such as many a mother has looked upon with awe, and a feeling of helpless incapacity to rule. Every motion, every feature, every word and tiny shout, every naughty scream and wild laugh, come to us as if our very senses were conscious of them. The child is a true child, the only genuine and consistent mortal in the book; and wherever she crosses the dark and gloomy track of the story, she refreshes our spirit with pure truth and radiant beauty, and brings to grateful remembrance the like ministry of gladsome childhood, in some of the saddest scenes of actual life. We feel at once that the author must have a "Little Pearl" of his own, whose portrait, consciously or unconsciously, his pen sketches out. Not that we would deny to Mr. Hawthorne the power to call up any shape, angel or goblin, and present it before his readers in a striking and vivid light. But there is something more than imagination in the picture of "Little Pearl." The heart takes a part in it, and puts in certain inimitable touches of nature here and there, such as fancy never dreamed of,

and only a long and loving observation of the ways of childhood could suggest. The most characteristic traits are so interwoven with the story, (on which we do not care to dwell,) that it is not easy to extract a paragraph which will convey much of the charming image to our readers. The most convenient passage for our purpose is the description of Little Pearl playing upon the sea-shore. We take in the figure of the old man as a dark back-ground, or contrast, to heighten the effect.

"In fine, Hester Prynne resolved to meet her former husband, and do what might be in her power for the rescue of the victim on whom he had so evidently set his gripe. The occasion was not long to seek. One afternoon, walking with Pearl in a retired part of the peninsula, she beheld the old physician, with a basket on one arm, and a staff in the other hand, stooping along the ground, in quest of roots and herbs to concoct his medicines withal.

"Hester bade little Pearl run down to the margin of the water, and play with the shells and tangled seaweed, until she should have talked awhile with yonder gatherer of herbs. So the child flew away like a bird, and, making bare her small white feet, went pattering along the moist margin of the sea. Here and there, she came to a full stop, and peeped curiously into a pool, left by the retiring tide as a mirror for Pearl to see her face in. Forth peeped at her, out of the pool, with dark, glistening curls around her head, and an elf-smile in her eyes, the image of a little maid, whom Pearl, having no other playmate, invited to take her hand and run a race with her. But the visionary little maid, on her part, beckoned likewise, as if to say, — 'This is a better place! Come thou into the pool!' And Pearl, stepping in, mid-leg deep, beheld her own white feet at the bottom; while, out of a still lower depth, came the gleam of a kind of fragmentary smile, floating to and fro in the agitated water.

"Meanwhile, her mother had accosted the physician.

"'I would speak a word with you,' said she, — 'a word that concerns us much.'"

Here follows a dialogue in the spirit of the idea that runs through the book, — that revenge may exist without any overt act of vengeance that could be called such, and that a man who refrains from avenging himself, may be more diabolical in his very forbearance than he who in his passionate rage inflicts what evil he may upon his enemy; the former having that spirit of cold hate which could gloat for years, or forever, over the agonies of remorse and despair, over the anguish bodily

and mental, and consequent death or madness, of a fellow man, and never relent — never for a moment be moved to pity. This master passion of hatred, swallowing up all that is undevilish and human in Roger Chillingworth, makes him a pure abstraction at last, a sort of mythical fury, a match for Alecto the Unceasing.

"All this while, Hester had been looking steadily at the old man, and was shocked, as well as wonder-smitten, to discern what a change had been wrought upon him within the past seven years. It was not so much that he had grown older; for though the traces of advancing life were visible, he bore his age well, and seemed to retain a wiry vigor and alertness. But the former aspect of an intellectual and studious man, calm and quiet, which was what she best remembered in him, had altogether vanished, and been succeeded by an eager, searching, almost fierce, yet carefully guarded look. It seemed to be his wish and purpose to mask this expression with a smile; but the latter played him false, and flickered over his visage so derisively, that the spectator could see his blackness all the better for it. Ever and anon, too, there came a glare of red light out of his eyes; as if the old man's soul were on fire, and kept on smouldering duskily within his breast, until, by some casual puff of passion, it was blown into a momentary flame. This he repressed as speedily as possible, and strove to look as if nothing of the kind had happened.

"In a word, old Roger Chillingworth was a striking evidence of man's faculty of transforming himself into a devil, if he will only, for a reasonable space of time, undertake a devil's office. This unhappy person had effected such a transformation by devoting himself, for seven years, to the constant analysis of a heart full of torture, and deriving his enjoyment thence, and adding fuel to those fiery tortures which he analyzed and gloated over.

"The scarlet letter burned on Hester Prynne's bosom. Here was another ruin, the responsibility of which came partly home to her.

"'What see you in my face,' asked the physician, 'that you look at it so earnestly?'

"'Something that would make me weep, if there were any tears bitter enough for it,' answered she. 'But let it pass! It is of yonder miserable man that I would speak.'

. . . . . .

So Roger Chillingworth — a deformed old figure, with a face that haunted men's memories longer than they liked — took leave of Hester Prynne, and went stooping away along the earth. He gathered here and there an herb, or grubbed up a root, and put it

into the basket on his arm. His gray beard almost touched the ground, as he crept onward. Hester gazed after him a little while, looking with a half-fantastic curiosity to see whether the tender grass of early spring would not be blighted beneath him, and show the wavering track of his footsteps, sere and brown, across its cheerful verdure. She wondered what sort of herbs they were, which the old man was so sedulous to gather. Would not the earth, quickened to an evil purpose by the sympathy of his eye, greet him with poisonous shrubs, of species hitherto unknown, that would start up under his fingers? Or might it suffice him, that every wholesome growth should be converted into something deleterious and malignant at his touch? Did the sun, which shone so brightly everywhere else, really fall upon him? Or was there, as it rather seemed, a circle of ominous shadow moving along with his deformity, whichever way he turned himself? And whither was he now going? Would he not suddenly sink into the earth, leaving a barren and blasted spot, where, in due course of time, would be seen deadly nightshade, dogwood, henbane, and whatever else of vegetable wickedness the climate could produce, all flourishing with hideous luxuriance? Or would he spread bat's wings and flee away, looking so much the uglier, the higher he rose towards heaven?

'Be it sin or no,' said Hester Prynne bitterly, as she still gazed after him, 'I hate the man!' "

"She upbraided herself for the sentiment, but could not overcome or lessen it."

It is time to seek the exhilarating presence of "Little Pearl," whom we left on the sea-shore, making nature her playmate.

"He being gone, she summoned back her child.

"'Pearl! Little Pearl! Where are you?'

"Pearl, whose activity of spirit never flagged, had been at no loss for amusement while her mother talked with the old gatherer of herbs. At first, as already told, she had flirted fancifully with her own image in a pool of water, beckoning the phantom forth, and — as it declined to venture — seeking a passage for herself into its sphere of impalpable earth and unattainable sky. Soon finding, however, that she or the image was unreal, she turned elsewhere for better pastime. She made little boats out of birch bark, and freighted them with snail-shells, and sent out more ventures on the mighty deep than any merchant in New England; but the larger part of them foundered near the shore. She seized a live horseshoe by the tail, and made prize of several five-fingers, and laid out a jelly fish to melt in the warm sun. Then she took up the white foam, that streaked the line of the advancing tide, and

threw it upon the breeze, scampering after it with winged footsteps, to catch the great snow-flakes ere they fell. Perceiving a flock of beach-birds, that fed and fluttered along the shore, the naughty child picked up her apron full of pebbles, and, creeping from rock to rock after these small sea-fowl, displayed remarkable dexterity in pelting them. One little gray bird, with a white breast, Pearl was almost sure, had been hit by a pebble, and fluttered away with a broken wing. But then the elf-child sighed, and gave up her sport; because it grieved her to have done harm to a little being that was as wild as the sea-breeze, or as wild as Pearl herself.

"Her final employment was to gather sea-weed, of various kinds, and make herself a scarf, or mantle, and a head-dress, and thus assume the aspect of a little mermaid. She inherited her mother's gift for devising drapery and costume."

We know of no writer who better understands and combines the elements of the picturesque in writing than Mr. Hawthorne. His style may be compared to a sheet of transparent water, reflecting from its surface blue skies, nodding woods, and the smallest spray or flower that peeps over its grassy margin; while in its clear yet mysterious depths we espy rarer and stranger things, which we must dive for, if we would examine. Whether they might prove gems or pebbles, when taken out of the fluctuating medium through which the sun-gleams reach them, is of no consequence to the effect. Every thing charms the eye and ear, and nothing looks like art and pains-taking. There is a naturalness and a continuous flow of expression in Mr. Hawthorne's books, that makes them delightful to read, especially in this our day, when the fear of triteness drives some writers, (even those who might otherwise avoid that reproach,) to adopt an abrupt and dislocated style, administering to our jaded attention frequent thumps and twitches, by means of outlandish idioms and forced inversions, and now and then flinging at our heads an incomprehensible, break-jaw word, which uncivilized missile stuns us to a full stop, and an appeal to authority. No authority can be found, however, which affords any remedy or redress against determined outlaws. After bumping over "rocks and ridges, and gridiron bridges," in one of these prosaic latter-day omnibuses, how pleasant it is to move over flowery turf upon a spirited, but properly trained Pegasus, who occasionally uses his wings, and skims along a little above *terra firma*, but not with an alarming pre-

ference for cloudland or rarefied air. One cannot but wonder, by the way, that the master of such a wizard power over language as Mr. Hawthorne manifests should not choose a less revolting subject than this of the Scarlet Letter, to which fine writing seems as inappropriate as fine embroidery. The ugliness of pollution and vice is no more relieved by it than the gloom of the prison is by the rose tree at its door. There are some palliative expressions used, which cannot, even as a matter of taste, be approved.

Regarding the book simply as a picture of the olden time, we have no fault to find with costume or circumstance. All the particulars given us, (and he is not wearisomely anxious to multiply them to show his research,) are in good keeping and perspective, all in softened outlines and neutral tint, except the ever fresh and unworn image of childhood, which stands out from the canvas in the gorgeously attired "Little Pearl." He forbears to mention the ghastly gallows-tree, which stood hard by the pillory and whipping-post, at the city gates, and which one would think might have been banished with them from the precincts of Boston, and from the predilections of the community of whose opinions it is the focus. When a people have opened their eyes to the fact, that it is not the best way of discountenancing vice to harden it to exposure and shame, and make it brazen-faced, reckless, and impudent, they might also be convinced, it would seem, that respect for human life would not be promoted by publicly violating it, and making a spectacle, or a newspaper theme, of the mental agony and dying struggles of a human being, and of him least fit, in the common belief, to be thus hurried to his account. "Blood for blood!" We are shocked at the revengeful custom among uncivilized tribes, when it bears the aspect of private revenge, because the executioners must be of the kindred of the slain. How much does the legal retribution in kind, which civilized man exacts, differ in reality from the custom of the savage? The law undertakes to avenge its own dignity, to use a popular phrase; that is, it regards the community as one great family, and constitutes itself the avenger of blood in its behalf. It is not punishment, but retaliation, which does not contemplate the reform of the offender as well as the prevention of crime; and where it wholly loses the remedial element, and cuts off the oppor-

tunity for repentance which God's mercy allows, it is worthy of a barbarous, not a Christian, social alliance. What sort of combination for mutual safety is it, too, when no man feels safe, because fortuitous circumstances, ingeniously bound into a chain, may so entangle Truth that she cannot bestir herself to rescue us from the doom which the judgment of twelve fallible men pronounces, and our protector, the law, executes upon us?

But we are losing sight of Mr. Hawthorne's book, and of the old Puritan settlers, as he portrays them with few, but clearly cut and expressive, lines. In these sketchy groupings, Governor Bellingham is the only prominent figure, with the Rev. John Wilson behind him, "his beard, white as a snowdrift, seen over the Governor's shoulder."

"Here, to witness the scene which we are describing, sat Governor Bellingham himself, with four sergeants about his chair, bearing halberds as a guard of honor. He wore a dark feather in his hat, a border of embroidery on his cloak, and a black velvet tunic beneath; a gentleman advanced in years, and with a hard experience written in his wrinkles. He was not ill-fitted to be the head and representative of a community, which owed its origin and progress, and its present state of development, not to the impulses of youth, but to the stern and tempered energies of manhood, and the sombre sagacity of age; accomplishing so much, precisely because it imagined and hoped so little."

With this portrait, we close our remarks on the book, which we should not have criticized at so great length, had we admired it less. We hope to be forgiven, if in any instance our strictures have approached the limits of what may be considered personal. We would not willingly trench upon the right which an individual may claim, in common courtesy, not to have his private qualities or personal features discussed to his face, with everybody looking on. But Mr. Hawthorne's example in the preface, and the condescending familiarity of the attitude he assumes therein, are at once our occasion and our apology.

ART. VII. — *Lectures on Art, and Poems.* By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Edited by RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 380.

IT is now seven years since the remains of Washington Allston, the greatest artist of America, were followed by mourning friends and admirers to the old burying ground in Cambridge. It was universally felt that a man of the rarest genius and the loveliest character had been removed from a community which his presence honored and his influence exalted. The first steps were taken towards commemorating his life and works by raising a monument to his memory in the beautiful neighboring necropolis of Mount Auburn, which should be worthy of the genius and virtues of him who slept beneath it, and fitly express the affectionate and admiring recollections of the survivors who reared it there. Such a monument was not needed for Allston's fame; *that* is forever established by the works in which his spirit yet lives, and over which the waves of oblivion shall never sweep. But it was needed for our own credit, and for our own intellectual satisfaction and moral good. We should not have allowed the busy occupations of daily life so to employ our hands and fill our hearts, as to permit him whom we admired for his surpassing genius, and loved for the possession of every gentle and noble virtue, to lie down in the long sleep of death with no monumental pile to fix the eye of the traveller, and to express to the world by the silent voice of art how much we reverenced the memory of art's most devoted worshipper. We trust this duty to the illustrious dead is not to remain forever unperformed. In heathen times, in the earliest dawn of poetry, the pious feelings of the living made the burial rites and monumental mound contribute even to the felicity of the departed.

> "Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

Mr. Allston's life was entirely occupied with those pursuits which address themselves to man's higher nature. No worldly passions, no petty ambitions, ever disturbed the serenity of that elevated region in which his pure spirit moved. In the kindred arts of poetry, painting, and romance, he showed the

versatile felicity of his genius. In early life, while yet a student of painting in Rome, his works attracted the admiration of his brother artists, and an able critic, in Bunsen's volumes on Rome, declares that the coloring of his pictures approached nearer the great Italian masters than those of any other modern painter. It was his good fortune to enjoy for many years the friendship of Coleridge, whose estimation of Allston's poetical genius was shown by printing, accompanied with high but well deserved praises, in a volume of his own poems, Allston's noble lines, "America to England," which have become classical in our literature. His romance of Monaldi was reviewed in this Journal on its first appearance. The high opinion we then expressed of its merits — the powerful conception of the principal characters — the tragic interest of the story — the profoundly moral and religious spirit — and the purity and splendor of the style — remains unchanged, after many readings and the lapse of years. "He is not only a painter," says the German translator of this work, in the introduction to his version, "not only a historical painter, not only a painter with the pencil and pallet, but also with the pen, and, I believe, one of the best poets in this country. He is, moreover, a very noble man." "In the arrangement of the whole," (he speaks of Monaldi,) "in the distribution of light and shade, in the economy of the piece, there is somewhat pictorial." Again, "The whole appears to me like a great landscape-historical picture, with fore-ground, middle-ground, and back-ground, full of life, truth, and thought. The execution of the single groups is eminently successful; there are, perhaps, defects, but only in the completing transitions."

Mr. Allston's universally recognized position as the first painter of our country, and certainly one of the first in our age, will make the volume whose title is placed at the head of the present brief paper a welcome gift, not only to all the lovers of art, but to all who take an interest in elegant literature. The spirit of beauty which breathes through his poetical writings — the offspring of hours of rest from the labors of the pencil — will fill with delight the breasts of those who fly to the Muse for solace amidst the multiplying cares of life, or seek in poetry for the graceful embellishments that idealize the business of the crowded day. The

gentle dignity of Mr. Allston's personal character was such that in his presence all discord died away, and the conflict of opposing opinions softened into the richest harmony of friendly discourse. The pride of letters, the jealousies of artists, the spirit of detraction vanished before his genial smile, and the kindly urbanity of his manner. The blandness of his ever-varied conversation, uttered in a voice of singular sweetness and power, his high-bred, unaffected, and most gentleman-like demeanor, and the Attic purity and felicity of his wit, made his society the greatest delight to all who enjoyed the rare happiness of living in his neighborhood and of sharing in his social nights. Mr. Allston never had an enemy. One would as soon have thought of indulging in hostile feelings against a star as against him, so completely was he removed from the region of evil passions and strife. Men of the most opposite opinions, belonging to different schools upon every subject of human thought, agreed in the common sentiment of reverence and love for Allston; and his life, with its comprehensive influences for good, and good alone, and good in its highest and most permanent forms, is a perfect refutation of the pernicious theory, that a great man must work out the purposes of his existence by a constant warfare against his fellow men.

Of Mr. Allston's position as an artist, we do not propose to speak; nor is it necessary to enlarge upon what is recognized by the best judges both in Europe and America. His poetical genius, as exhibited in a few well-known pieces, has been unanimously acknowledged. The Sylphs of the Seasons, The Paint King, America to Great Britain, to which allusion has already been made, stand, and have long stood, among the most beautiful poems in American literature.

Mr. Allston's poetical style is remarkable for the careful finishing hand with which he elaborated every part of every poem. He never fell into the negligent, slip-shod, vague, and half expressed mannerism, so common in these days. His practice as an artist was carried into his writings, and applied scrupulously to every production of his pen. The exquisite purity of his language, reminding us constantly of the fine coloring of his pencil, shows how thoroughly his taste was guarded, in the atmosphere of beauty that accompanied his mind, from all touch of contemporary faults. Loving heartily every genial variety of literature, whether

belonging to the past or present, and showing, both in conversation and writing, with what a ready and versatile power he could work in different forms, he yet subjected his own style to a rigid self-criticism that harmonizes with the principles of an earlier and more classical age, rather than with the romantic outflow of the present. His poetical writings, therefore, will not undergo the changes of opinion incident to the fleeting popularity of temporary mannerism. They will stand the test of time. The criticism of posterity will find in them the same qualities to praise that have commended them to the approbation of the wisest contemporary judges.

The following little poem, expressing in words the spirit of one of Mr. Allston's most admired pictures, Rosalie, is one of the sweetest compositions that ever flowed from poet's pen: —

"O, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies!

"No, — never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs,
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light, — if light it be, —
That veils the world I see.

"For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath
Can mould a sadness like to this, —
So like angelic bliss."

So, at that dreamy hour of day
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play, —
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden reverie
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

As a pendant to this, we quote the lines on Horatio Greenough's well-known Group of the Angel and Child, both as a fine example of Allston's power of translating into poetry the conceptions of art, and of his generous appreciation of the works of other artists.

I stood alone: nor word, nor other sound,
Broke the mute solitude that closed me round;
As when the Air doth take her midnight sleep,
Leaving the wintry stars her watch to keep,
So slept she now at noon. But not alone
My spirit then; a light within me shone
That was not mine; and feelings undefined,
And thoughts, flowed in upon me not my own.
'T was that deep mystery, — for aye unknown, —
The living presence of another's mind.

Another mind was there, — the gift of few, —
That by its own strong will can all that's true
In its own nature unto others give,
And, mingling life with life, seem there to live.
I felt it then in mine: and, O, how fair,
How beautiful, the thoughts that met me there, —
Visions of Love and Purity and Truth!
Though form distinct had each, they seemed as 't were
Embodied all of *one* celestial air,
To beam for ever in coequal youth.

And thus I learned, as in the mind they moved,
These Stranger Thoughts the one the other loved;
That Purity loved Truth, because 't was true,
And Truth, because 't was pure, the first did woo;
While Love, as pure and true, did love the twain;
Then Love was loved of them, for that sweet chain
That bound them all. Thus sure, as passionless,
Their love did grow, till one harmonious strain
Of melting sounds they seemed; then, changed again,
One Angel Form they took, — Self-Happiness.

This Angel Form the gifted Artist saw,
That held me in his spell. 'T was his to draw
The veil of sense, and see the immortal race,
The Forms spiritual that know not place.
He saw it in the quarry, deep in earth,
And stayed it by his will, and gave it birth
E'en to the world of sense; bidding its cell,
The cold, hard marble, thus in plastic girth
The shape ethereal fix, and body forth
A Being of the skies, — with man to dwell.

And then another Form beside it stood:
'T was one of this our world, though the warm blood
Had from it passed, — exhaled as in a breath
Drawn from its lips by the cold kiss of Death.
Its little "dream of human life" had fled;
And yet it seemed not numbered with the dead,
But one emerging to a life so bright,
That, as the wondrous nature o'er it spread,
Its very consciousness did seem to shed
Rays from within, and clothe it all in light.

Now touched the Angel Form its little hand,
Turning upon it with a look so bland,
And yet so full of majesty, as less
Than holy natures never may impress, —
And more than proudest guilt unmoved may brook.
The Creature of the Earth now felt that look,
And stood in blissful awe, — as one above,
Who saw its name in the Eternal Book,
And Him that opened it; e'en Him that took
The Little Child, and blessed it in his love.

We close our extracts from this part of the volume with a portion of the lines to the author of the Diary of an Ennuyée. It will be remembered that Mrs. Jameson, whose works are among the most delightful books of the day, visited the United States some years ago, and during the lifetime of Mr. Allston. Her cultivated taste, and her enthusiastic love of the beautiful, led her to seek out and study all the pictures of our artist which were then accessible. She also became personally acquainted with the artist himself, being drawn to him not only by affinity of taste and genius, but doubtless somewhat by the impression made upon her, by this elegant poem, written long before her visit, and which we had ourselves the pleasure of placing in her hands. In the charming book Mrs. Jameson published on her return to England, appeared an eloquent and appreciating estimate of Mr. Allston.

Sweet, gentle Sibyl! would I had the charm,
E'en while the spell upon my heart is warm,
To waft my spirit to thy far-off dreams,
That, giving form and melody to air,
The long-sealed fountains of my youth might there
Before thee shout, and toss their starry stream,
Flushed with the living light which youth alone
Sheds like the flash from heaven, — that straight is gone!

For thou hast waked as from the sleep of years, —
No, not the memory, with her hopes and fears, —
  But e'en the breathing, bounding, *present* youth ;
And thou hast waked him in that vision clime,
Which, having seen, no eye the second time
  May ever see in its own glorious truth ; —
As if it *were not*, in this world of strife,
Save to the first deep consciousness of life.

And yet, by thy sweet sorcery, is mine
Again the same fresh heart, — e'en fresh as thine, —
  As when, entranced, I saw the mountain kings,
The giant Alps, from their dark purple beds
Rise ere the sun,* the while their crowned heads
  Flashed with his thousand heralds' golden wings ;
The while the courtly Borromean Isles
Looked on their mirrored forms with rippling smiles.

E'en in thy freshness do I see thee rise,
Bright, peerless Italy, thy gorgeous skies,
  Thy lines of harmony, thy nameless hues, —
As 't were by passing Angels sportive dropped
From flowers of Paradise, but newly cropped,
  Still bathed and glittering with celestial dews !
I see thee, — and again what visions pass,
Called up by thee, as in some magic glass !

Again I feel the Tuscan Zephyrs brush
My youthful brow, and see them laughing rush,
  As if their touch another sense had given,
Swift o'er the dodging grass, like living things ;
In myriads glancing from their flickering wings
  The rose and azure of their native heaven ; —
And now they mount, and through the sullen green
Of the dark laurel dart a silvery sheen.

O, now, as once, pure playmates of the soul !
Bear me, as then, where the white billows roll
  Of yon ethereal ocean, poised above.
How touching thus from that o'erhanging sea
To look upon the world ! Now, more to me
  Its wrongs and sorrows, nay, a wider love
Grows on my heart, than where its pleasures press,
And throng me round as one whom they would bless.

---

* The writer passed a night, and saw the sun rise, on the Lago Maggiore.

The portion of the volume which will excite the most interest and attention at the present moment, consists of the Lectures on Art, now for the first time printed. In an article published in this Journal six or seven years ago, we took occasion to allude to these discourses, which it had been our great privilege to hear read by their author. The impression we had received, and the opinion we expressed in the paper referred to, have been sustained by a careful perusal of them in print. We regard them as the most important addition to the literature of art which has been made within our memory; and the literature of art, we need not say, is one of the most attractive to people of high intellectual culture. Our language does not abound in works of this description; but the few we do possess are of great merit, as they are generally the recorded experience of practical artists. The Germans have cultivated this subject, as they have every other, with exhaustive erudition and profound speculation. The Italians, who live and move and have their being in an atmosphere of art, have also accomplished much. Lanzi's History of Painting is an elaborate but not very lively work. Vasari, himself a distinguished artist of the sixteenth century, and known throughout Europe by his writings, and Benvenuto Cellini, whose autobiography was translated in so masterly a manner by Goethe, are among the most eminent who have contributed by their pens to illustrate the arts to which their lives were consecrated; but their works make only a small portion of what Italy has done in this department.

In England, the classical Flaxman, known everywhere for the severe purity of his designs, delivered a course of ten lectures on Sculpture to the pupils of the Royal Academy, which, notwithstanding some literary defects owing to his imperfect training in youth, will ever remain a standard work. Especially, the two lectures on Beauty and Composition will deserve the attention of the critic, whether in literature or in art. As we read these discourses, we are constantly reminded of those matchless outlines from Homer, Æschylus, Hesiod, and Dante, appreciated and admired among all civilized nations; which, creating a severe but lovely style of art, have never been equalled or approached by any of their innumerable imitators. Fuseli's lectures are valuable, though often badly written, and abounding with half devel-

oped ideas. He was an able critic and an accomplished scholar, as his correspondence with Cowper upon that poet's translation of Homer shows; but he was an extravagant and tasteless artist, and the influence of his genius has nearly died away. His writings, however, deserve to keep their place in literature. It is hardly necessary to allude to Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, which have long since become a permanent part of the fine literature of England, on account of the quiet elegance of their style. They do not, however, handle the topics of art with much depth of philosophic insight. Their practical value, we suppose is, very great, and they must always be read wherever English culture reaches, for they are a noble monument of a great age in the history of the land of our ancestors.* Of English works in the present day, two deserve especial mention; "The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as connected with the Fine Arts," by Sir Charles Bell, and Mr. Ruskin's brilliant volumes on the Painters. The former is a matchless treatise, whether we regard the beauty and vigor of the style, the accuracy of observation, or the profound and far-reaching science exhibited in every sentence of its elaborate pages. The latter is written with much knowledge of art, and in a style whose eloquence, generally picturesque, occasionally magnificent, always exciting, yet sometimes rises into a rarefied atmosphere of expression, where meaning first becomes gaseous and then vanishes into the empyrean. The author is a bold speculator, and runs against received opinions with the dauntless intrepidity of a mailed knight in the lists of a tournament. His vivid imagination often carries his judgment captive, and we more admire the splendor of his sentences than rely upon his opinions, admit his premises, or understand his principles. He rushes fiercely into the two opposite extremes of the iconoclast and the idolater. He takes a weird delight in pulling down the Old Masters from their heights of fame, and in setting up far above them the wildest and most erring mannerist of the age.

From this brief excursion, we return to Mr. Allston. We think it must be obvious to every reflecting reader, that in

* Mr. Dana has fallen into an accidental error in mentioning Reynolds among the personal friends of Mr. Allston. Reynolds died in 1792, and Mr. Allston did not go to England until 1801.

some respects, he was better qualified to discuss the subject of art than any of his predecessors. As we have shown, he combined the most comprehensive experience in studying the great works of the artists of all ages and nations, during his long residence abroad, and especially in the plastic period of his youth, with various study and practice in kindred arts; and at the foundation of the whole lay a thorough classical education, which adorned the native elegance of his mind and manners with the fairest flowers and the ripest fruits of scholarship. In this circumstance we find one of the sources of the harmonious growth of his genius. Too many of our artists — and it is to some extent the same with the artists of other countries — enter upon the career that is to occupy their lives, unfurnished with the learning and culture which an early classical education alone can give; and they continue, to their great disadvantage and regret, to manifest a certain crudity in matters beyond their special art, and a one-sided development, materially impairing the satisfaction they would otherwise take in their pursuits and the genial influence they might exercise in their appropriate sphere. We are constantly impressed, in Mr. Allston's writings on art, with the completeness of his intellectual view, and the freedom with which he moves through the whole compass of thought in the domain of art and through all the provinces connected with it. The earlier influences of the profound and affluent genius of Coleridge left unmistakable traces upon his mind, and decided the peculiar coloring of his speculative views; but he has nowhere wandered into the obscurities which too often darkened the struggling conceptions of that great writer. Whatever of Coleridge's philosophy retained its hold upon Mr. Allston was so blended with his independent meditations, that it served only to heighten them by the hues of a spiritual manner of thinking, harmonizing admirably with the poetical light thrown by his own genius over all the objects of thought.

These discourses, four in number, contain, as it were, the essence of Allston's entire artistic life. They had grown up in his mind, not for any special occasion, but as embodying the experiences of his intellectual being. Accordingly they are, like his poems, totally free from the mannerisms of the times, and are, in the highest and best sense of the word, ori-

ginal. They have their root in his inmost nature, and they have ripened into the bright consummate flower by a gradual, slow, and organic progress. They have the completeness of his works of art, while the fresh vitality of the most intense intellectual life flows through every part of them. As we read them, we are in the presence of the very soul of Allston; and whether we agree or not with all of his philosophical statements, we are drawn into perfect sympathy with the lofty spirit of their author; we feel that the mighty magic of genius, sanctified by purity of purpose, and raised almost to prophetic grandeur by the inspiration of religion, is swaying our spirits at will.

The charm of Mr. Allston's exquisite style is here displayed in its highest perfection. Polished to that point where the fullest vigor and the nicest finish meet, it is moulded into forms of expression fitly adapted to the depth, completeness, and elegance of the thought. It is richly wrought, where the subject naturally lifts itself into the stately sweep of harmonious expression, and again falls into an unadorned simplicity, and sometimes even a rigid precision of phrase, where clearness of statement or subtlety of reasoning breaks and varies the vivid flow of the composition; and it passes through all these changes with such an equable and gentle movement, that we seem listening, as it were, to the rising and falling of an Æolian harp.

Mr. Allston did not live to complete his plan, nor did he ever deliver these discourses, as he had hoped to do, before an audience of artists and scholars in Boston. But each discourse, as we have said, forms almost a treatise by itself. We lament that we have not the series, as he intended to carry it out; but those we have lose little of their value, and none of their interest, by their isolation from the rest. In a preliminary note, Mr. Allston gives a philosophical explanation of the term *idea*, as he uses it through his Lectures. This note should be carefully studied, and the substance of it accurately remembered by the reader. It is not only a good illustration of Mr. Allston's power of metaphysical analysis, but is essential to a full understanding of many parts of the discourses that follow; indeed, it may be said to lay the foundation for his theory of art. The principal topic discussed in the introductory discourse is Beauty; and it would be interesting to compare what Mr. Allston says, with the views of Flaxman, who devotes a lec-

ture to it, and of Bell, who handles the subject briefly, but with consummate ability. Connected with this by an admirable chain of associations, are analyses of Truth, and Goodness, and the Ideas which their manifestations in form and action represent. We quote a few paragraphs.

"We do not say that these eternal Ideas of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness will, strictly speaking, always act. Though indestructible, they may be banished for a time by the perverted Will, and mockeries of the brain, like the fume-born phantoms from the witches' caldron in Macbeth, take their places, and assume their functions. We have examples of this in every age, and perhaps in none more startling than in the present. But we mean only that they cannot be *forgotten:* nay, they are but too often recalled with unwelcome distinctness. Could we read the annals which must needs be scored on every heart, — could we look upon those of the aged reprobate, — who will doubt that their darkest passages are those made visible by the distant gleams from these angelic Forms, that, like the Three which stood before the tent of Abraham, once looked upon his youth?

"And we doubt not that the truest witness to the common source of these inborn Ideas would readily be acknowledged by all, could they return to it now with their matured power of introspection, which is, at least, one of the few advantages of advancing years. But, though we cannot bring back youth, we may still recover much of its purer revelations of our nature from what has been left in the memory. From the dim present, then, we would appeal to that fresher time, ere the young spirit had shrunk from the overbearing pride of the understanding, and confidently ask, if the emotions we then felt from the Beautiful, the True, and the Good, did not seem in some way to refer to a common origin. And we would also ask, if it was then frequent that the influence from one was *singly* felt, — if it did not rather bring with it, however remotely, a sense of something, though widely differing, yet still akin to it. When we have basked in the beauty of a summer sunset, was there nothing in the sky that spoke to the soul of Truth and Goodness? And when the opening intellect first received the truth of the great law of gravitation, or felt itself mounting through the profound of space, to travel with the planets in their unerring rounds, did never then the kindred Ideas of Goodness and Beauty chime in, as it were, with the fabled music, — not fabled to the soul, — which led you on like one entranced?

"And again, when, in the passive quiet of your moral nature, so predisposed in youth to all things genial, you have looked abroad on this marvellous, ever teeming Earth, — ever teeming alike for mind and body, — and have felt upon you flow, as from

ten thousand springs of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, ten thousand streams of innocent enjoyment; did you not then *almost hear* them shout in confluence, and almost *see* them gushing upwards, as if they would prove their unity, in one harmonious fountain?"

We should like to quote several passages from the same lecture, on the Sublime; but we must hurry forward to other topics, after one more paragraph on Beauty.

"It would seem, then, that, in relation to man, Beauty is the extreme point, or last summit, of the natural world, since it is in that that we recognize the highest emotion of which we are susceptible from the purely physical. If we ascend thence into the moral, we shall find its influence diminish in the same ratio with our upward progress. In the continuous chain of creation of which it forms a part, the link above it where the moral modification begins seems scarcely changed, yet the difference, though slight, demands another name, and the nomenclator within us calls it Elegance; in the next connecting link, the moral adjunct becomes more predominant, and we call it Majesty; in the next, the physical becomes still fainter, and we call the union Grandeur; in the next, it seems almost to vanish, and a new form rises before us, so mysterious, so undefined and elusive to the senses, that we turn, as if for its more distinct image, within ourselves, and there, with wonder, amazement, awe, we see it filling, distending, stretching every faculty, till, like the Giant of Otranto, it seems almost to burst the imagination: under this strange confluence of opposite emotions, this terrible pleasure, we call the awful form Sublimity. This was the still small voice that shook the Prophet on Horeb; — though small to his ear, it was more than his imagination could contain; he could not hear it again and live."

The next discourse is on the general subject of Art and its characteristics, especially in relation to Painting and Sculpture. These characteristics are laid down as Originality, Human or Poetic Truth, Invention, and Unity, the synthesis of them all. They are treated with consummate eloquence and ability; and the principles here developed apply as well to elegant literature as to the special subject of Painting or Sculpture. But instead of quoting any part of his general observations or reasonings, we will transfer to our pages a description of a Dutch painting, illustrative of Mr. Allston's ideas of invention, followed by another in a very different style; and we shall confess ourselves entirely mistaken if the reader does not feel that the word-pictures before him are vivid transcripts of

their originals, such as never before have been committed to language.

"The interior of a Dutch cottage forms the scene of Ostade's work, presenting something between a kitchen and a stable. Its principal object is the carcass of a hog, newly washed and hung up to dry; subordinate to which is a woman nursing an infant; the accessories, various garments, pots, kettles, and other culinary utensils.

"The bare enumeration of these coarse materials would naturally predispose the mind of one, unacquainted with the Dutch school, to expect any thing but pleasure; indifference, not to say disgust, would seem to be the only possible impression from a picture composed of such ingredients. And such, indeed, would be their effect under the hand of any but a real Artist. Let us look into the picture, and follow Ostade's *mind*, as it leaves its impress on the several objects. Observe how he spreads his principal light, from the suspended carcass to the surrounding objects, moulding it, so to speak, into agreeable shapes, here by extending it to a bit of drapery, there to an earthen pot; then connecting it, by the flash from a brass kettle, with his second light, the woman and child; and again turning the eye into the dark recesses through a labyrinth of broken chairs, old baskets, roosting fowls, and bits of straw, till a glimpse of sunshine, from a half-open window, gleams on the eye, as it were, like an echo, and sending it back to the principal object, which now seems to act on the mind as the luminous source of all these diverging lights. But the magical whole is not yet completed; the mystery of color has been called in to the aid of light, and so subtly blends that we can hardly separate them; at least, until their united effect has first been felt, and after we have begun the process of cold analysis. Yet, even then, we cannot long proceed before we find the charm returning; as we pass from the blaze of light on the carcass, where all the tints of the prism seem to be faintly subdued, we are met on its borders by the dark harslet, glowing like rubies; then we repose awhile on the white cap and kerchief of the nursing mother; then we are roused again by the flickering strife of the antagonist colors on a blue jacket and red petticoat; then the strife is softened by the low yellow of a straw-bottomed chair; and thus with alternating excitement and repose do we travel through the picture, till the scientific explorer loses the analyst in the unresisting passiveness of a poetic dream. Now, all this will no doubt appear to many, if not absurd, at least exaggerated; but not so to those who have ever felt the sorcery of color. They, we are sure, will be the last to question the character of the feeling because of the ingredients which worked the spell, and

if true to themselves, they must call it poetry. Nor will they consider it any disparagement to the all-accomplished Raphael to say of Ostade that he also was an Artist.

"We turn now to a work of the great Italian, — the Death of Ananias. The scene is laid in a plain apartment, which is wholly devoid of ornament, as became the hall of audience of the primitive Christians. The Apostles (then eleven in number) have assembled to transact the temporal business of the Church, and are standing together on a slightly elevated platform, about which, in various attitudes, some standing, others kneeling, is gathered a promiscuous assemblage of their new converts, male and female. This quiet assembly (for we still feel its quietness in the midst of the awful judgment) is suddenly roused by the sudden fall of one of their brethren; some of them turn and see him struggling in the agonies of death. A moment before he was in the vigor of life, — as his muscular limbs still bear evidence; but he had uttered a falsehood, and an instant after his frame is convulsed from head to foot. Nor do we doubt for a moment as to the awful cause; it is almost expressed in voice by those nearest to him; and, though varied by their different temperaments, by terror, astonishment, and submissive faith, this voice has yet but one meaning, — 'Ananias has lied to the Holy Ghost.' The terrible words, as if audible to the mind, now direct us to him who pronounced his doom, and the singly-raised finger of the Apostle marks him the judge; yet not of himself, — for neither his attitude, air, nor expression has any thing in unison with the impetuous Peter, — he is now the simple, passive, yet awful instrument of the Almighty: while another on the right, with equal calmness, though with more severity, by his elevated arm, as beckoning to judgment, anticipates the fate of the entering Sapphira. Yet all is not done; lest a question remain, the Apostle on the left confirms the judgment. No one can mistake what passes within him; like one transfixed in adoration, his uplifted eyes seem to ray out his soul, as if in recognition of the divine tribunal. But the overpowering thought of Omnipotence is now tempered by the human sympathy of his companion, whose open hands, connecting the past with the present, seem almost to articulate, 'Alas, my brother!' By this exquisite turn, we are next brought to John, the gentle almoner of the Church, who is dealing out their portions to the needy brethren. And here, as most remote from the judged Ananias, whose suffering seems not yet to have reached it, we find a spot of repose, — not to pass by, but to linger upon, till we feel its quiet influence diffusing itself over the whole mind; nay, till, connecting it with the beloved Disciple, we find it leading us back through the exciting scene, modifying even our deepest emotions with a kindred tranquillity.

"This is Invention; we have not moved a step through the picture but at the will of the Artist. He invented the chain which we have followed, link by link, through every emotion, assimilating many into one; and this is the secret by which he prepared us, without exciting horror, to contemplate the struggle of mortal agony.

"This too is Art; and the highest art, when thus the awful power, without losing its character, is tempered, as it were, to our mysterious desires. In the work of Ostade, we see the same inventive power, no less effective, though acting through the medium of the humblest materials."

We add to these a magnificent passage on the Farnese Hercules, contrasted with the Apollo Belvedere, in illustration of his idea of Truth.

"Of the immutable nature of this peculiar Truth, we have a like instance in the Farnese Hercules; the work of the Grecian sculptor Glycon, — we had almost said his immortal offspring. Since the time of its birth, cities and empires, even whole nations, have disappeared, giving place to others, more or less barbarous or civilized; yet these are as nothing to the countless revolutions which have marked the interval in the manners, habits, and opinions of men. Is it reasonable, then, to suppose that any thing not immutable in its nature could possibly have withstood such continual fluctuation? But how have all these changes affected this *visible image of Truth*? In no wise; not a jot; and because what is *true* is independent of opinion; it is the same to us now as it was to the men of the dust of antiquity. The unlearned spectator of the present day may not, indeed, see in it the Demigod of Greece; but he can never mistake it for a mere exaggeration of the human form; though of mortal mould, he cannot doubt its possession of more than mortal powers; he feels its *essential life*, for he feels before it as in the stirring presence of a superior being.

"Perhaps the attempt to give form and substance to a pure Idea was never so perfectly accomplished as in this wonderful figure. Who has ever seen the ocean in repose, in its awful sleep, that smooths it like glass, yet cannot level its unfathomed swell? So seems to us the repose of this tremendous personification of strength: the laboring eye heaves on its slumbering sea of muscles, and trembles like a skiff as it passes over them; but the silent intimations of the spirit beneath at length become audible; the startled imagination hears it in its rage, sees it in motion, and sees its resistless might in the passive wrecks that follow the uproar. And this from a piece of marble, cold, immovable, life-

less! Surely there is that in man, which the senses cannot reach, nor the plumb of the understanding sound.

"Let us now turn to the Apollo called Belvedere. In this supernal being, the human form seems to have been assumed as if to make visible the harmonious confluence of the pure ideas of grace, fleetness, and majesty; nor do we think it too fanciful to add celestial splendor; for such, in effect, are the thoughts which crowd, or rather rush, into the mind on first beholding it. Who that saw it in what may be called the place of its glory, the Gallery of Napoleon, ever thought of it as a man, much less as a statue; but did not feel rather as if the vision before him were of another world, — of one who had just lighted on the earth, and with a step so ethereal, that the next instant he would vault into the air? If I may be permitted to recall the impression which it made on myself, I know not that I could better describe it than as a sudden intellectual flash, filling the whole mind with light — and light in motion. It seemed to the mind what the first sight of the sun is to the senses, as it emerges from the ocean; when from a point of light the whole orb at once appears to bound from the waters, and to dart its rays, as by a visible explosion, through the profound of space. But, as the deified Sun, how completely is the conception verified in the thoughts that follow the effulgent original and its marble counterpart! Perennial youth, perennial brightness, follow them both. Who can imagine the old age of the sun? As soon may we think of an old Apollo. Now all this may be ascribed to the imagination of the beholder. Granted, — yet will it not thus be explained away. For that is the very faculty addressed by every work of Genius, — whose nature is *suggestive;* and only when it excites to or awakens congenial thoughts and emotions, filling the imagination with corresponding images, does it attain its proper end. The false and the commonplace can never do this.

"It were easy to multiply similar examples; the bare mention of a single name in modern art might conjure up a host, — the name of Michael Angelo, the mighty sovereign of the Ideal, than whom no one ever trod so near, yet so securely, the dizzy brink of the Impossible."

The next discourse is on the subject of Form, and upon this much disputed matter we think Mr. Allston has thrown a great deal of new light. He thus summarily and satisfactorily disposes of a very common theory, — that of an ideal or standard form.

"Let us now endeavor to form some general notion of Man in his various aspects, as presented by the myriads which people the

earth. But whose imagination is equal to the task, — to the setting in array before it the countless multitudes, each individual in his proper form, his proper character? Were this possible, we should stand amazed at the interminable differences, the hideous variety; and that, too, no less in the moral, than in the physical; nay, so opposite and appalling in the former as hardly to be figured by a chain of animals, taking for the extremes the fierce and filthy hyena and the inoffensive lamb. This is man in the concrete, — to which, according to some, is to be applied the *abstract Ideal!*

"Now, let us attempt to conceive of a being that shall represent all the diversities of mind, affections, and dispositions, that fleck this heterogeneous mass of humanity, and then to conceive of a Form that shall be in such perfect affinity with it as to indicate them all. The bare statement of the proposition shows its absurdity. Yet this must be the office of a Standard Form; and this it must do, or it will be a falsehood. Nor should we find it easier with any given number, with twenty, fifty, nay, an hundred (so called) generic forms. We do not hesitate to affirm, that, were it possible, it would be quite as easy with one as with a thousand."

The empirical rules are then examined, and the ground, or rather groundlessness, of most of them, is clearly set forth; but, in conclusion, they are admitted to be *expedient fictions*, — in other words, not absolute laws, but only such practical directions as may be set aside by the higher authority of the artist "in whose mind alone is the ultimate rule."

The fourth and last discourse is on Composition, of which Mr. Allston lays down the following as the required characteristics.

"First, Unity of Purpose, as expressing the general sentiment or intention of the Artist. Secondly, Variety of Parts, as expressed in the diversity of shape, quantity, and line. Thirdly, Continuity, as expressed by the connection of parts with each other, and their relation to the whole. Fourthly, Harmony of Parts."

The following brief sketches will exhibit the manner in which some of these characteristics are illustrated.

"In the wild and stormy scenes of Salvator Rosa, they break upon us as with the angular flash of lightning; the eye is dashed up one precipice only to be dashed down another; then, suddenly hurried to the sky, it shoots up, almost in a direct line, to some sharp-edged rock; whence pitched, as it were, into a sea of clouds,

bellying with circles, it partakes their motion, and seems to reel, to roll, and to plunge with them into the depths of air.

"If we pass from Salvator to Claude, we shall find a system of lines totally different. Our first impression from Claude is that of perfect *unity*, and this we have even before we are conscious of a single image; as if, circumscribing his scenes by a magic circle, he had imposed his own mood on all who entered it. The *spell* then opens ere it seems to have begun, acting upon us with a vague sense of limitless expanse, yet so continuous, so gentle, so imperceptible in its remotest gradations, as scarcely to be felt, till, combining with unity, we find the feeling embodied in the complete image of intellectual repose, — fulness and rest. The mind thus disposed, the charmed eye glides into the scene: a soft, undulating light leads it on, from bank to bank, from shrub to shrub; now leaping and sparkling over pebbly brooks and sunny sands; now fainter and fainter, dying away down shady slopes, then seemingly quenched in some secluded dell; yet only for a moment, — for a dimmer ray again carries it onward, gently winding among the boles of trees and rambling vines, that, skirting the ascent, seem to hem in the twilight; then emerging into day, it flashes in sheets over towers and towns, and woods and streams, when it finally dips into an ocean, so far off, so twin-like with the sky, that the doubtful horizon, unmarked by a line, leaves no point of rest: and now, as in a flickering arch, the fascinated eye seems to sail upward like a bird, wheeling its flight through a mottled labyrinth of clouds, on to the zenith; whence, gently inflected by some shadowy mass, it slants again downward to a mass still deeper, and still to another, and another, until it falls into the darkness of some massive tree, — focused like midnight in the brightest noon: there stops the eye, instinctively closing, and giving place to the Soul, there to repose and to dream her dreams of romance and love."

The following pithy paragraph is of universal application.

"We might go on thus with every great name in Art. But these examples are enough to show how much even the most original minds, not only may, but *must*, owe to others; for the social law of our nature applies no less to the intellect than to the affections. When applied to genius, it may be called the social inspiration, the simple statement of which seems to us of itself a solution of the oft-repeated question, 'Why is it that genius always appears in clusters?' To Nature, indeed, we must all at last recur, as to the only true and permanent foundation of real excellence. But Nature is open to all men alike, in her beauty, her majesty, her grandeur, and her sublimity. Yet who will assert that all men see, or, if they see, are impressed by these her

attributes alike? Nay, so great is the difference, that one might almost suppose them inhabitants of different worlds. Of Claude, for instance, it is hardly a metaphor to say that he lived in two worlds during his natural life; for Claude the pastry-cook could never have seen the same world that was made visible to Claude the painter. It was human sympathy, acting through human works, that gave birth to his intellect at the age of forty. There is something, perhaps, ludicrous in the thought of an infant of forty. Yet the fact is a solemn one, that thousands die whose minds have never been born."

With these passages we must close our notice of these precious remains, — this golden legacy to the art and literature of our country. The book will sink deeply into the mind of the age, and its influence will slowly but surely extend itself through the whole domain of American culture. We rejoice to hear that the Life and Correspondence of Mr. Allston, — now, it is understood, in preparation by a distinguished relative and a kindred genius, — will soon be published. We can foresee, and we venture to predict for them, a welcome as cordial as the warmest friends of the subject and the editor can desire.

Art. VIII. — 1. *Papers and Correspondence relative to the Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed March 5, 1850. Folio.

2. *The Franklin Expedition, or Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our Absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions.* With Maps. By the Rev. W. Scoresby, D. D., Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, Member of the Institute of France, &c. London. 1850.

Just a year ago, an account was given in this journal of Sir John Franklin's disappearance, and the expeditions sent to his relief. The last have returned, Franklin has not. The want of success in these expeditions has aroused an enthusiastic interest in the fate of the lost navigator, both in England and in the United States, which is as characteristic of the present

age, as the Crusades were of the times called the Dark Ages. The failure of the late relief expeditions does not seem owing to any want of energy on the part of the commanders, as a sketch of their proceedings will show.

Sir James Ross left England in June, 1848, and passed Upernavik, on the western coast of Greenland, on the 13th of July. As he advanced to the north, he found the ice was of unprecedented solidity. The whalers, that had kept company with him, soon turned back, abandoning all hope of crossing Baffin's Bay. By persevering, he succeeded in forcing his way to the western shore, and reached Pond's Bay on the 23d of August. Observing that the ice rested upon the land a few miles to the south, he sailed towards the north, close along the shore, watching narrowly for any boats that might contain the lost party; in fog and at night, guns were fired and rockets sent up, to attract their notice if they should be on that coast; and at suitable points, parties were sent on shore to look for any indications of their having ever been there. Thus he arrived, on the 1st of September, off Cape York, at the eastern point of the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet. Having dropped overboard many casks containing notices that a depot of provisions would be found at Port Leopold, off the western shore of the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet, it was a matter of importance to reach this port and make the deposit. He was shut out, however, by a solid mass of ice extending fourteen miles from the shore. Turning then to the northern shore of Barrow's Strait, he found Wellington Channel frozen firmly over; standing then to the west, he found Barrow's Strait in that direction an unbroken mass of ice from shore to shore. Driven back to Port Leopold, he struggled through the loosened ice into the harbor on the 11th of September; the ice closed over the entrance the very night after his entrance, shutting both ships in till the end of the next August.

When spring permitted the men to leave the ships, Sir James Ross with one party on foot explored the coast line to the west as far as Cape Bunny, longitude 95° 20′ W., then, following its bending to the south, to latitude 72° 38′ N., longitude 95° 40′ W. At this extreme of his journey, there was a high point from which the coast could be traced with the eye fifty miles farther. Another expedition followed down

the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet to Fury Beach, in latitude 72° 45′ N., while a third crossed to the northern shore of Barrow's Strait. None of them found any trace of Franklin's party. Building a house on shore, and leaving in it provisions for a year, fuel, and other necessaries, besides a steam launch large enough to carry the lost navigators to the common whaling grounds, Sir James Ross succeeded in extricating his ships from the harbor on the 11th of August, 1849, after a year's detention.

He at once proceeded towards the northern shore of Barrow's Strait. He saw nothing to the west but an unbroken field of ice; the ice stopped him in his progress when within twelve miles of the shore. The floating masses gradually enclosed the ships, then freezing together, fastened them as firmly as if they were imbedded in rock. The mass was stationary a few days, then drifted eastward, at the rate of eight or ten miles per day, to the entrance of Lancaster Sound. The current here turning to the south, the two crews, prison bound in their island fifty miles in circumference, were floating helplessly along the coast, when a number of grounded icebergs were seen directly in their path. Destruction seemed inevitable. But, while many hearts were beating with apprehension of the expected collision, the whole field in which the ships were enclosed was suddenly rent into fragments, as if by some unseen power. All dashing against each other, they filled the sea with new dangers. But the strenuous exertions of the men were successful, and the ships were again in clear water, on the 25th of September. This was too late to return to Barrow's Strait; the expedition was foiled. The commander could only begin the homeward voyage, to bear the tale of bitter disappointment to England.

Sir John Richardson, who had command of the overland expedition, left England in March, 1848. Travelling over the British possessions, he reached the mouth of Mackenzie's River on the 4th of August. As he followed the coast in his boats to Cape Bathurst, he found the sea entirely open, and the shores populous with Esquimaux. The natives told him that, for six weeks in midsummer, no ice can be seen there from the loftiest headlands. Yet not one of them had seen the lost ships, or any of their boats on this open water, nor had they ever heard of them. After rounding Cape Bathurst, Sir John Richardson found the appearance of the sea was

changed. Floes of ice appeared; they became more numerous and extensive as he advanced, till, on the 3rd of September, when he had passed Cape Hearne in Coronation Gulf, finding the sea was solid, he landed with his party and travelled to winter quarters on the Coppermine. He felt assured, from the representations of the Esquimaux, that Franklin's party had not been in sight of any part of the shore which he had examined. He returned to England in the following spring. Dr. Rae, however, remained to examine the strait which, some suppose, leads northwardly between Wollaston Island and Victoria Land to the ocean. Tidings ought to have arrived from him ere now, but we have heard of none yet.

Commander Moore sailed from England, with the intention of passing through Behrring Strait and examining the shores to the north in the summer of 1848. But his vessel was so dull a sailer that he had to winter on the shores of Kamtschatka, without reaching the Strait. Leaving his winter harbor next season, he passed through, in the beginning of July, 1849, and was immediately joined by Captain Kellet, with the Herald, who had just arrived from England. They sailed together up the American coast to longitude 160° W., and latitude 70° 20′ N., where they fitted out the Herald's thirty feet pinnace, and two twenty-seven feet whaleboats, to explore the coast beyond Point Barrow. Leaving them on the 25th of July, the ships sailed due north to latitude 71° 05′ N., where they met the pack of ice extending from N. W. by W., to N. E., as far as the eye could reach. The ice was dirty colored, and five or six feet high, except some pinnacles deeply seated in the pack, which, Captain Kellet says, had no doubt been thrown up by the floes coming in contact. They sailed along the edge of the pack in a northwesterly direction, till the 28th of July, when they reached latitude 70° 51′ N., longitude 168° W. As before, the ice was five or six feet high, dirty colored, showing an outline without a break in it, and having the same appearance of columns and pinnacles some distance in. Commander Moore thought he saw an appearance of land towards the north. The ice was so firm, that although the wind was off the pack, there was not a particle of loose or drift ice, and, as far as could be seen from the mast head, it trended away W. S. W. At this point, Commander Moore

and the ice master reported a water sky to the north, and a strong "ice blink," (or glare indicating the presence of ice,) to the southwest. They returned to Wainwright Inlet on the 2nd of August, and went to sea again on the same day. Captain Kellet, steering west, found a shoal, ten miles in diameter, latitude 70° 20′ N., longitude 171° W., and landed on a triangular rocky island, a few miles in extent, rising to a lofty peak, latitude 71° 20′ N., longitude 175° 16′ W. From this island, mountainous land was distinctly seen in the north and west, at the distance of thirty-five miles. The unbroken pack of ice here stretched northerly and to the E. S. E., presenting an impenetrable barrier to the advance of the ship. Returning to the American shore, Captain Kellett met Mr. Martin, who had returned with the pinnace from his exploration of the shore, and a Mr. Shedden, who had come to this icy region in his yacht by way of taking a pleasure trip, and had accompanied the boats around Point Barrow. The pinnace and whaleboats, though obstructed by the ice, had advanced forty miles beyond Point Barrow, to a low sandy islet four or five miles off shore, off the east point of Dease Inlet, as marked by Simpson. Pullen continued east with the whaleboats, to examine the coast as far as the mouth of the Mackenzie River, so as to connect with Sir John Richardson's examination. Captain Kellet says he learned from Mr. Martin, that the water east of Point Barrow is extremely shallow; that the yacht grounded and was obliged to return. Commander Moore says, — "Mr. Martin reports that the water is exceedingly shallow off and about Elson Bay, and that, although the summer has been an exceedingly favorable one in every respect for a vessel coming through, yet the depth of water necessary is wanting; this, together with the northeast current, and the prevalence of southwest winds, renders the northwest passage, in my opinion, decidedly unattainable." Captain Kellet soon afterwards took his ship to the Pacific, and Commander Moore laid his vessel up in winter quarters near Behring Strait, so as to resume the examination early in the season of 1850. The Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company has published a letter, stating that Mr. Pullen had arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie River without finding a trace of Franklin.

When Sir James Ross started, it was intended that he should send home one of his vessels in the second season, and prosecute the search alone. But the Admiralty, wishing to make the expedition more effective, sent Mr. Saunders in the "North Star" to Lancaster Sound, with supplies, in May, 1849. If, after delivering the supplies, the water were open and he had ample time, he was to look into Smith's and Jones's Sounds, to ascertain, if possible, whether Sir John Franklin's ships had entered either of those inlets. His instructions added, "we desire that you will carefully avoid risking all hazard of the 'North Star' being detained a winter in that region;" "but you are distinctly to understand, that this permission [to join in the search] is given only in case of your joining sufficiently early for that purpose, and of your paying implicit obedience to our order that you return to England, so as to run no risk of being shut up in the ice."

Of course, no officer would dream of disregarding such orders, and since Mr. Saunders has not returned, it is very clear he could not. The last news we have of him is a letter dated 19th of July, 1849, latitude 74° 3′ N., longitude 59° 40′ W., which speaks of the amount of ice opposing him as very discouraging. The letter was brought by the captain of a whaler, whose vessel had been crushed, and who was sailing in his boats to the Danish settlements in Greenland, when he met the "North Star." None of the whalers that penetrated to the western shore of Baffin's Bay last season saw any trace of the ship. Two sailed into Lancaster Sound, until they met the unbroken ice extending from shore to shore, without seeing a trace of any vessel. A Captain Gravill landed on one of the capes at the entrance of Jones's Sound, and surveyed the Sound through a telescope forty or fifty miles from its entrance, without seeing any evidence of any vessel ever having been there. The "North Star" is another missing ship.

With all our admiration of the explorers, it is difficult to read these narratives without disappointment. The result of the expeditions may be summed up almost in the very words that we used a year ago in anticipation; a northwest passage has not been discovered; the northern coast of the continent has been traced from the Pacific almost to the Atlantic; but little has been added to what was already known of the geo-

graphy of the arctic regions, and of Franklin, still all that can be said is, that while there is doubt, there is hope.

So far was Ross from discovering a northwest passage, that he found impenetrable ice where its eastern beginning was looked for; and Commander Moore, after examining the sea north of Behring Strait, says such a passage is, in his opinion, decidedly unattainable. The additions to our knowledge of geography are quickly summed up; Sir James Ross traced a hundred miles of coast, which seemed to be the shore of an inlet; Commander Moore thought he saw an appearance of land over the ice, northwest from Point Barrow; and Captain Kellet, besides discovering a shoal and two small islands, saw mountainous land afar off over the ice.

In regard to the lost party, the results are all negative, but sadly significant. In a thorough examination of the shores of the continent from Behring Strait to the Coppermine, not a trace of the party was found, nor was a native met who had seen or heard any thing of it. The explorations of Sir James Ross, it is true, were not very extensive; but his long stay at Port Leopold is big with inference. If Franklin had been arrested by the ice within three hundred miles of the entrance to Prince Regent's Inlet, he would certainly have travelled back to it on the ice, before the end of the summer of 1849, as the surest means of returning to England. Now had he proceeded directly west, towards Melville Island, he would certainly have been arrested within that distance; had he attempted to advance to the south of west, beyond Cape Walker, there is every reason for believing he would scarcely have gone half so far. Or had he attempted to penetrate into Prince Regent's Inlet, in quest of the strait which was believed, four years ago, to connect it with the ocean to the west, he could not have gone three hundred miles. Since, therefore, no one of Sir John Franklin's party reached the mouth of the inlet so late even as last August, nor was met by any of Sir James Ross's exploring parties, which scoured all the surrounding region that spring, we are almost compelled to infer, that Sir John Franklin adopted none of these courses. The only other course left was through Wellington Channel, and the other channels flowing between the Parry Islands. But the papers published by order of the House of Commons shake one's confidence a little in the hope that these chan-

nels communicate with an ocean to the north. The general expectation of finding a passage through them is founded entirely on Sir Edward Parry's narrative. When he sailed by the entrance of Wellington Channel in 1819, it appeared from the mast head to be as free from ice as the middle of the ocean. No ice but field ice, we believe, has been found west of Barrow Strait. From the observations of Captain Kellet last summer, it appears that field ice cannot be seen from the mast head at a greater distance than eleven miles. Hence, Parry's narrative only shows that, in the summer of 1819, there was no ice in Wellington Channel within eleven miles of its juncture with Barrow's Strait. Sir Edward Parry also says, that he saw no ice whatever in the channel, when he returned in the following year. He does not state how nearly he approached the channel; but his course, as marked upon his chart, shows that he was not within thirty miles of it. Of course, he saw no ice. All we know is, that in the summer of 1819, there was no ice in Wellington Channel within eleven miles of Barrow's Strait, and in 1848 and 1849, it was firmly frozen over all summer.

We can only say, it may be a channel leading to the Arctic Ocean, or, may be an inlet or bay. If it is an inlet or bay, we know from the experience of navigators in the great inlet called Prince Regent's, that no ship could force its way 300 miles from its mouth. But if Franklin's ships had been arrested within 300 miles of its mouth, his party would have found their way back over the ice in the spring. Since they did not, we must infer, that if Wellington Channel is an inlet or bay, Franklin is not there. If it is a channel communicating with an ocean to the north, and favorable weather enabled him to force his way through, we are at a loss to conjecture his fate. But the little we know leads inevitably to the conclusion, that the expanse of water spreading to the north of the region about the Mackenzie River is a part of the Arctic Ocean. If Franklin had penetrated to the ocean, it therefore seems likely, that some part of his expedition would have been able to prosecute its route over this open sea to the continent. Since no part of the expedition has appeared within sight of the continent on this sea, we have some reason, (very doubtful it is true,) for supposing that Franklin did not enter Wellington Channel, even if it is a channel communicating with the ocean to the north.

It seems now, that Franklin had another project in view, in case all that were suggested in his instructions should fail. Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman living in the north of Scotland, has written to the Admiralty, that he had a conversation with Franklin just before he took his last leave of British soil. The unfortunate navigator then said, if he failed in all these attempts, he would retrace his way through Barrow Strait, and advancing up Baffin's Bay, would endeavor to find a passage through Jones's Sound. The Admiralty do not appear to give full credence to the story; as to the success of such an enterprise, it is impossible to say any thing. Nothing, in fact, was known of Jones's Sound, save its existence, until a whaler captain surveyed its shores last summer, with a telescope, as far as he could see from its mouth.

What does all this amount to? That there is some reason, be it much or little, there is some reason, for supposing that Franklin never entered Barrow's Strait. What then? That on the very threshold of the voyage, before the region of discovery was reached, his luckless vessels were crushed by the icebergs off Baffin's Bay, and every life on board lost. This notion, which will at times force itself upon us, is somewhat countenanced by the reported dangers of Baffin's Bay. The whole central portion of the Bay is covered in summer with broken ice, floes, and bergs, setting towards the ocean, called by the whalemen, the "middle ice." It leaves but little open water on the western shore, none at all, indeed, near Davis Straits; but on the eastern shore, there is generally, after the first of June, sufficient navigable water. Vessels arriving at Lancaster Sound sail up the western coast of Greenland, generally as far as Melville Bay. In favorable seasons, they can push through the ice in a lower latitude. But the common practice is to coast up to Melville Bay, and then, in the latter part of June, or beginning of July, double the "middle ice," or sail round its northern edge. Unhappily, southwesterly storms are apt to prevail there at this season, driving the "middle ice" on to the shore, and crushing or overwhelming the ships in its way. So many disasters have happened from this cause, that the passage of Melville Bay is called by the whalers, the Devil's Nip. An eye witness, writing to Dr. Scoresby, mentioned the loss of nine ships in 1819, about eleven sail in a year or two after, and twelve or thirteen in the following season.

A numerical catalogue of shipwrecks, will not give so clear an idea of the peculiar dangers of this coast, as an abstract of Dr. Scoresby's full and spirited account of the season of 1830. Forty sail of whalers were in Melville Bay on the 11th of June, 1830, fastened to the edge of the land-ice, which extended many miles out from shore, when the middle ice began to close in upon them. On the 24th, there being indications of a storm, the crews cut canals into the land ice, some hundred feet deep, and drew their ships in for protection. The whole visible expanse was covered with ice; to the east, with the smooth, unbroken land ice; to the west, with the floes and icebergs that made "middle ice." The storm burst forth next day, driving the seaward ice furiously on towards the ships. Floes, dashing against each other, piled up huge ridges, in mimicry of the bergs. The accumulated mass bore against the land ice, crumbling its outer edge, annihilating the canals of refuge, and dealing destruction among the ships. Some were raised by the pressure, some were thrown upon their beam ends; the broadsides of some were broken in; others were squeezed flat, and tossed over on the level ice. One was pitched upon her stern, in the posture of a rearing horse; others were thrown upon the smooth ice, and buried under the advancing floes; in one instance, at least, a ship was so quickly covered over in this way, that in a few moments nothing was to be seen but the outer end of the mizzen-boom. The air was fluttering with signals of distress, and the land ice was peopled with shipwrecked sailors. All set earnestly to work deepening the canals, to preserve what vessels were not yet destroyed. After raging a few days, the storm lulled. It rested a few days, then broke forth again with as great fury as before. The bergs again ploughed through the field ice, floes again were heaped up into hillocks, and the remaining vessels were battered as before. When, at last, continuous fine weather had released the remnant of the fleet from their dangerous situation, it was found that twenty ships were lost, and the rest were more or less injured. Few lives, however, were lost; very few, indeed, except in cases of men attempting long journeys over the ice while intoxicated. The life lost in 1819 was from the same cause. But if the ships, instead of being moored to a firm plain, on which the wrecked mariners found an asylum, had been a hundred miles from

land, entangled in the floating ice, we see but little chance of the men or ships escaping destruction.

A plain landsman can scarcely read these accounts, bearing in mind at the same time that Franklin, when last seen, was in this calamitous region, and that no trace of his party has been found, without having some fear that the ships were destroyed here, before the expedition was actually begun. Men of nautical experience, however, especially whalemen, who are most versed in the dangers of Melville Bay, seem to fear nothing of the sort. They all say it would be singular that one ship, and incredible that two, sailing in company, should be so entirely destroyed as to leave not a remnant to be discovered; that in the annals of navigation, the loss of La Perouse is the only instance of such a thing. No one in England discusses the question whether or not Franklin's party still survive; the doubt is, where they are to be found. The most experienced officers in the British navy, and men of every profession, in this country as well as in England, have published plans for sending relief, and all assume that the lost navigators are only ice-bound in the frozen north. Amidst all who exhibit interest in the lost expedition, stands conspicuous the untiring wife of its commander. Wherever a word is wanted to awaken zeal, or call dormant energy into life, there is heard the entreating voice of Lady Jane Franklin. She has infused her own enthusiasm into the phlegmatic Board of Admiralty; she has roused a chivalric spirit in the rude whalers of Aberdeen; all the arctic research of England and America, at her invocation, comes from the study and the cabin to throw light on the obscure regions of the north; and her prayers of dignified pathos have awakened responsive tones in the hearts of two great nations. The British Parliament and the American Congress, the British Admiralty and the American Navy Department, British and American citizens, are active in the efforts to which she has stimulated them.

The want of success of last year has only whetted the appetite for enterprise. Instead of four vessels provisioned for two years, a dozen vessels are now sent out, supplied with every thing that ingenuity can devise, and provisioned for three years. The discoverers are instigated also by the spirit of emulation. They are all resolved to do more than was done last year. And, among themselves, English perse-

verance is put in competition with American energy, regularly commissioned parties vie with volunteers, the Hudson Bay Company, whalemen, and the navy contend with each other. Captain Collinson of the navy is sent to Bhering Strait with the Enterprise and Investigator, Ross's ships. He is to attach Commander Moore to his command, and, for this summer, is to be joined by Captain Kellet. He is to proceed to Point Barrow, (beyond which Moore says the water is too shallow for a little yacht,) then to explore wherever it seems best. Two injunctions only are imperative: that nothing whatever is to divert the expedition from its object, the relief of the lost party; and that two vessels must always be in company, so that if one should be lost, the crew may find refuge on the other. Instructions have been sent to Lieutenant, now Commander, Pullen, at his winter quarters on the Mackenzie River, to explore the sea which spreads to the north from the continent. It is feared that these instructions were sent too late to meet him, and that this, the most interesting of all the expeditions, except the one through Smith's Sound, may not be attempted. Instructions have also been sent to Dr. Rae, of the Hudson Bay Company, to continue his examination of Wollaston Island this summer, in whatever direction he may think proper. Captain Austin of the navy is despatched with two sail vessels and two steamers, fully equipped for three years, to Cape Walker, Banks Land, Melville Island, and wherever may seem useful. He is provided with light sleds of gutta percha, to enable parties to travel expeditiously over the snow. The importance of these will be appreciated by any one who reads of the toilsome marches which former explorers have had to make on foot. Captain Penny, a veteran whaleman, as familiar with Baffin's Bay as with the streets of his native Aberdeen, has command of two small vessels, most completely equipped, and manned with a volunteer crew of sailors bred in the Greenland seas. He is clothed with ample discretionary power. His intention, when he left England, was to attempt first to penetrate through Jones's Sound; failing there, to push through Wellington Channel. An effort was made to get up a subscription which would enable the old veteran, Sir John Ross, to take command of another expedition. We have not heard that the effort has succeeded.

Finally, two small vessels, fitted out by the munificent philanthropy of Mr. Moses Grinnell of New York, commanded by Lieutenant De Haven and passed midshipman Griffin of the U. S. Navy, have started to share in the glory and the perils of the search. The government has received these vessels, two brigantines, from Mr. Grinnel, has manned, victualled them, provided them with nautical instruments, and extended over them the discipline of the navy. This little expedition, numbering thirty-six, men and officers, will push for Wellington Channel first; failing there, for Cape Walker and Melville Island, failing there, for Jones's and Smith's Sounds. We confidently expect this scintillation of American energy will achieve something memorable, perhaps find Franklin, perhaps trace the configuration of the unknown coast far north of the Parry Islands, perhaps make some discovery that no one wots of. Many exploring expeditions hovered around the antartic ice, but it was reserved for an American to find the land which lies behind it. More than one expedition has been sent to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; but only the American succeeded in making a survey of them. More than one great nation has talked of digging a canal or building a railroad across the isthmus of Panama; but only the American has begun the work. We are now to see what this same energy will accomplish on the peculiar ground of British discovery.

These expeditions cannot be abortive. If Franklin is alive, as they who ought to be most capable of judging say he is, he certainly will be found; if not, his loss will be ascertained. At any rate, important geographical discoveries will be made. What is known of Arctic geography now is only tantalizing. Every voyage which has removed old doubts has excited new ones. Undoubtedly the discoveries of the last seventy-five years have added much to our knowledge, but what remains unknown, is as puzzling as ever. Let navigators achieve as much as they may, they seem always stopped at the gateway of discovery. Whenever we cast our eyes over the boundary of the undiscovered region, the edge of land or water, or the openings of inlets present themselves, promising great disclosures to any who will examine them.

No one knows what Greenland is, though it has been col-

onized by Europeans nine hundred years. It is known, however, that large inlets penetrate far into the interior from the eastern and western shores; that a current sets into those on the east and out from those on the west; that the great current from the northeast brings down vast masses of ice to the eastern shore, and large masses of ice issue from those on the western shore. It is fair, then, to suppose that these inlets join with each other; that they are, in fact, straits joining the Atlantic with Baffin's Bay. Dr. Scoresby, who explored the eastern coast between the 69th and 75th parallels of latitude, thinks it is so; and Giesecke, who spent a considerable time in examining the natural history of Greenland, lays it down on his chart as a chain of islands.

Smith's Sound is marked on the maps as a break in the northern coast line of Baffin's Bay. Nothing is known of it but that there is an opening there. It has scarcely, if ever, been seen, since it was discovered by Baffin. The Arctic Highlanders, a tribe of Esquimaux living on the neighboring coast of Greenland, afford an argument for holding that this opening is the entrance to a strait leading to the northern ocean. When discovered by Sir John Ross in 1818, they had never dreamed of people living farther south; they imagined all the world lay farther north, and they went farther north to enjoy the winter. The Esquimaux, it is well known, depend almost entirely upon the seal fishery for their subsistence, so that it is important to them to live near open water. Their migrations are determined by the opening and freezing of the sea. If they migrate to the north, it must be because the water there remains open longer. This habit of the Arctic Highlanders, therefore, shows that Smith's Sound leads to some tract of water more open than Baffin's Bay.

Following down the western coast of Baffin's Bay, the next point of interest is Jones's Sound. We have already said how little of this is known. Following the bleak coast still farther south, we come to Barrow's Strait, through which the Northwest Passage has been so confidently looked for. The great inlet leading to the south is now known to be a bay. The water extending directly west towards Melville Island is called by the British Admiralty, a "part of the Arctic Ocean." Enough was said in the last July number of this Journal to show, that it is practically a bay, enclosed

on the north by a chain of islands, on the west and south by permanently impenetrable ice. Nor should we be surprised to learn, that it is in fact a bay enclosed on all sides by land. Wellington Channel, and the other channels leading to the north, are confidently looked to as the portals of the North-west Passage. The doubtfulness investing all we know of them has already been shown. Nor is any thing at all known of the shape or extent of the land lying north, west, and south of this "part of the Arctic Ocean."

Skipping over some hundred miles to the south, indicated on the maps by a blank, we find the northern coast of the continent. The sea here is at least partially covered with ice all the year, and is compressed into a narrow strait between the continent and two tracts of land lying to the north, called Victoria Land and Wollaston Island. Sir John Richardson, observing that the flood tide comes from the north between these two tracts, inferred the existence of a channel there, leading to the ocean. Dr. Rae spent last summer in examining this channel; but, until his report shall be received, we must say nothing is known of these lands but the southern shore; nor of the channel, but its entrance.

West of Wollaston Island, no land has yet been found north of America. Between Wollaston Island and Cape Bathurst, the sea is partially covered with ice through the summer. But from Cape Bathurst three hundred miles west, the sea is entirely clear of ice half the summer; its surface is dotted with flocks of ducks, multitudinous whales disport in its waters, and numberless seals flounder on the shore, a prey to the tribes of Esquimaux who congregate there in the warm months. There can be no question that this is part of the ocean; but where its eastern and western limits are, no one knows.

Farther west, the navigator meets ice in midsummer; he finds it thicker, and pressing closer upon the shore as he advances, until, near Point Barrow, its glassy surface seems to enjoy perennial repose. At Point Barrow it recedes, a bight or recess being apparently worn into it by the current swept up the western coast of the continent by southwest winds. Beyond Point Barrow, the ice follows the shore, (generally leaving a navigable passage a few leagues wide, but closing upon the land in some winds,) to the latitude of

71° N. At about this latitude, the ice extends out to sea as far as any one has ever sailed, in a line varying at different seasons from south of west to northwest. Cooke, in the summers of 1778 and 1779; Captain Beechey, in the summers of 1826 and 1827; Kellet and Moore, in 1849, traced it as far long as they had time to examine, and saw it extending still farther. Kellet and Moore went to lat. 72. 51. N., long. 168 W.; from this point, not only was the ice seen trending to the southwest as far as could be seen from the mast head, but also a strong ice blink in the southwest showed that it extended beyond the horizon in that direction. From a point at 71° 20′ N., long. 175° 16′ W., that is, 133 miles west, and 91 miles south of the former point,* Capt. Kellet found the ice again, noticed its line extending indefinitely to the north and to the southeast, and saw very high land about 35 miles north. Between these two extremes of vision there is an interval of a hundred miles, not yet visited. But from the stillness of the sea, the absence of currents, and the extreme purity of the water,† we have reason to infer that the icy barrier extends over this interval also. We know, as far as we can know what has not been seen, that land lies beyond this ice. Its permanence, the quietude of the seas, its shoalness, the absence of currents, the vast flocks of ducks that are seen migrating from the north in the fall, and the immense herds of deer that travel to the north over the ice near Point Barrow in the spring and return in the fall, prove so conclusively the existence of land beyond, that the discovery could scarcely add to one's confidence. As to its extent, we can only infer from the extent of the ice which rests upon it, that it covers many degrees of longitude.

Von Wrangell was told by a Siberian, that from Cape Jakan, on the northeast coast of Siberia, one might on a clear summer day descry snow-covered mountains at a great distance to the north; but that, in winter, it was impossible to see so far. He said that, formerly, herds of reindeer sometimes came across the ice of the sea, probably from thence; but that they had been frightened back by hunters and wolves; that he had himself seen a herd returning to the north in April,

---

* At lat. 71, a degree of long. is 19.53, at 72, it is 18.54 miles long.
† A white plate can be seen distinctly at the depth of 80 feet.

and that he had followed them in a sled drawn by two reindeer for a whole day, until the rugged surface of the ice forced him to desist. His opinion was, that these distant mountains were not an island, but an extensive land, like his own country. He had been told so by his father. Other natives spoke to Von Wrangell of this distant land, which could be seen in clear weather. Captain Kellet conjectures, plausibly enough, that the distant mountainous land which he descried is a continuation of this land.

The navigator, sailing through Behring Strait in search of Franklin, here finds the whole north closed against him. The passage around Point Barrow, in the northeast, is now admitted to be impracticable. Unless a passage can be found around the coast of Siberia, it is futile to send vessels to Behring's sea. The careful observations of Captain Beechey show, that a very slight current sets in through Behring Strait to the north, strikes against the American shore, follows it to Icy Cape, then strikes off westwardly through the sea. Von Wrangell says, that in summer there is a current from Behring's sea passing to the west between Cape Jakan and the distant land seen to the north. These two, in effect, make one current, the only one in Behring's sea. This passage is sometimes navigable; for a Russian once sailed through it, from the northern coast of Siberia to the Pacific. Little as is known of it, we are sure of this much: Captain Collinson must take this route, if he would find for his ships a wider field of discovery than Behring's sea.

Another conclusion is to be drawn from these facts; if the northern shore of the continent is ever to be circumnavigated, the course, most probably, will be across Behring's sea, around the coast of Asia, to the longitude at least of 180° W., then across the north pole to the coast of Spitzbergen. A passage may possibly be found through Wellington Channel, Jones's Sound, or Smith's Sound. But the navigation of such narrow channels is precarious; ice, baffling winds, and adverse currents are apt to retard a ship several seasons. Upon the other hand, a careful examination of the observations of explorers upon currents, climate, and ice, scattered over many books, goes strongly to show (we can scarcely help saying, shows,) that about the pole the sea is perpetually open, and the climate is much milder than at Melville Island or at Fort

Enterprise in latitude 64°. If a ship could pierce through the ice which clings to the coast of Siberia, we firmly believe it could cross the pole, and, favored by the powerful current which pours down from the polar region north of Spitzbergen, could return in triumph to the Atlantic.

Art. IX.—1. *Report from the select Committee on Public Libraries; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 23 July, 1849. London. Folio. pp. xx. and 317.

2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum; with Minutes of Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of Her Majesty. London: Printed by William Clowes and Sons. 1850. Folio. pp. xliv. and 823.

3. *Annual Report of the Trustees of the Astor Library of the City of New York.* Made to the Legislature, January 29, 1850. Albany: Weed, Parsons, and Co., Public Printers. 1850. [Assembly Document, No. 43, pp. 30.]

4. *Reports, etc., of the Smithsonian Institution, exhibiting its Plans, Operations, and Financial Condition up to January* 1, 1849. From the third annual Report of the Board of Regents. Presented to Congress, February 19th, 1849. Washington: Thomas Ritchie, Printer. 1849. 8vo. pp. 72.

Alluding to our attainments in literature and science in comparison with those of other nations of our age, Mr. Justice Story, in an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, a few years since, made the following remarks: — "We have no reason to blush for what we have been or what we are. But we shall have much to blush for, if, when the highest attainments of the human intellect are within our reach, we surrender ourselves to an obstinate indifference or

shallow mediocrity; if, in our literary career, we are content to rank behind the meanest principality of Europe. Let us not waste our time in seeking for apologies for our ignorance where it exists, or in framing excuses to conceal it. Let our short reply to all such suggestions be, like the answer of a noble youth on another occasion, that we know the fact, and are every day getting the better of it."

The orator then ventures to mention one of our greatest national deficiences, and says,—"There is not, *perhaps*, a single library in America, sufficiently copious to have enabled Gibbon to have verified the authorities for his immortal History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." *

Notwithstanding his prefatory remarks, and the qualifying terms in which he stated this fact, it was received with surprise, and some doubt, by a large portion of his audience. Nearly all his hearers thought it a bold statement to be made so near to the vast bibliographical treasures of Harvard College. It was even hinted that the orator had probably been seeking in vain for some ancient black-letter law book from the press of Richard Pynson, and had drawn his general conclusions from his particular disappointment. But had the distinguished jurist been as learned in bibliothecal as in legal lore, had he and his audience been as thoroughly familiar with the actual condition and wants of our public libraries, as they were, in general, impressed with the importance of strenuous efforts on the part of men of literature and science, to raise our relative rank with other nations in these respects, he could have presented a much stronger case without danger of exciting surprise or doubt. It would not have been necessary to have cited so distinguished an author as Gibbon, nor so elaborate and learned a work as his matchless history. Our own neighborhood would furnish many instances, where research has been abandoned in despair on account of the meagreness of materials for pursuing the necessary investigations. We do not hesitate to say, that not one, nor all the libraries in this country combined, would furnish sufficient materials

* Fisher Ames had, many years before, made a similar statement; and we have it from a high source, that John Quincy Adams attempted to supply the deficiency, by importing at his own expense every work to which Gibbon refers in his History. In the collection of books left by Mr. Adams, and now at the family mansion in Quincy, there are probably more of these authorities than in any other library in the country.

for writing a complete history of that little book of three or four score diminutive pages, which has had such a mighty influence in moulding the character and creed of former generations, "The New England Primer." *

With respect to Gibbon, it might have been said with equal truth, that probably not all the libraries in Great Britain, and perhaps no single library in the world, was sufficiently copious to have supplied him with the authorities for his work. According to his own published statement, he was obliged to collect and purchase for his own use the extensive and valuable works which form the basis of his history. So, in our own country, such writers as Irving, Sparks, Prescott, and Bancroft have been obliged to visit Europe to collect materials for their histories, or at a great expense to import the works which ought to have been freely furnished to them from our public libraries. It was only by visiting Spain, and collecting, at his own cost, one of the best libraries of Spanish literature anywhere to be found, that Mr. Ticknor was enabled to avail himself of the materials necessary for writing his invaluable work. If either of the above-named distinguished authors had been less favored in their means, the world would not have enjoyed the results of their studies. Is it strange, then, that our country has not produced a larger number of eminent and thorough scholars? The pursuits of literature are, at present, too expensive for any but fortune's favorites to engage in them with success.

---

* This assertion must not be regarded by the reader as a random or reckless one, intended more for effect than for expressing an ascertained fact; for such is not the case. Not many months since, a series of articles on the History of the New England Primer appeared in the "Cambridge Chronicle." The writer gave some account of the authors of the various pieces in that little book, and of the persons named therein. In speaking of John Rogers, the story of whose martyrdom (with an affecting picture to match) occupies so prominent a place in the Primer, it was stated that he had exhibited, in the case of Joan Bocher, an equally persecuting spirit with that of his papistical executioners. The origin of this accusation was traced back to Fox, who was a contemporary of Rogers. The account in "The Cambridge Chronicle" was given from "Crosby's History of the Baptists." The writer of that work copies from Peirce, who, in his History of the Dissenters, says that he had it from the first Latin edition of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and that it was suppressed in the following editions, out of regard to the memory of Rogers. Some of the numerous persons in this country bearing the name of Rogers, and claiming to be lineal descendants of him of Primer memory, were unwilling to receive at second-hand a statement which, if true, leaves a deep stain on the character of their ancestor. Diligent inquiry was made for the original work; but no copy of the first edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs could be found in any library in the country. Several cases of a similar kind occurred when investigating the history of the Primer; and other important matters connected with that little book and its authors were left in doubt, on account of the impossibility of obtaining the requisite works to verify or correct them.

It would be difficult to name a subject of equal importance that has heretofore received so little attention, or a want equally pressing, which has been so inadequately supplied, as that of large and well selected public libraries. We would not be understood as intimating that there has been a designed neglect or unwillingness to furnish the means for the highest intellectual culture, and for the most thorough literary and scientific investigations. On the contrary, we have the fullest faith that it is only necessary to have the deficiencies in these respects made known, in order that they may be soon supplied. Indeed, the paramount importance of large, well furnished libraries, easily accessible to students and others, has never been denied. The reason why we have to lament their present great deficiencies is the mistaken notion as to what may properly be said to constitute a satisfactory collection.

We suppose that the opinion pretty extensively prevails, that as far as this country and Europe are concerned, the present condition of these institutions may be regarded with unalloyed satisfaction. We often hear the libraries of Harvard, Yale, and Brown universities, with those in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, alluded to in terms which show very evidently, that, in the estimation of the public, there is no cause for complaint on account of their present condition. According to the common belief, these large collections contain nearly every work worth preserving in the various departments of literature and science. If a scholar desires thoroughly to investigate any subject, he has only to resort thither to find all that has ever been published by his predecessors in the same departments, and all that is necessary to aid him in his pursuits. Certainly, these large collections — from 30,000 to 60,000 volumes — must contain all that any scholar can ever need. But if, perchance, a case should arise in which a rare work is needed for reference, and is not to be found in the country, a visit to the British Museum, where there are nearly half a million of volumes, or to the national library at Paris, with twice that number, will supply all deficiencies.

A single fact, selected from a multitude of a similar character which have come to our knowledge, will be sufficient to show the error of such a conclusion. Within a few months, an English writer has published the following statement in the London Athenæum: — "In the progress of a late histori-

cal inquiry, I covered a sheet of paper with notes and questions, that could be solved only by reference to contemporary tracts and pamphlets. On visiting the Museum, it was found that *not five per cent.* of what I wanted were contained in that great national collection." Now, it must be acknowledged, that the Library of the British Museum contains one of the most complete collections of historical works to be found in any country; and it is known to be particularly rich in books and pamphlets relative to the history of Great Britain. Yet the writer whom we have quoted finds cause to regret its great incompleteness in that department. We presume a similar, perhaps a greater, deficiency would be found in nearly every other department. Nor is this the fault of those to whom the duty of purchasing the books is intrusted. Considering the multiplicity and variety of objects that claim their attention, and the inadequate means afforded to them, it is wonderful that so much has been accomplished in supplying the wants of different classes of readers and scholars.

The popular error that only the *best* books and on the most important subjects are worth preserving, has done much to retard the establishment and growth of large libraries in this country. When a person, unaccustomed to the use or sight of many books, enters for the first time a large library, he is very likely to utter an exclamation of astonishment at the vastness — *the unnecessary extent* — of the collection, and to make the wondering inquiry whether anybody is expected to read all the volumes; as if all books that are worth preserving are therefore to be read through! It has been well said, that a National Library should contain all those works which are too costly, too voluminous, or of *too little value* in the common estimation, to be found elsewhere, down even to the smallest tracts. An old almanac or a forgotten pamphlet has sometimes enabled the historian to verify or correct some important point which would otherwise have remained in dispute.

The publication of the various documents whose titles are given above affords the best evidence, that at length the subject is likely to be treated in a manner more nearly commensurate with its importance. We therefore notice their appearance with great pleasure. Our purpose in presenting the subject to our readers at this time is not so much to offer remarks and suggestions of our own, as to lay before them some facts con-

cerning the libraries of Europe and America, derived principally from the two reports which stand first on our list.

Almost immediately on the publication of these reports, a sharp controversy, which is not likely soon to be closed, was commenced in England concerning some of the matters therein discussed. We have no desire to take part in that controversy; nor is it our intention to enter upon a critical review of the reports. Although prepared for the specific purpose indicated by the titles, they contain much valuable information of equal value to us in this country. Of this we gratefully avail ourselves. Probably there has never before been brought together so great a mass of original matter on the subject of libraries. Almost every particular connected with the establishment and proper management of such institutions was considered by the committees, and the results of their investigations are given at length in the reports and in the copious minutes of evidence that accompany them. Many of the statements which are here published, on the highest authority, were received, on their publication in England, with surprise and distrust. The reason of this is obvious. No thorough, systematic investigation, at all adequate to the importance of the subject, had ever before been made. The people of Great Britain were not prepared to be told that, in the matter of public libraries, they ranked lower than any other country in Europe. But we think it would create still greater surprise, in this country, if a correct comparative view of our condition were published by the side of that of the European states. It would be found that we present to the world the singular anomaly of a nation, second to none in respect to the general intelligence of the whole people and the means of a common education — a nation unequalled as readers and book-buyers, and yet, in the matter of libraries to which an author may resort thoroughly to investigate any subject on which he may be about to write, ranking far below most of the countries of Europe. We have no cause to lament, but on the contrary, occasion greatly to rejoice, at our comparative condition, on the whole, when placed beside that of the most favored of the countries to which we have alluded. The advantages for the almost universal diffusion of useful knowledge among us, we should, by no means, be willing to exchange for the means of affording to a privileged few the

opportunities of the highest culture, and the most thorough historical or literary research. But we are subjected to no such alternative. Our people are and will be readers. They are generally prepared to make a good use of books of a higher order than those offered to them in so cheap and attractive a form by our enterprising publishers. Now, either their energies will be wasted in a desultory, unprofitable course of reading, by which they will gain only a superficial knowledge of almost every conceivable subject, or they must be furnished with the means, which they are so well prepared to use to advantage, of going to the bottom of whatever subject interests them, and, having exhausted the wisdom of past generations, of adding to the stock of general knowledge from the results of their own thoughts and experience.

The select committee appointed in March, 1849, by the British House of Commons to report on the best means of "extending the establishment of Libraries freely open to the public, especially in large towns, in Great Britain and Ireland," consisted of fifteen members, namely: — Mr. Ewart, Viscount Ebrington, Mr. D'Israeli, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Bunbury, Mr. George Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Milnes, The Lord Advocate, Sir John Walsh, Mr. Thicknesse, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Wyld. The committee appear to have entered upon their labors with zeal, and to have performed their duty with thoroughness and fidelity. They held numerous sessions, and examined a large number of witnesses. The particulars of these examinations are printed in full. The report of the committee occupies only twelve pages, whilst the minutes of evidence, tables, &c., fill over three hundred. The committee appear to have felt, that it was only necessary to lay before Parliament and the public the facts concerning the present condition and wants of the public libraries, in order to ensure the supply of all deficiencies.

After presenting a brief view of the libraries in the various countries of Europe, with a more particular account of the present condition of those in Great Britain, showing that the English are far behind their continental neighbors in this respect, the Committee say: —

"Whatever may be our disappointment at the rarity of Public Libraries in the United Kingdom, we feel satisfaction in stating,

that the uniform current of the evidence tends to prove the increased qualifications of the people to appreciate and enjoy such institutions. Testimony showing a great improvement in national habits and manners is abundantly given in the evidence taken by the Committee. That they would be further improved by the establishment of Public Libraries, it needs not even the high authority and ample evidence of the witnesses who appeared before the Committee to demonstrate." — p. vii.

Frequent and favorable allusions are made in the report and the minutes of evidence to the numerous popular libraries in this country for district schools, factories, &c. These, we are aware, are of the greatest value. But these alone are not sufficient. The establishment of even a hundred thousand small, village, or district-school, libraries, would not supersede the necessity of a certain number of large and comprehensive ones. These little collections are much alike, each containing nearly the same books as every other. The Committee of Parliament appear to understand this.

"It is evident that there should be, in all countries, libraries of two sorts: libraries of deposit and research; and libraries devoted to the general reading and circulation of books. Libraries of deposit should contain, if possible, almost every book that ever has existed. This point is justly dwelt upon by many witnesses, and especially by that learned person and experienced bibliophilist, M. Libri. The most insignificant tract, the most trifling essay, a sermon, a newspaper, or a song, may afford an illustration of manners or opinions elucidatory of the past, and throw a faithful, though feeble light, on the pathway of the future historian. In such libraries nothing should be rejected. Not but that libraries of deposit and of general reading may (as in the case of the British Museum) be combined. But though such combination is possible, and may be desirable, the distinction which we have drawn should never be forgotten." — p. ix.

The value of printed catalogues was fully considered by the committee, and they have expressed a decided opinion respecting their importance. As we shall have occasion to recur to this subject when we come to consider the report of the commissioners on the Museum, we defer our remarks till that time, and pass at once to a notice of some of the principal witnesses on whose testimony the conclusions of the committee are founded.

The first, and apparently, in the estimation of the commit-

tee, the most important witness, was Edward Edwards, Esq., an assistant in the department of printed books in the British Museum. The minutes of his evidence alone cover between sixty and seventy of the closely printed folio pages accompanying the report. Besides this, he has furnished various statistical tables, occupying fifty pages, and a series of twelve maps. In one of the maps it is his purpose to exhibit, by various shades, the relative provision of books in public libraries in the principal states of Europe, as compared with their respective populations; and in the others, the local situation of the public libraries in some of the principal cities. The evidence of Mr. Edwards has been severely commented upon in the London newspapers and elsewhere, and some inaccuracies in his tables, of greater or less magnitude, have been pointed out. We might, perhaps, by a particular examination of every word and figure, add something to the list of errata. But we think that those persons who are most familiar with the difficulty of obtaining exact statistical information will not wonder that an error should here and there be found. We have looked over the evidence and the tables with considerable care, and think them, on the whole, highly creditable to the author. It is evident, however, from the general tenor of his testimony, that Mr. Edwards presses rather too strongly the point respecting the condition of England compared with that of the countries on the continent, as to the number and accessibility of their public libraries. His enthusiasm on the subject, arising probably from a laudable desire to have his own country take a higher rank in respect to libraries than she now holds, has led him, we think, to overlook or undervalue some of the advantages which she already possesses. But his facts and figures are, in the main, to be relied upon; and we shall make use of them as sufficiently accurate to give our readers a general view of the present bibliothecal condition of the principal countries of Europe. In justice to Mr. Edwards, we copy what he says of the difficulty of obtaining such statistical information, and of the value to be attached to it.

Ques. "Have you turned your attention to a comparison of the number and extent of the libraries accessible to the public in the principal states of Europe?"

Ans. "I have turned my attention to that subject, and have

formed several lists of such libraries, as far as I have been able to acquire information respecting them."

Ques. "In what respects do you think a statistical comparison of this kind is of value?"

Ans. "Of course, in order to an accurate comparison of the value of different libraries, you ought to know something of the character of the books contained in them respectively; but I think that even a mere comparison of the numbers has some relative value, especially if taken in connection with their growth, so that you can compare what a library was, in point of extent, at one period, with what it has become at a later period."

Ques. "Have you found it easy to acquire accurate data for such a comparison?"

Ans. "It is a matter of very considerable difficulty indeed; there are few subjects upon which looser and vaguer statements are to be found, even in statistical works of great repute, than upon that matter. In fact, the difficulty is still greater with respect to English libraries than with respect to foreign; very little attention has been bestowed upon the statistics of libraries, either home or foreign, in this country. I think there are but two ways in which any thing like accurate information can be obtained; namely, either by practical familiarity with the libraries themselves, which it has not been in my power to attain to any great degree, or by correspondence, which latter I have carried on to a considerable extent. It is upon that I base most of the results at which I have arrived."

Ques. "What is the result of your comparison between the libraries of the continent and those which exist in this country?"

Ans. "That nearly every European state is in a far higher position, both as to the number and extent of libraries accessible to the public, and, generally, as respects the accessibility of such libraries as do exist. There are some exceptions, but speaking generally, in both these respects, almost every European state is in a far higher position than this country."

On Mr. Edwards's map of Europe, we find the smaller German states to be represented with the lightest lines, indicating the highest rank, and Great Britain with the darkest or lowest. He states the provision of books in libraries publicly accessible, as compared with the population, to be as follows: — In Saxony, for every 100 inhabitants, there are 417 books; in Denmark, 412; in Bavaria, 339; in Tuscany, 261; in Prussia, 200; in Austria, 167; in France, 129; in Belgium, 95; whilst in Great Britain, there are only 53 to every 100 inhabitants.

In the following tables, the libraries containing less than 10,000 volumes each (of which there are, in France alone, at least seventy or eighty,) are not taken into the account.

France has 107 Public Libraries containing	4,000,000 vols.		Saxony has 6 cont'g	554,000 vols.	
Belgium has 14 do.	538,000	"	Bavaria " 17 do.	1,267,000	"
Prussia " 44 do.	2,400,000	"	Denmark " 5 do.	645,000	"
Austria " 48 do.	2,400,000	"	Tuscany " 9 do.	411,000	"
			G. Britain " 33 do.	1,771,493	"

Taking the capital cities we find the following results: —

Paris has 9 Public Libraries containing	1,474,000 vols.		Dresden has 4 cont'g	340,500	"
Brussels has 2 do.	143,500	"	Munich " 2 do.	800,000	"
Berlin " 2 do.	530,000	"	Copenhagen " 3 do.	557,000	"
Vienna " 3 do.	453,000	"	Florence " 6 do.	318,000	"
Milan " 2 do.	230,000	"	London " 4 do.	490,500	"

Arrranging these libraries according to their extent, they would stand as follows: —

	Vols.		Vols.
Paris (1) National Library,	824,000	Milan, Brera Library,	170,000
Munich, Royal Library,	600,000	Paris (3), St. Genevieve,	150,000
Petersburg Imperial Library,	446,000	Darmstadt, Grand Ducal,	150,000
London, British Museum,	435,000	Florence, Magliabecchian,	150,000
Copenhagen, Royal Library,	412,000	Naples, Royal Library,	150,000
Berlin, Royal Library,	410,000	Brussels, Royal Library,	133,500
Vienna, Imperial Library,	313,000	Rome (1), Casanate Library,	120,000
Dresden, Royal Library,	300,000	Hague, Royal Library,	100,000
Madrid, National Library,	200,000	Paris (4), Mazarine Library,	100,000
Wolfenbuttel, Ducal Library,	200,000	Rome (2), Vatican Library,	100,000
Stuttgard, Royal Library,	187,000	Parma, Ducal Library,	100,000
Paris (2), Arsenal Library,	180,000		

The chief University Libraries may be ranked in the following order: —

	Vols.		Vols.
Gottingen, University Lib.,	360,000	Vienna, University Library,	115,000
Breslau, University Library,	250,000	Leipsic, University Library,	112,000
Oxford, Bodleian Library,	220,000	Copenhagen, University Lib.,	110,000
Tubingen, University Lib.,	200,000	Turin, University Library,	110,000
Munich, University Library,	200,000	Louvaine University Library,	105,000
Heidelburg, University Lib.,	200,000	Dublin, Trinity College Lib.,	104,239
Cambridge, Public Library,	166,724	Upsal, University Library,	100,000
Bologna, University Library,	150,000	Erlangen, University Library,	100,000
Prague, University Library,	130,000	Edinburgh, University Lib.,	90,354

The largest Libraries in Great Britain are those of the

	Vols.		Vols.
1 British Museum, London,	435,000	4 Advocates, Edinburgh,	148,000
2 Bodleian, Oxford,	220,000	5 Trinity College, Dublin,	104,239
3 University, Cambridge,	166,724		

Several pages are devoted by Mr. Edwards to a statistical

view of the public libraries in the United States. But as the estimated number of volumes in each does not appear in all cases to apply to the same year, and as many of these collections have recently been considerably enlarged, and their relative size changed, we cannot make use of the tables which he furnishes, to show the actual extent of our libraries at the present time. But as it may be a matter of interest to our readers to know how we stand reported to the British Parliament, we present below Mr. Edwards's "Summary." In this account, he includes only those libraries which contain 5000 volumes and upwards, to which the public, more or less restrictedly, have access. It embraces State libraries and those of Colleges and Mercantile Societies; but does not include the numerous small school and parish libraries.

		Vols.			Vols.
1 Alabama,	has 1 Pub. Lib.	6,000	Brought up,	34,	454,366
2 Columbia, Dist. of,	has 2,	53,000	12 New Jersey,	has 3,	28,500
3 Connecticut,	" 6,	81,449	13 New York,	" 12,	157,411
4 Georgia,	" 1,	13,000	14 North Carolina,	" 1,	10,000
5 Kentucky,	" 1,	7,000	15 Ohio,	" 4,	30,497
6 Louisiana,	" 1,	5,500	16 Pennsylvania,	" 14,	159,200
7 Maine,	" 3,	38,860	17 Rhode Island,	" 3,	37,185
8 Maryland,	" 1,	12,000	18 South Carolina,	" 2,	30,000
9 Massachusetts,	" 14,	200,757	19 Tennessee,	" 2,	16,000
10 Missouri,	" 2,	14,300	20 Vermont,	" 2,	16,254
11 New Hampshire,	" 2,	22,500	21 Virginia,	" 4,	41,000
	34,	454,366	Total . . .	81	980,413

In accordance with the spirit of Mr. Justice Story's advice, which we quoted at the commencement of our article, it may not be amiss for us to compare this aggregate number of volumes, which is given as the sum total of books in our public libraries, with that of some other country, state, or city. We select the capital city of France.

Estimated number in the Public Libraries of Paris is	1,474,000
" " " " in the U. S.	980,514
Excess in favor of Paris,	493,486

This remarkable fact, that, in the matter of large libraries, the single city of Paris is much better supplied than the whole United States, may well create surprise, but should not cause discouragement. If we are compelled to confess, in the words of the orator alluded to above, "that we know the fact," we can with equal truth add what he then hoped might be so, "we are every day getting the better of it." We shall

have something more to say presently about the real condition of the libraries in this country.

Mr. Edwards's "summary" is probably as nearly correct as it could be made from any statistics which had then been published in this country. It is a fact not very creditable to us, that the most accurate account of American libraries that has ever appeared was published several years ago in Germany, and has never been translated into English. We are much pleased to learn, however, that the officers of the Smithsonian Institution have taken measures for ascertaining fully and exactly the number and size of the public libraries in the United States; so that we shall be likely soon to have accurate statistical accounts of the highest value, prepared by the accomplished librarian of that national institution, and published under the sanction of its government. In the report for 1849, Professor Jewett states the number of public libraries in the United States, as far as then ascertained, to be 182; and the whole number of volumes 1,294,000. This would still leave this country behind the single city of Paris. When the complete returns above alluded to are received and published, the United States will present a much better appearance than heretofore, though even then obliged to acknowledge great deficiencies, and to take a lower rank with respect to libraries than almost any country in Europe. We have already stated, that the relative rank of the libraries in this country has been changed within a few years. We give below the present number of volumes in a few of the largest.

	Vols.		Vols.
1 Harvard College, including the Law and Divinity Schools,	72,000	6 Mercantile Lib., New York,	32,000
2 Philadelphia & Loganian Lib.	60,000	7 Georgetown College, D. C.,	25,000
3 Boston Athenæum,	50,000	8 Brown University,	24,000
4 Library of Congress,	50,000	9 New York State Library,	24,000
5 New York Society Library,	32,000	10 Yale College,	21,000

We are sorry to find that the library of Harvard College, which is the oldest, and, for a long time, was much the largest and best, in the country, is fast losing its relative rank. Had the powerful appeal of President Quincy to the Legislature in 1833 produced its proper effect, and had the State of Massachusetts granted from her treasury the sum necessary to erect a suitable library building, the College would have been enabled to expend annually for the increase of the library the interest of the cost of that building, and we should not be

obliged to deplore the many deficiences of the library. It was well said by Mr. Quincy at that time, — "The interest of the public in the preservation of this library is far greater than the interest of the seminary; so much greater, that, in one point of view, it may truly be said, that the commonwealth is exclusively interested in its preservation; for so far as the interests of the seminary are regarded as identical with its wants as an institution for the instruction of youth, they are within the power of any insurance. But the interests of the public are absolutely beyond the power of any insurance, and if lost are irreparable." * Unfortunately it sometimes happens, that State Legislatures are so constituted that the logic and eloquence of such a man as the distinguished President are less effective than the fulsome and extravagant addresses of Monsieur Vattemare.

But the aid which ought to have been promptly granted by the State to the College that she delights to claim as her own child, and over which she exercises jurisdiction, was derived from the munificent bequest of a private individual. Gore Hall is the monument of the liberality of a single benefactor. We wish we could say that the contents of the library were in better keeping with the costly edifice in which they are deposited. We are not unmindful of the great real and comparative value of the books that are now to be found in the collection. By the munificence of Israel Thorndike and Samuel A. Eliot, two entire and very valuable collections of books on American History were bought and presented to the College. These, together with books purchased with the bequest of $3,000 by the late Judge Prescott, make the library more nearly complete in this than in any other department. On the completion of Gore Hall, a liberal amount was subscribed, by which other departments of the library were greatly enriched. Yet its meagreness in almost every department, if made known, would be likely to create astonishment. We venture to point to a single instance as an illustration of what we have just said; and we do this not to decry the college library, which is, on the whole, the best in the country, but to show that the common idea, that the library is already full, is far from correct. The department of bibli-

* Considerations relating to the Library of Harvard University, &c. — p. 4.

ography is of the highest importance to every well conducted library. Bibliographical books are to the librarian and the literary man what the compass is to the mariner, or the tools of his trade to the artisan. A complete bibliographical library would not of itself contain less than 20,000 volumes. We have recently seen two accounts of the number of volumes that would be immediately important at the commencement of a large library. The first was prepared for the Smithsonian Institution, and consists of 3000 volumes; and the other is "A concise classified list of the most important works on Bibliography, being those selected in this department for the Astor Library," and embracing about 2000 volumes. A few weeks since, we had the curiosity to ascertain from actual count, how many of the works named in this "concise list" were in the college library, and found that not one third of those named therein were now, or ever had been, there. Other departments are equally deficient. We should be sorry to see the managers of our public libraries under the influence of bibliomania. We do not, however, consider that their tendency lies in that direction. There is not, to our knowledge, in any public library in New England, even a specimen of the printing of Guttenberg, the inventor of the art, nor of Caxton who first printed in England. The only specimen of printing from the early New England press, which is contained in the college library, is an imperfect copy of the Bay Psalm Book. Let us look for one moment at the other end of the list of works which one would naturally expect to find in a library like this. Considering the close connection which such men as Buckminster, Channing, and Henry Ware, held with the institution, we should expect to find at least one copy of the published life and works of each of these eminent divines. But they are not there. We will not multiply instances of deficiences. The Harvard College Library is, notwithstanding what we have said, better provided with useful books than any other library in the country. It has been confidently asserted, and we believe with strict truth, that not one of the original thirteen States in the Union possesses a complete and perfect set of its own printed documents.

The second witness examined by the committee was M. Guizot. In the distinguished positions which he has filled as Minister of Public Instruction, and Prime Minister in France,

his attention has been turned to the public libraries of that country. Whilst in office, he ordered an inspection of those institutions; and the French Government now has complete and exact documents relative to the number of public libraries and the number of books in each library. These libraries are accessible to the public, in every way, for reading, and, to a great extent, for borrowing books. Some of them receive direct grants from the government towards their support. Others, in the provincial towns, are supported by municipal funds; to these, the government distributes copies of costly works, for the publication of which it subscribes liberally.

The subject of international exchanges of books, as proposed and urged with so much zeal by M. Vattemare, was considered by the committee of Parliament. M. Guizot, from his intimate knowledge of the origin and success of this much vaunted system, was eminently qualified to perceive the great advantages, if any, which have arisen, or would be likely to arise, from its general adoption by various countries. His calm and cool replies contrast strongly with the tone of extravagance with which the matter has generally been treated, especially in this country.

Ques. Can you favor the committee with any suggestions as to the means of facilitating interchanges of books between the public libraries of different countries?

Ans. I had some conversations on that matter with M. Alexandre Vattemare, who travelled in the United States. He was the great undertaker of the interchanges between the different libraries; nothing very practical or of great extent occurred; I tried several different ways, but I never came to any important and general results.

Ques. Not even with the United States?

Ans. No.

When we call to mind the fact that this witness was greatly interested in the growth and prosperity of libraries, that he had given much attention to their condition and wants, that the system of which he speaks originated almost immediately under his own eye, and that the views and projects of the originator were well known to him, we must attach the highest value to his testimony.

There is much that, at first, is quite attractive and plausible in the system, as presented by its founder and zealous

agent. The good feeling which it promises to promote between nations and individuals, is a pleasant feature in the plan, and has won for it many advocates. The earnest and continued importunity, with which the matter has been pressed upon the attention of Congress and of the State Legislatures has secured sufficient attention to obtain approbatory resolves and liberal grants of money and books to forward the object.

The estimated amount which M. Vattemare names, as necessary for the support of his agency, is $10,250 per year. He has already secured toward this object the following grants; namely, from the U. S. Congress, $2,000; and from the State of Maine, $300; New Hampshire, $200; Vermont, $200; Massachusetts, $300; Rhode Island, $200; Connecticut, $200; New York, $400; New Jersey, $300; Delaware, $100; Virginia, $400; North Carolina, $200; South Carolina, $300; Indiana, $400; which gives him already the annual sum of $5,500. M. Vattemare very naturally feels encouraged by this success, and indulges the confident expectation, that "every State in the Union will cheerfully contribute toward the support of the central agency at Paris." A still more gratifying circumstance connected with his labors is thus mentioned: "It is, that from the hour I, for the second time, set my foot upon your shores, to this hour, though I have in that time traversed so large a portion of your country, and visited so many of your cities and great towns, I have not yet been permitted to expend the first dollar, either for my personal support or my travelling expenses."* He, with much reason, speaks in high terms of the hospitality and generosity with which he has been received in this country. We believe a similar cordiality of reception has not awaited him elsewhere. We do not learn that any other government, not even that of his own native country, has made any grant toward the support of his agency.

Appeals were made to our national pride and patriotism, as well as to our purse. A single specimen will give a fair idea of the usual style of his appeals. Mons. Vattemare, in his letter to his Excellency, Governor Briggs, says,† "It is a lamentable fact that the United States does (?) not now

---

*Address delivered before the Legislature of New Hampshire, June 28th, 1849, page 33.

†Massachusetts Senate Document, No. 26, February, 1845, page 4.

occupy that rank in European estimation to which *her* (?) social and national position entitle her." After intimating that the adoption of his system of exchanges is all that is necessary to raise us in European estimation, he breaks out in the following strain of overpowering eloquence: — "The veil of ignorance which shuts out your country from view will fall; and she will stand in the eyes of Europe in her true dignity and glory, illuminated by the blaze of intellectual light ever radiated from the constellation of stars that deck her standard! She will be known. She needs but to be known to be appreciated, admired, and respected." But our reputation as a sharp, calculating people is not forgotten; and he ends by setting forth the good bargains we may make by exchanges with our European friends: —

"But your State will reap a rich reward for thus elevating the national character. The treasures which have for centuries been accumulating in the vast storehouses of European knowledge, the works of her artists, inspired by the masterpieces of the world, the laws, founded on the experience of ages, which direct her vast governments, and protect her immense population, — will be sent you with a profuse hand, in exchange for what will cost you a mere trifle. Value, intrinsic value, will not for a moment be taken into consideration. *The Bulletin des Lois*, 240 volumes, has already been sent for a copy of the Revised Statutes of one of your sister States; and you may expect a similar prolific return; — a rattlesnake or a lizard may procure a copy of the Venus de Medicis, a State map the Geological map of France, published at a cost of five hundred francs per copy, and not to be purchased. In short, while the first-mentioned object will be gloriously effected, you will be real gainers by the exchange, and fill your State Library, or the collection of your University, with what it would cost immense sums to purchase."

Such appeals were irresistible. Appropriations of money and books were soon made, and have been continued annually. We will not say that the works received in exchange are not all that could be reasonably expected or desired; nor that the amount appropriated, if wisely expended by a committee of our own legislature, would have procured more books, and those better adapted to the wants of the persons who make use of the State Library. We cannot say, whether or not our rank as a nation or state has been raised as was predicted. Nor have we heard whether the rattlesnake was ever sent,

and the Venus de Medicis received in exchange. But one thing we must confess; namely, that our faith in the feasibility of the system, never very firm, has not been strengthened by carefully considering the subject in its various bearings.

It is not our object to throw doubt on the sincerity and disinterestedness of the zealous originator and promoter of the system. The recent manifestations of distrust in certain quarters concerning his fidelity have not been justified by any specific proof. Monsieur Vattemare appears to be filled with the idea, that his system of exchanges will be of immense benefit to the nations which embrace it, and by his personal exertions he has already accomplished much. No one can look over the printed list of donations to the New York State Library, procured through his agency, without feeling that *that* State, at least, has good cause to speak well of his scheme and its results. But our conviction is strong, that the system does not possess the elements of permanent or long continued vitality. The novelty of the thing, and the lofty promises which it makes as a promoter of good feeling between nations, and of their mutual benefit in other respects, when presented by the ardent advocate of the system, are likely to make for it friends, and may produce *immediate* good results. But this zealous interest is not easily to be transferred to another agent, when M. Vattemare's labors from any cause shall cease.

When we notice the readiness of our national and state legislatures to listen to the representations of this foreign irresponsible agent, and to grant him privileges and appropriations with unwonted liberality, our fears are great, that the attention of those whose duty it is to see that the deficiencies of our public libraries are carefully attended to, will be diverted from practicable and permanent methods of supplying their real wants by this attractive though somewhat visionary project.

His Excellency M. Van de Weyer, Minister from Belgium, was next examined. He testified that the public libraries in his country were numerous, large, and easily accessible to all who desire to make use of them. He attributes the best results to the literary character of his country from this privilege of free access to their large collections of books. He thinks the people are better prepared than is generally supposed to appreciate works of a high character. He seems to think it

unwise to attempt to popularize science and literature by printing inferior books, written expressly for common and uneducated people. The government subscribe for a number of copies of nearly every valuable work that is published, by which means they encourage the progress of literature, and are enabled to enrich many of the libraries.

"The government have sometimes, within a space of twenty years, spent some £10,000 or £12,000 in favor of libraries. I take this opportunity of stating also, that though the Chamber only votes a grant of 65,000 or 70,000 francs for the Royal Public Library of Brussels, whenever there is some large sale going on, there is always a special grant made to the library. Lately one of the most curious private libraries had been advertised for sale; a catalogue had been printed in six volumes; the government immediately came forward, bought the whole of the library for £13,000 or £14,000, and made it an addition to the Royal Library in Brussels; they did the same thing at Ghent; I believe the library that they bought at Ghent consisted of about 20,000 volumes, and in Brussels about 60,000 or 70,000 volumes." — p. 52.

Passing by several witnesses, whose evidence we should be glad to notice did our limits allow us to do so, we come to George Dawson, Esq., who, as a lecturer, has had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the condition, the feelings, and the wants of the working classes in the manufacturing towns, both in England and Scotland. He testifies, that libraries to some extent have already been formed in those places, and that there is a very general desire among the working people to avail themselves of more and better books. They can appreciate the best authors. Political and historical subjects interest them most, but the higher class of poetry is also read by them. Milton is much read. Mr. Dawson says, "Shakspeare is known by heart almost; I could produce men who could be cross examined upon any play."

The contrast between the manufacturing and the farming districts, in respect to the intelligence of the people and their desire for improvement, is very great. Speaking of one of the agricultural districts, Mr. Dawson says, "I have heard of a parish in Norfolk, where a woman was the parish clerk, because there was not a man in the parish who could read or write."

The Rev. William Robert Freemantle, the next witness, has turned his attention to the institution of libraries for the

instruction of the rural population. He says that people are very little acquainted with the extraordinary ignorance of the poor in rural districts. Many books selected for them lie on their tables unread. "Shakspeare would be lost upon them." Alluding to the opposition manifested by the farmers to the spread of education and knowledge among the laborers in these districts, he says, —

"I should be sorry to say any thing unfavorable to farmers; I have a great respect for them, but I am afraid if they do not read themselves, they do not like to see the laboring class becoming really and truly wiser than themselves; if the farmers do not move forward, the laboring classes will be the wiser of the two. I have many young men in my parish better instructed than the farmers, and who could give a better answer to a question than many of the farmers themselves." — p. 91.

Henry Stevens, Esq., formerly librarian of one of the libraries connected with Yale College, and familiar with the condition of the principal libraries in this country, was called upon to give an account of the present state of these institutions in the United States. There are but few of our countrymen who would have been able to give so full and correct answers to the questions proposed by the committee as Mr. Stevens. The subject is one to which he has devoted much time and attention, and it was fortunate for the committee that he was in London at the time when they were pursuing their investigations. As Mr. Stevens's evidence has been extensively republished in various ways in this country, and is familiar to many of our readers, it is not necessary to copy any portion of it here. We cannot, however, forbear to avail ourselves of this occasion to allude to the important work on which Mr. Stevens is now engaged, and to accomplish which, in the most thorough manner, he has taken up a temporary residence in London, that he may make use of the rich bibliographical treasures in the British Museum. "The Bibliographia Americana" will contain a bibliographical account of the sources of American History, comprising a description of books relating to America prior to the year 1700, and of all books printed in America from 1543 to 1700, together with notices of many of the more important unpublished manuscripts. When the work is ready for the press, it will be published by the Smithsonian Institution in two quarto vol-

umes. Its importance to the future historian will be inestimable.

The committee very justly place much value on the opinions and suggestions of M. Libri. The thorough knowledge which this eminent bibliographer possesses of all matters pertaining to the condition and wants of public libraries, as well as of the needs of literary men, renders his remarks worthy of careful consideration.

"As I have already stated in my evidence, in my opinion, and as all educated men agree, it is necessary that in a great country there should be at least one library, in which one may expect to find, as far as it is possible, all books which learned men, men who occupy themselves upon any subject whatever, and who cultivate one of the branches of human knowledge, may require to consult. Of these, there is nothing useless, nothing ought to be neglected; the most insignificant in appearance, those which on their publication have attracted the least attention, sometimes become the source of valuable and unexpected information. It is in the fragments, now so rare and precious, of some alphabets, of some small grammars published for the use of schools about the middle of the 15th century, or in the letters distributed in Germany by the religious bodies commissioned to collect alms, that bibliographers now seek to discover the first processes employed by the inventors of xylography and typography. It is in a forgotten collection of indifferent plates, published at Venice by Fausto Verantio, towards the end of the 16th century, that an engineer who interests himself in the history of the mechanical arts, might find the first diagram of iron suspension bridges."

"Nothing should be neglected; nothing is useless to whoever wishes thoroughly to study a subject. An astronomer, who desires to study the motions peculiar to certain stars, requires to consult all the old books of astronomy, and even of astrology, which appear the most replete with error. A chemist, a man who is engaged in the industrial arts, may still consult with profit certain works on alchemy, and even on magic. A legislator, a jurisconsult, needs sometimes to be acquainted with the laws, the ordinances, which derive their origin from the most barbarous ages. But it is particularly for the biographer, for the historian, that it is necessary to prepare the largest field of inquiry, to amass the greatest quantity of materials. This is not only true as regards past times, but we ought to prepare the materials for future students. Historical facts which appear the least important, the most insignificant anecdotes, registered in a pamphlet, mentioned in a placard or in a song, may be connected at a later period, in

an unforeseen manner, with events which acquire great importance, or with men who are distinguished in history by their genius, by their sudden elevation, or even by their crimes. We are not born celebrated. Men become so; and when we desire to trace the history of those who have attained it, the inquirer is often obliged to pursue his researches in their most humble beginnings. Who would have imagined that the obscure author of a small pamphlet, "Le Souper de Beaucaire," would subsequently become the Emperor Napoleon, and that to write fully the life of the execrable Marat, one ought to have the very insignificant essays on physics that he published before the Revolution? Nothing is too unimportant for whoever wishes thoroughly to study the literary or scientific history of a country, or for one who undertakes to trace the intellectual progress of eminent minds, or to inform himself in detail of the changes which have taken place in the institutions and in the manners of a nation. Without speaking of the commentaries or considerable additions which have been introduced in the various reprints of an author, the successive editions of the same work which appear to resemble each other the most are often distinguished from each other by peculiarities worthy of much attention." — p. 119.

With a brief extract from the evidence of one other witness, we must close our notice of the Report on Public Libraries. Charles Meyer, Esq., German Secretary to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, had given attention to the public libraries of Germany, having resided several years in Gotha, in Hamburgh, in Leipsic, and in Munich. He had perused the principal part of the evidence which had been given by Mr. Edwards upon this subject, and found all that he stated to be quite correct. Dr. Meyer thinks the existence of the numerous and valuable libraries of Germany has given the literary men of that country an advantage over the literary men of England.

"It has saved a great number of our German learned men from the danger of becoming *autodidactoi*, self-taught. I think that is one essential point of difference that is visible in comparing the general character of the instruction in this country with that on the continent; there are in this country a great number of self-taught people, who think according to their own views, without any reference to previous scientific works. They make, sometimes, very great discoveries, but sometimes they find that they have wasted their labor upon subjects already known, which have been written upon by a great number of people before them; but

as they have no access to libraries, it is impossible for them to get acquainted with the literature of that branch upon which they treat." — p. 139.

We come now to the Report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the affairs of the British Museum. There is probably no other public institution in Great Britain which is regarded with so great and general interest as this. By the variety of its departments, this great national depository of literature and objects of natural history and antiquity meets, in some way, the particular taste of almost every class of citizens. The department of Natural History, in its three divisions of Zoölogy, Botany, and Mineralogy, contains a collection of objects unsurpassed, probably unequalled, in the world. The department of antiquities is, in some particulars, unrivalled for the number and value of the articles it contains. But the library is the crowning glory of the whole. If, in respect to the number of volumes it contains, it does not equal the National Library at Paris, the Royal Library at Munich, or the Imperial Library at Petersburg, — in almost every other respect, such as the value and usefulness of the books, the arrangements for their convenient and safe keeping, the facilities afforded by the officers to persons wishing to consult the books, and, in fact, in every matter pertaining to its internal arrangements, — the library of the British Museum, by the concurrent testimony of competent witnesses from various countries, must take rank above all similar institutions in the world. Well may the people of that nation regard the Museum with pride and pleasure. The liberal grants of Parliament and the munificent bequests of individuals are sure indications of a strong desire and purpose to continue and extend its advantages.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Museum, and of its vast resources, may be formed by considering that the buildings alone, in which this great collection is deposited, have cost, since the year 1823, nearly £700,000; and the whole expenditure for purchases, exclusive of the cost of the buildings named above, is considerably more than £1,100,000. Besides this liberal outlay by the British government, there have been numerous magnificent bequests from individuals. The acquisitions from private munificence were estimated, for the twelve years preceding the year 1835, at not less than £400,000.

The latest considerable bequest was that of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville; his library, which he gave to the Museum entire, was valued at over £50,000. The annual receipts of the institution, of late years, from parliamentary grants and the interest of private bequests, have been about £50,000. The number of visitors to the Museum is immense. In the year 1848, they amounted to 897,985, being an average of about three thousand visitors per day for every day when the Museum is open. On special occasions, there have been as many as thirty thousand visitors on a single day.

But great as are the advantages which the Museum has freely offered to all who have had occasion to resort to it, and faithfully as its managers have striven to meet every want of the various classes who are interested in any of the different departments, the Museum and its managers have not escaped severe censure. Those of our readers who are in the habit of looking over the English newspapers and magazines must have been for some time aware of this fact. The complaints have principally been of a vague and general character; though occasionally they have assumed a definite form. These increasing, though, as it has proved, generally unfounded, complaints at length demanded and received the attention of Parliament.

In June, 1847, commissioners were appointed to inquire into, and report upon, the constitution and government of the British Museum. In May, 1848, their number was increased. They were invested with full powers to send for persons and papers, and to administer oaths to the witnesses. The Earl of Ellesmere was chairman; and among his associates we find the names of Lord Seymour, the Bishop of Norwich, Joseph Hume, Richard Monckton Milnes, and Samuel Rogers. The character of the commissioners was such as to inspire very general confidence in the fidelity with which they would exercise their functions, and the wisdom with which they would come to their conclusions. Their report, with the minutes of evidence, makes a gigantic document of nearly nine hundred closely printed folio pages. We must express our disappointment and sorrow, that so much of the report and evidence relate to difficulties and misunderstandings between the trustees and the officers of the Museum. We regret still more, that the commissioners found it necessary, in the discharge of

the duty assigned them, to publish so much concerning the internal dissensions, the jealousies and ill feeling, which prevail among the heads of the departments and officers themselves. From their vocation and relative position, we should expect no other than the expression of the kindest sentiments, and the cultivation of the most genial feelings. We would not dwell on these ungrateful and delicate topics, though we do not feel justified in passing them over in entire silence.

The government of the Museum is vested in a Board of Trustees, 48 in number, of whom one is named directly by the Crown, 23 are official, 9 are named by the representatives or executors of parties who have been donors to the institution, and 15 are elected. The Royal Trustee is H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. Among the official trustees are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chief Justice, the Presidents of some of the principal scientific and literary associations, and other high dignitaries of the nation. Among the elected trustees are Sir Robert Peel, Henry Hallam, and T. B. Macaulay.

"Such a Board of Trustees, to any one who considers the individuals who compose it, with reference to their rank, intelligence, and ability, would give assurance rather than promise of the most unexceptionable, and, indeed, wisest administration in every department. High attainments in literature and in science, great knowledge and experience of the world and its affairs, and practised habits of business, distinguish many of them in an eminent degree; and it would be unjust either to deny the interest which all of them feel in the prosperity of the institution, or refrain from acknowledging the devoted services which some of them have rendered in its administration. But, on the other hand, absorbing public cares, professional avocations, and the pursuits of private life, must, in many instances, prevent those individuals whose assistance might have been relied on from giving any thing like continued attention to the affairs of the Institution; and, what is perhaps of more importance, the large number of the Board, by dividing, or rather extinguishing, individual duty or responsibility, has, in a great measure, interfered with the superintendence and control which might have been usefully exercised by any smaller selected number specially charged with the duty." — p. 3.

There appears to be no opportunity afforded, by means of

personal intercourse between the officers of the different departments and the Trustees, for consultation and advice relative to the management of the various and complicated affairs of the Museum. The Trustees, or such a number of them as find it convenient, meet once a month. No notice is given to them beforehand of the business to be brought before them, and all communications are by the means of written reports.

"We are compelled to add, that the mode in which the business is brought before the Trustees seems in itself as objectionable as the want of notice. It is done almost invariably by means of written reports. Not to mention the reports of the assistants and subordinate officers, the heads of departments communicate with the Board by written reports. These reports are transmitted to the Trustees by the principal librarian, who accompanies them with another report, in which he states such observations as occur to him. Neither the principal librarian nor the heads of departments are, except in extraordinary cases, admitted to the board-room when the business of their department is under consideration. The reports themselves, from the great increase of the establishment, have become so voluminous, that they cannot be read entirely at the meeting of Trustees." — p. 6.

The Commissioners further say, —

"We find, however, there is scarcely one of the highest officers of the institution who has not complained of systematic exclusion from the Board when the affairs of his department are under consideration, as equally disparaging to himself and injurious to the interests of the department, giving no opportunity of explaining their reports, or meeting the objections and criticisms to which they may have been subject; and their own absence, joined to that of the principal librarian, leaves them under the painful but natural impression, where their suggestions are disallowed, that the interests with which they are charged have not been fully represented. We cannot but ascribe to this cause the unfortunate and unseemly jealousies which the evidence shows to have long existed among the principal officers of the Museum — their distrust in the security of the means by which they communicate with the Board — their misgivings as to the fulness and fairness of the consideration which their suggestions receive — and their feelings of injustice done to their own department, arising, it may be, from an over zeal for its interests, or over estimate of its importance." — p. 7.

Whilst looking over the Report and minutes of evidence,

we have had frequently forced upon our attention the unpleasant fact of "the want of harmony and good understanding between the heads of different departments." We are sorry to see that these internal dissensions are so great, and have been of so long standing. It is well known that much dissatisfaction was manifested in certain quarters when Mr. Panizza was, several years since, appointed Librarian, or Keeper of the Printed Books. The chief reasons given for dissatisfaction at his appointment, and for his commission bearing an earlier date than that of Sir Frederic Madden, were: First, that Mr. Panizza was a foreigner, and secondly, that he had not been so long a time in the Museum; either of which facts it was considered ought to prevent his having precedence over Sir Frederic Madden. We have no desire or occasion to pass judgment on the propriety or justice of the original appointment, but we feel bound to say, in view of all the facts which have been elicited by the investigations of the Commissioners, that it would be a difficult matter to find in any country another man so preëminently fitted to take charge of such a department, as Antonio Panizza. Through his agency, in a great degree, the recent large and valuable additions to its numbers have been made, and a system of management been devised and adopted, which gives this collection the character of the MODEL LIBRARY for the world. And here we cannot do better than to borrow the remarks of Professor Jewett, alluded to in the Report of the Commissioners, and published in full with the minutes of evidence. Few persons are so well entitled to express an opinion on such a subject. Writing to a friend in London, who had desired to know his views, he says, —

"I have heard with regret, not unmingled with *indignation*, of the complaints which have been made against Mr. Panizza's management of the Library of the British Museum. You ask my opinion *in extenso* on the subject. This I am most ready to give. You know that, after having been employed for several years as a Librarian, and having thus become familiar with all the details of a Librarian's duties, I spent two years on the continent of Europe, visiting the principal libraries, for the purpose of collecting such information as would enable us in America to establish our libraries on the best possible foundation. With this preparation I went to England. You know how much time I spent at the British

Museum, and how kindly and courteously we were both received by all the gentlemen connected with the establishment. The opinion which I then formed, and which I believe I expressed to Mr. Panizza, I still hold — that any person who wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with the whole subject of *Bibliothekswissenschaft* (to use a German term for which we have no English equivalent,) with the science of libraries, — need go no farther than the British Museum. In my opinion, it is by far the best regulated library in the world. The books are more faithfully guarded, and the public are more promptly served, than in any other library with which I am acquainted. No doubt the whole affair would have been in much better shape had Mr. Panizza had the management of it from the outset." — p. 265.

We shall not attempt to grapple with that complicated and vexatious subject which has occasioned so much controversy in England, and to which the commissioners were obliged to devote so much attention, — the Museum Catalogue. A separate and entire article would hardly be sufficient to consider the matter in its various aspects and bearings, and to present the different theories which have been started, and the numerous objections which have been brought against them all. We entertain some pretty decided opinions on the general subject of library catalogues, which we may possibly offer to our readers at a future time.

At this time, however, it may not be amiss to mention, that the plan proposed by Mr. Cooley to the commissioners of the Museum, and received with so much favor by them, namely, to stereotype the titles of the books separately, originated, several years since, with an eminent bibliographer in this country, Professor Jewett, then of Brown University, and now one of the officers of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Jewett has devoted much time and thought to maturing and perfecting his plan. He has mentioned it freely to those persons who are most interested in such matters in this country, and has communicated his views to some of his friends in Europe. The plan has been received with approbation by the managers of some of our larger libraries, and arrangements have been made for carrying it into speedy effect. We are glad that it finds favor also in England; though we notice that Mr. Cooley embarrasses it with impracticable adjuncts, which will be likely to defeat his object. An important improvement of the plan was suggested, and specimens were shown,

at a recent meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, by the Rev. E. E. Hale, of Worcester; namely, substituting electrotype for common stereotype plates. We presume that the public will soon be in possession of the details of Professor Jewett's plan, which has been known to individuals for several years. We hope that when this is the case, the author will not be accused of borrowing it without credit from an English source.

It is a lamentable fact that the matchless collection of books contained in the British Museum has no catalogue. The means of using the rich literary treasures, which have been obtained and preserved with so much care and cost, have not yet been provided. No one can tell the exact character of the contents of the library, and, of course, it does not at present answer the highest purpose for which it was designed. A great library without a catalogue has been well described by Carlyle, as a chaos and not a cosmos. Some thirty or forty years ago, a catalogue in eight octavo volumes was printed, giving the titles of books then in the library. It was an unpretending though very useful publication, not free from errors, but sufficiently accurate for the common purposes of consultation. Since that time, the contents of the Museum library have been quadrupled in number, and incalculably increased in value. Yet the only portion of a general catalogue which has been printed, since the one named above, is a single folio volume embracing only the titles which fall under the letter A; and the further publication of the work has been indefinitely postponed. The reading-room of the institution, it is true, contains something intended to answer the purposes of a catalogue, to be used only on the spot. It is partly in manuscript and partly in print, and fills, in its present very incomplete state, 70 or 80 folio volumes. The want of a printed catalogue has been the cause of much controversy and complaint.

This is a subject presenting more numerous and much greater difficulties than persons, who have not made it a matter of careful study, are aware of. Even the bibliographical giant at the Museum, who has for a long time past had the matter in special charge, has not been able satisfactorily to master it. Many years of thoughtful attention and laborious industry have been insufficient to produce the desired catalogue.

There has been much vexatious interference concerning the manner of making out the manuscript, from persons claiming superior wisdom and authority. This has only tended to interrupt and delay the completion of the work. The multitude of literary men in England have become impatient and clamorous for its appearance in print, though they have no proper appreciation of the obstacles in the way of its speedy publication.

There are two parties on the catalogue question. Mr. Panizza and his friends maintain, that the great and important thing to which all their efforts should tend, is the preparation of a manuscript catalogue with the title entered in full, and with numerous cross references. This would undoubtedly be of great service to all who could consult it at the Museum. It would certainly be a great bibliographical curiosity ; filling a very large number of volumes (500 in folio, it is estimated,) and needing the work of many years. This manuscript catalogue, intended to be superior in its plan and execution to any ever before produced, has been said, apparently with much truth, to be Mr. Panizza's favorite hobby. His views are ably advocated by Professor De Morgan, John Wilson Croker, Mr. Hallam, and other distinguished literary gentlemen. It is maintained by them, that, as the library is not a lending one, but the books must be consulted at the Museum, this description of catalogue will be better than a briefer printed one. The objections to the printing of the catalogue of such a constantly increasing library arise from the fact, that it must necessarily be incomplete, although it would extend in print to at least forty folio volumes, and cost fifty thousand pounds. To abridge the titles would, it is said, be likely to occasion and perpetuate numerous errors. In answer to the question, —

" Do you think it would have been possible by any other plan than that which is now in progress, to have consulted the impatience of the public for a complete catalogue ; could you have sacrificed, in some degree, uniformity and fulness without material disadvantage ? "

Mr. Panizza says,—

" No, it could not have been done. The complaints against the present catalogue [i. e. the printed one in eight volumes] are, in fact, that the titles are not full and accurate, and if those who

compiled them, Sir Henry Ellis and my predecessor, had not been hurried, I have no doubt that they would have made a much better catalogue. They made as good a catalogue as they could make, under the pressure of the trustees wishing for a "compendious" catalogue immediately. If we now publish another catalogue in a hurry, we never shall have a good one. We shall publish one in a hurry, and then again, when that is completed, we must publish another still in a hurry. What we really want now is a catalogue on a lasting basis carefully compiled, serving as a pattern for titles to be added ever after — a catalogue that shall be creditable to such an institution as this, and such as the public have a right to expect, and not any more make-shifts as we have had hitherto. If we are to have short titles, we not only have to do what has been done hitherto, but we have actually to spoil the good titles which we have."— p. 235.

The other party, at the head of which we should place Sir Robert Inglis, a trustee of the Museum who has devoted much time and thought to the subject, insists on the practicability and expediency of printing without delay a correct compendious catalogue, giving in brief the title of every work in the collection. Lord Mahon, Bolton Corney, and Thomas Carlyle are among the numerous and able supporters of this view. The Rev. Josiah Forshall, who has been for many years Secretary to the Trustees of the Museum, says, —

"I take the liberty of stating my own unvarying, but more and more confirmed, and now perfectly established conviction, that if the public are to have a proper use of the Museum Library, *there must be a printed catalogue* of its contents; and I speak confidently, not merely because my convictions are thus complete, but because, in the course of my experience, I have met with very few persons indeed, of an average amount of common sense, and well acquainted with the subject, who were not substantially of the same mind; and I am pretty sure that if the Commissioners were to examine not merely the officers of this House, but the chief librarians of all the public libraries in this country, such as those of the Universities, of Sion College, the London Institution, and Red Cross Street, they would find a very general concurrence of opinion upon that point; and it is my firm belief that there is no money that could be expended by government so profitably with a view to the improvement of the people, as that which may be necessary for the publication of a good printed catalogue of the library of the Museum — I say a good catalogue. Any printed catalogue is far better than none. A catalogue with one tenth part of the merit of the old octavo catalogue is vastly better than

none. But the catalogue printed by the Trustees of the British Museum, the national catalogue of this national library, ought to be a good catalogue, one of the best of its kind; and I venture, from an experience of 27 or 28 years, to assert that there is no real difficulty in producing it."—p. 356.

The commissioners in their report declare themselves unequivocally and strongly against printing, for the present at least, any catalogue. Their decision is not likely to be quietly acquiesced in by the literary men of Great Britain. It has created much dissatisfaction. Already there have been some fierce attacks upon the report. We shall not enter into the controversy; but, having stated the principal points at issue, leave it to be settled by the parties most nearly concerned, though the result will be regarded with deep interest by the whole literary world.

The other matters which claimed the attention of the commissioners were of minor importance and of less general interest; and as they have no direct bearing upon the particular subject which we have been considering, we pass them over without further remark. We cannot, however, close our notice of the Report without expressing our high gratification that, notwithstanding the difficulties and complaints to which we have alluded, this noble national institution is in a highly prosperous condition, and our hope, that it will not be long before the United States will successfully emulate the example of Great Britain.

The two pamphlets, whose titles are placed last on our list, may be regarded as auspicious signs full of good promise. Our limits at present will hardly allow us to give even a brief outline of the prospects and plans of the institutions to which they relate.

The Astor Library owes its existence to the munificence of John Jacob Astor, who died on the 29th day of March, 1848, leaving by his will the sum of $400,000 for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York. He named twelve trustees. The Mayor of the city and the Chancellor of the State for the time being, in respect to their offices, were to be of the Board, with Washington Irving, Joseph G. Cogswell, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and seven others. Washington Irving was appointed President of the Trustees, and Mr. Cogs-

well Superintendent of the Library, both by the unanimous vote of the Board.

"On the 28th of October, 1848, Mr. Cogswell, the superintendent, was authorized to go to Europe and purchase, at his discretion, books for the library to the value of twenty thousand dollars, his expenses to be defrayed by the institution, and the books paid for out of the first moneys to be received from the executors of Mr. Astor's will. The object of the trustees in sending Mr. Cogswell abroad at that particular time was to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the distracted political condition of Europe and the reduction of prices consequent upon it, to purchase books at very low rates; and they deem it proper to say in this place, in order to avoid the necessity of recurring to the subject, that the trust confided to him has been executed to their perfect satisfaction, that the purchases were made at prices greatly below the ordinary standard, and they consider it due to him to add, that his selections fully confirm the high estimate they had placed on his peculiar fitness for the services he has performed, and is performing, in the establishment of the library." — p. 5.

One of the conditions of the bequest has caused the trustees much embarrassment. The will contains the following emphatic clause, namely, "I direct that the sum to be appropriated for erecting the library building shall not exceed seventy-five thousand dollars." It has been found very difficult to obtain a satisfactory plan for an edifice which could be built for this sum, and which would combine the various requisites of size, solidity, and security against fire. The wisdom of Mr. Astor, in imposing this restriction, has been doubted by some persons, though the trustees make no complaint concerning the matter. A glance at Girard College, Gore Hall, and the Boston Athenæum ought to convince any one, that the temptation to indulge a taste for architectural display, even at the expense and by the sacrifice, in a great degree, of the real wants and legitimate objects of such institutions, is sufficient to overcome the judgment of men having a high reputation for wisdom and for the exercise of judicious economy. The trustees of the Astor Library have succeeded in forming a contract for a suitable building at the above named cost. It will be 65 feet front and 120 feet deep, and is to be completed by the first of April, 1852.

The library will not be considered as formed until $120,000, being the whole amount which is authorized by Mr. Astor's

will to be applied to the purchase of books in the outset of the institution, has been expended. The smallest number of books, which the trustees consider it safe to estimate as a basis for enlargement, is one hundred thousand volumes. The number of books now collected amounts to over 20,000 volumes. These are arranged on temporary shelves in a house hired for the purpose; and any persons desiring to view or use the books are permitted to do so. No little surprise has been expressed by visitors acquainted with the value of such works, on learning that the entire cost, thus far, has been only about $27,000. We doubt whether so large and valuable a collection of books has ever before been purchased on so favorable terms.

Particular attention appears to have been paid to the selection of the best books on bibliography. It appears, in the report of the trustees, that the valuable bibliographical works, amounting already to about one thousand volumes, were presented to the institution by the librarian. "Mr. Cogswell has thus become, in effect, the founder of a department of great importance in connection with the library, to be completed by a large additional contribution from his own means." We have before us an unpretending pamphlet of thirty pages, being a printed list of these works, which the compiler says is designed merely to answer the simple question, "Does such a work belong to the library?" It is, however, of itself, a valuable contribution to bibliography, and though printed anonymously, is evidently the work of the learned librarian. If published, it would be of great use to many persons who cannot avail themselves directly of the advantages of the library.

The Astor Library will, probably, when first formed, contain a larger number and a better selection of books than any other in the United States. With the generous provision which the founder has made for its increase, together with the liberal donations which will undoubtedly come to this as the largest library in the country, it is likely to grow rapidly, till it shall take rank with the large libraries of the Old World. Under the direction of an enlightened and judicious Board of Trustees, with Mr. Irving for President, and Mr. Cogswell for Superintendent of the library, there is every reason to believe, that the desire so warmly expressed at the conclusion

of the report will be fulfilled: — "That the Astor Library may soon become, as a depository of the treasures of literature and science, what the city possessing it is rapidly becoming in commerce and wealth."

From local situation and other causes which will readily suggest themselves to the reader, the chief interest and benefits of the Astor Library will be felt by the particular State and city where it is established. We hope that private munificence or public patronage will originate and support elsewhere many other similar libraries. Still something more will be necessary. We must have a large national library, to which we can point men of other countries as the substantial evidence of interest in the promotion of literature and science; and to which we can direct such of our own scholars as are desirous of availing themselves of the highest and fullest authorities in their investigations and studies. The time has come when this subject demands, and is likely to receive, speedy and efficient attention.

The foundation of the Smithsonian Institution affords one of the most favorable opportunities that was ever offered in any country for the establishment of such a library. We are sure that a much wider and deeper interest on this subject pervades the community, than has been publicly expressed. We know that many are with confident expectation awaiting the proceedings of the Regents and Officers of that institution. They to whom the management of its affairs is entrusted appear to be working together vigorously for this, in connection with the other great objects of the institution. It is a design worthy of their best wishes and best efforts, and they will be sustained in it by the coöperation and sympathy of men of letters and men of science throughout the country. May we not reasonably hope, that our national senators and representatives will regard the matter with special favor? Let Congress emulate the noble example of the British Parliament, by a liberal grant, and we shall soon have an institution that, in extent and usefulness, will rival the British Museum, and be an honor to the country.

ART. X.—1. *Speech of* HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky, *on the Resolutions of Compromise offered by him to settle and adjust amicably all Existing Questions of Controversy between the States, arising out of the Institution of Slavery;* delivered in the Senate of the United States, February 5th, 1850.

2. *Speech of* SAMUEL S. PHELPS, of Vermont, *on the Subject of Slavery;* delivered in the Senate, January 23, 1850.

3. *Speech of* JOHN M. BERRIEN, of Georgia, *on Mr. Clay's Proposed Compromise;* delivered in the Senate, February 11th, 1850.

4. *Speech of* SOLOMON U. DOWNS, of Louisiana, *on the Compromise Resolutions of Mr. Clay;* delivered in the Senate, February 18th, 1850.

5. *Speech of* DANIEL WEBSTER, of Massachusetts, *on Mr. Clay's Compromise Resolutions;* delivered in the Senate, March 7th, 1850. As revised and corrected by Himself. Boston: Redding & Co. 8vo. pp. 39.

6. *Speech of* HORACE MANN, of Massachusetts, *on the Subject of Slavery in the Territories, and the Consequences of a Dissolution of the Union;* delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, February 15th, 1850. Boston: Redding & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 35.

7. *Letter of* HON. HORACE MANN *to his Constituents on the Slavery Question.* Revised and corrected by the Author for the Evening Traveller. 8vo. pp. 13.

8. *Report of the Select Committee of Thirteen, of the United States Senate, to whom were referred Various Resolutions respecting California, the Other Territories recently acquired from Mexico, and the Institution of Slavery; together with the Speech of* HENRY CLAY *upon the said Report*, delivered in the Senate, May 13th, 1850.

IT is fortunate for the people of the United States that their interests do not often depend, to any great extent, upon the legislative action of Congress. In the distribution of authority between the National and the State Governments, so much power is reserved to the latter, so many subjects fall exclu-

sively within their control, that if the former, in its legislative capacity, should suddenly cease to act, if it should fall asleep, or remain in a comatose state, for a year or two, no great harm would result. At any rate, it might easily provide for such a long suspension of its activity, by merely appending a clause to each of the annual appropriation bills, providing that if Congress did not come together again for five or ten years, the government might draw from the national treasury, for each of those years, sums equal in amount to those appropriated by the bill for the first year, and might expend them for the same specified objects. Perhaps it should also be provided, that each of these sums might be increased from year to year in the same ratio with the growth of the population. If a general appropriation bill of this character were passed, we are quite confident that the interests of the country would not suffer, and its reputation would certainly be increased, if Congress should adjourn to the next century.

This opinion may appear extravagant to some; but in support of it we have only to appeal to the action, or rather the inaction, of the present Congress. The Senators and Representatives, collected from all parts of the Union, and chosen with great care in each case, — the honor of an election being highly and almost universally prized, — have now (May 23) been in session, and have apparently been hard at work, for nearly six months; and *how much have they accomplished?* They have passed just *four* laws; only one of which, that for taking the seventh census, is of any public importance. The urgency in this case was very great; for if provision had not been made in season for taking the census this summer, the whole number of representatives for the next Congress could not have been apportioned among the several States, as the Constitution requires. The Representatives, therefore, could not have been chosen; and our supposition would have been more than fulfilled; — the present Congress would have been the last of its race. So imminent was the peril of such a result, and so desirable did it seem that Congress should not again be exposed to the danger of dying out in this discreditable fashion, that, at the eleventh hour, amendments were introduced into the bill, fixing the ratio on which the Representatives should be distributed among the States, and ordering that the present bill should continue in force if Con-

gress, ten years hence, should fail to provide a substitute for it. We think the contrivers of these amendments showed great sagacity, and a proper appreciation of the character of the honorable body to which they belonged. The first amendment indicates their apprehension lest, after the whole number of persons in the country shall be determined by the census, the present Congress at its next session should become involved in so long and so warm a dispute as to the number which shall be taken as a divisor of the whole, or which shall be allowed to choose one Representative, that the fourth of March, the limit of Congressional life, would arrive before the dispute could be adjusted; the second shows, with equal clearness, their fears lest, ten years hence, Congress should wholly fail to enact any law for taking a new census. With admirable statesmanship, they provide for both contingencies; they provide for the probable future inability of Congress to legislate at all, even in regard to the measures absolutely necessary for the continuance of its own existence. If they would append similar amendments to the annual appropriation bills, they would earn the lasting gratitude of all future Congresses, for relieving them from the very slight measure of work which it is still absolutely necessary for them to perform. They might then meet, to wrangle, make speeches, and call the yeas and nays, for the whole period of one year, three months, and four days, which is the constitutional limit of their existence; and the whole country would regard their proceedings with perfect indifference.

We would not treat this matter lightly, nor manifest any want of respect to the individual members of both houses of our national legislature, many of whom enjoy an enviable and well merited reputation as statesmen, debaters, and patriots. The Senate, in particular, is composed, for the most part, of men who might honorably have sustained their part in the most distinguished legislative assembly which has been convened in any country or in any age; and among the Representatives, there are a few who would not disgrace any post of public service to which they might be called. And even when the members of Congress are taken collectively, or in a mass, we are aware that the evil of which we complain is not to be ascribed exclusively to them, but partly to the system, and partly to the constituencies by whom they are elected. But,

by whatever causes produced, the evil in question has now attained so great a height, that it would be criminal to affect any further delicacy in pointing it out lest individuals should feel themselves aggrieved by our plain speaking.

We complain, then, that both houses of Congress have been virtually transformed into noisy and quarrelsome debating clubs, to the almost entire neglect of their proper business of legislation, nearly the whole of which is postponed to the last two or three days of the session. Then, all the bills which have been proposed, only a very few of which have undergone any discussion, are huddled together, and, after calling the yeas and nays almost continuously for many hours together, the laws which are most essential to the continued existence of the government, such as the appropriation bills, are passed under the pressure of "the previous question," and the others die a natural death, or go to sleep till the next session. Among the bills which thus come to nothing are most of those which have been debated during a greater part of the session. Thus, the two functions of Congress, debating and legislating, are effectually separated from each other; some bills are debated without being enacted, others are enacted without being debated. What is called "the long session" of each Congress usually continues about eight months, of which perhaps seven months and twenty-five days are passed in debating and calling the yeas and nays, and the other five days are given to legislation. The expense of such a session to the country is nearly fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

These statements appear so extraordinary that we must give the figures to support them. Of the 66 laws enacted during the first session of the 28th Congress, 40, or nearly two thirds of the whole, were passed during the last three days of the session. At the second, or short, session of the same body, 24 laws, just half of the whole number, went through their last stage on the last day of the session. At the first term of the 29th Congress, out of 79 public laws, only 27 were enacted during the first six months, while 29 were passed during the last three days; at the second term, out of 47, all but 19 were completed on the last two days of the session. The 30th Congress paid a little more attention to the public business; at its first term, out of 102 laws, 62 passed before the session was within a month of its close; but at its second

term, only 16 laws out of 60 were enacted when the Congress had but two days more to live. The present, or 31st, Congress, as we have seen, has made a woful beginning; it has been six months in session, and it has enacted but four laws. The Representatives were three weeks in session, and balloted 64 times, before they could choose a speaker; three more weeks elapsed before a clerk and a sergeant at arms were chosen, and the organization of the House is not yet complete, for a doorkeeper and a postmaster still remain to be elected. But speeches have been delivered by the cartload, and public documents printed by the ton, though not a tenth part of the former were listened to, nor a hundredth part of the latter read, by the persons to whom they were immediately addressed.

If these results are compared with the action of any of the State legislatures in the Union, the contrast exhibited will be a very humiliating one for Congress. We can speak definitely only of that State with whose legislative action we are naturally most familiar, — of Massachusetts. Her General Court, as it is called, is usually in session only about four months of each year; and during this period, in 1849, it passed 248 general and special statutes, and 120 resolves; 25 of the former and 15 of the latter were completed during the first two months of the session, though the members were chiefly occupied during this early period in the committee rooms, in maturing the several measures which were afterwards to be discussed in the House at large. A greater variety of subjects came before them than those which claim the attention of the national legislature, and many of them were more complex in character, and more important and far reaching in their effects. Among them were general and special laws affecting banks, railroads, manufacturing corporations, the judiciary, the militia, the State system of popular education, charitable establishments, the repression of crime, the public morals and health, the creation of city governments, and many other matters which seldom or never come before the Houses at Washington; while the management of our foreign relations, of the army and navy, the tariff, and the post-office, are almost the only subjects which frequently claim the attention of Congress, while the State has nothing to do with them. Yet the Massachusetts legislature finds leisure to spend some

time in concise but earnest debate upon almost every law which it enacts; and even, in imitation of a very bad example, it can afford to waste a week in discussing some very idle abstract resolutions about slavery, a subject with which, as the domestic law-giving power of the State, it has about as much to do as with the practice of infanticide in China.

Of course, we are not commending the legislature merely for the multitude of laws which it enacts; we subscribe most heartily to the general principle, that the world is governed too much, and that the fewer new laws which are made the better. Some excuse, however, may be found for the great number of them which are enacted by the individual States, especially by Massachusetts, in the fact that many special subjects, or matters of detail, necessarily come within their sphere of action, which must be treated separately. As we have just shown, where cities, banks, railroads, manufacturing corporations, and the like, are to be chartered, where police and sanitary regulations are to be established, and public charities to be dispensed, legislative acts must be multiplied, or the work cannot be done. Still, the point of the contrast we are now drawing in favor of the State legislatures, (among whom we claim no preëminence whatever for that of Massachusetts,) is, not that they do many things, but that they do much. *Non multa, sed multum.* Their action is practical, efficient, business-like; they evince a disposition to act rather than to talk. Impertinent and long-drawn debate is discountenanced; the tedious and inefficient speaker is laughed at, and receives such mortifying tokens of the inattention of the house, that he is shamed into silence. Precisely because there is much work to be done, great diligence is shown in performing it. Congress has comparatively little to do, and therefore comparatively does nothing.

No one will suppose, of course, that there is any deficiency of important subjects on which Congress *might* act, on which, in truth, the great interests of the country imperatively require it to act, if the members did not thus scandalously separate discussion from legislation. Matters of transcendent importance, — the revision of the tariff, the reduction of the rates of postage, the amendment of the consular and diplomatic systems, the modes of depositing and transferring the public funds, and many others, — have been awaiting the

leisure of our national legislators during the whole six months which they have thus far wasted in hot debate about pure abstractions. During this period, most of the members have been talking, and many of them have been actively engaged in parliamentary manœuvres, the avowed purpose of which was to prevent or postpone all action whatever. Some half a dozen members from the North, and about as many from the South, professing respectively, in their most violent and exaggerated form, those doctrines in regard to slavery which belong to their respective localities, were able to paralyze for many weeks the action of the House, by obstructing its organization, and declaring virtually that no business should be transacted, till their extravagant demands were satisfied. These two fractions, or factions, of the House, the antipodes of each other in principle, adopt the same policy, and play into each other's hands. The fanatical opponent, and the fanatical advocate, of slavery adopt the same policy, and lock the wheels of government, in order to compel the vast majority of the members to submit to their dictation. They unite in repudiating the cardinal principle, upon which all our institutions are based, that the will of the majority, when manifested under the forms and through the channels prescribed by the Constitution and the laws, shall rule; and though their united force hardly numbers a baker's dozen, they require the other two hundred and twenty independent representatives to adopt their opinions, and to vote for their measures and men, under the penalty that Congress shall otherwise be disfranchised and disabled from the performance of its appropriate functions. Is it going too far to characterize such conduct as factious, anarchical, and anti-republican; as directly calculated to suspend the action of all government, and to reduce society itself to chaos? Is it reconcilable with the oath taken by every member to *support* the Constitution and the laws? It is miserable chicanery for such persons to affirm, that they are only exercising their undoubted privilege to vote according to their consciences and their best judgment, when this privilege is exercised with an object avowedly hostile to the purpose for which it was granted; it was given to them that they might assist the House to act, not that they might prevent its action. Every one knows, that a violation of the *spirit* of an oath is a higher offence in morals than a

transgression of the *letter;* inasmuch as it adds the guilt of cowardly prevarication to that of intentional perjury. Submission to the legally expressed will of the majority, or resignation of his seat, is the obvious duty of every member of a legislative assembly; he was not made a legislator in order that he might prevent all legislative action whatever.

We use strong language upon this point, because the greatest danger to which our republican institutions are now exposed proceeds from this inclination on the part of the discontented few to obstruct all action whatever, and rather to have no government at all, than a government which is in some respects distasteful to them. They adopt this principle as frequently in the primary assemblies for the election of a Representative, as in the hall of debate where the elected convene. If every congressional district in the United States had followed the example which has been pertinaciously set, during the last year and a half, by one of our own districts here in Massachusetts, and if, in every case, as it is here, an absolute majority of all the votes were required before any candidate could be chosen, the present House of Representatives could not have come into existence; the national government would have been brought to a dead pause, a temporary suspension of all its faculties, to be soon followed by the death-struggle of a revolution or a civil war. Under a government like ours, we hold it to be the self-evident duty of every citizen, as well as of every legislator, when it has become obvious that no one party out of three or more can obtain an absolute majority, either to refrain from voting, or to cast his vote in such a manner as will promote rather than prevent an election or a decision. Otherwise, either a different rule from that of the majority must be established, or the government must come to a stand still, and democracy must end in anarchy and ruin. This rule does not take away the privilege of voting at all; at the worst, every one has still a choice left between two, an alternative to which we are often reduced by the providence of God.

But this mulish determination not to do any thing, and to prevent others from doing any thing, when they will not do precisely what the individual's sovereign pleasure requires, though a prominent, is not the only cause of the disgraceful inactivity and inefficiency of Congress. A more frequent

obstacle to the transaction of business arises from the fact, that members are less disposed to give time and labor to their appropriate legislative functions than to vindicating their own position with their constituents. Their speeches are addressed not to each other, not to the whole House, not even to the proper subject of debate for the moment; but to an audience some hundreds or thousands of miles off, and to all the topics in which they suppose their constituents to be interested. Sometimes a member is frank enough to declare, that he does not wish for any audience but the speaker and the clerk, for what he purposes to say is addressed to his constituents, who are on the banks, it may be, of the Mississippi or the Connecticut. He would be puzzled to tell why, with this intention, he should travel as far as Washington, when it would be so much more convenient for him to address them at home. Of course, a number of orations delivered for such a purpose do not constitute a discussion or a debate. One is not made as a reply to another, nor does any one of them have any effect upon the proceedings of the House, except to delay its action.

We take at random, from the *National Intelligencer*, a specimen of the manner in which the Representatives at Washington have occupied the hours of each daily session for the last few months. After specifying the merely formal business of the opening of the session, such as correcting the journal, presenting petitions, and the like, the report for the 21st of May last goes on as follows: —

"On motion of Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, (Mr. Boyd, of Kentucky, in the chair,) and resumed the consideration of the message of the President transmitting the constitution of the State of California.

"Mr. Haymond being entitled to the floor, addressed the committee in a speech on the subject of slavery, which occupied his allotted hour.

"Mr. Gerry followed, and also spoke an hour on the same subject.

"Mr. King, of Massachusetts, also spoke an hour on the same subject.

"Mr. Thomas then obtained the floor, but yielded to a motion that the committee rise; which being agreed to, the committee rose.

"And the House adjourned."

Only alter the names from day to day, and this record might be stereotyped as a journal of the proceedings of the House during a greater part of this session. As the present number of members is 231, it was found, a few years ago, that even a nine months' session, would not suffice, if each one should deliver a speech as long as he saw fit. Accordingly, the "hour-rule" was established, so that the House can now sit through three, and when it is very industrious, even four, speeches a day. A very easy calculation, then, will show, that the speech-making upon any given subject ought to be finished in a little more than two months; for the spirit of the rule undoubtedly requires, that no member should "deliver his sentiments" more than once upon the same topic. But the more loquacious are not content till they have spoken three or four hour-orations, reports of which can be sent home to their constituents as proofs of their activity and diligence as legislators. If the discretion of the speaker will not allot them the floor a second time when the grand theme is ostensibly before the House, they can perchance obtain it when the tariff, the post-office, or some other nearly related topic is under consideration, and still occupy the hour with an essay upon slavery, either in continuation of their former remarks, or as a rejoinder to the oration of some other member delivered several weeks before. It is quite safe to compute, that over three hundred distinct essays upon the subject of slavery in the Territories have been spoken in the House during the last six months; their delivery has occupied almost the whole time which was not given to balloting for the speaker and the other officers.

The Senate, having only 60 members, has not found it necessary to adopt the hour-rule; and accordingly, the speeches which have been delivered before it upon the leading topic of the day, have seldom been less than five or six hours in length, and many of them have been extended through the greater part of two days. These *lengthy* orations have usually been of a high order of excellence; most of them have been grave, dignified, and argumentative discourses, showing a profound study of the subject, great familiarity with constitutional law, and remarkable acuteness and ingenuity in setting forth the speaker's peculiar views, and defending them by a formidable array of facts and reasonings. Apparently

not an inch of progress has been made in the attempt to bring the question to a close; but the public have now the advantage of knowing with great precision the opinions of each Senator upon every branch of the subject, and, as might be expected, when the topic is so very comprehensive, that no two Senators think exactly alike about it. Every degree of the thermometer, every shade of color in the solar spectrum, is represented by the various doctrines that have been maintained on the floor of the Senate, from the "extreme right" of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clemens to the "extreme left" of Mr. Seward and Mr. Hale. No one scheme for settling the whole difficulty can possibly obtain the hearty and undivided support of more than one Senator. If these various opinions were held only by the individuals who have advocated them before the Senate, there would still be a hope that the community at large might come to an agreement, and that public opinion, having finally settled a plan of compromise, might present it in a manner so authoritative as to secure its adoption by Congress. Unluckily, this is not the case; each Senator — with two or three exceptions to be noticed hereafter — has delivered precisely that opinion which he believes to be the prevalent one in the State which he represents. Obviously, then, without concession, without compromise, without a disposition to give up a part for the sake of securing the remainder, the difficulty *cannot* be settled; its final or even its partial adjustment is impossible.

We are not vain enough to suppose that, within the narrow limits of an article, any thing could be said upon this perplexing topic which has not already, and far more ably, been presented to the Senate in that unparalleled debate, which has now lasted full six months, and in which the greatest intellects of the country have participated. That debate, if reported and printed at length, would occupy at least ten octavo volumes, each containing twice as much matter as a number of this Review. Let those who would know all that can be said upon all branches of the subject address themselves to the perusal of those volumes, as they would to the study of a new science, or to the acquisition of a new language; we shal not aim to give even an abstract of them. The titles of half a dozen of the more remarkable of the speeches which have been delivered in the Senate are quoted at the head of this

article; and since most of these are in favor of some conciliatory measures, some plan of compromise, we have added to them a speech and a letter by a distinguished representative from our own State, Mr. Horace Mann, who has presented the ablest argument that we have seen in favor of doing nothing, or — what amounts to the same thing — of insisting that the extreme Northern doctrine shall be carried out upon every point, yielding to the South nothing, and of course giving up the hope of any settlement. These speeches and documents are now before us, and with their aid, we propose to look at the subject in the only aspect, perhaps, in which it has not yet been considered; the effect which the further agitation of it is likely to have upon the power of Congress to exercise its proper functions as a legislative body, and to acquire or maintain a reputation as an assembly of wise and practical statesmen.

The main question is, whether the introduction of slavery into any part of the territory recently ceded to this country by Mexico shall be directly prohibited by law. Most of the members from the Free States maintain that it ought to be so prohibited; to oppose the diffusion of slavery seems to them a moral obligation, resulting directly from the laws of conscience and of God, and, therefore, overriding all considerations of expediency, and constituting an end to be pursued, if necessary, by the sacrifice of all other rights and interests whatsoever. The Southern members affirm, that this ceded territory is the common property of all the States, to which all the inhabitants of our country have an equal right to migrate, and to carry their property along with them; that the Georgian has as good a right to transport his slaves thither, as the New York emigrant has to carry his domestic animals or his farming utensils; that the existence of slavery is recognized in the Constitution by the clause directing the surrender of fugitive slaves, and by another clause which allows three fifths of the slaves to be counted in making up the number which is requisite for sending one representative to Congress, and as the Constitution is extended over the new territory by the very act of its cession to the United States, slavery also is extended along with it; so that the direct prohibition of slavery in this territory would be both illegal and unjust. In this way, issue is joined, and either party refuses to budge an

inch from its position; and as each possesses the power, either by its numerical majority, by infinite speech-making, or by endless calls for the yeas and nays upon frivolous motions, to prevent all legislation, not only upon this matter, but upon any other which may claim the attention of Congress, it is obvious that the disgraceful inactivity of this session may be continued for an indefinite period. Congress must either virtually cease to act, or this question must be adjusted by a compromise.

The question arises, then, whether the point at issue is important enough to induce either party to maintain its ground in relation to it in this desperate and discreditable fashion. We maintain that it is not, but that it is a pure abstraction, so that, whichever way decided, it will not affect the conduct or the interests of a single inhabitant, either of the Free or the Slave States. And first, as to the moral obligation to prevent the diffusion of slavery, which is alleged to be the chief motive for insisting upon the enactment of the Wilmot Proviso. Other reasons, it is true, may be alleged in favor of the prohibition; but as they relate only to expediency, or to an equality of privileges between the North and the South, they do not furnish a motive of action sufficiently strong to justify a rejection of any compromise, and to require the supporters of the Proviso to adhere to it at all hazards, even at the cost of breaking up the Union, or of reducing Congress to helplessness and inaction. Now, the *diffusion* of slavery is a very different thing from the *creation* of it. All that can reasonably be said is, that we are morally bound at all hazards to prevent any person now free from being made a slave, except as a punishment for crime; if he is already a slave, and it is confessed that we are under an obligation to allow him to remain so where he is, we are not morally bound to resist unto death any attempt to transport him from Georgia to California. Looking at the thing *exclusively* in its ethical aspect, it is a matter of indifference whether he lives in one State or another. The wrong, the crime, of slavery attaches to persons, not to places. For all that we know, the condition of the slave himself may be ameliorated by such transportation. It is not expected, it is not even pretended, that the passage of the Wilmot Proviso would immediately cause the manumission of a single slave, or that a failure to enact it

would reduce a single freeman to bondage. It is admitted on all hands, that the number of slaves within the limits of the United States would not be directly increased or diminished by one, however this vexed question may be decided. The moral and religious obligation, then, which binds us to open the prison door of the captive and to let the oppressed go free, has no application whatever to the point at issue.

But it may be said, that the *indirect* consequence of prohibiting the introduction of slavery into the Territories will be to hasten the decay and fall of the institution in the States where it already exists; because, as the field of employment for slave labor in its present locality is limited, and large portions of it are diminishing in value from exhaustion of the soil, while the number of slaves is constantly increasing, they must, finally, if prevented from migrating to a virgin soil, come to be rather a burden than a profit to their masters, who will then gladly emancipate them. To this it might be answered, that it is a very doubtful morality which urges us to do indirectly, by subterfuge or stealth, that which all admit we have no direct power to accomplish; namely, to abolish slavery within the States where it now exists, and has existed ever since their formation. But let this pass; we will not impugn the casuistry, questionable as it may be, of a party most of whom are certainly governed by high conscientious motives. It is better to meet them on their own ground, and ask them if they are seriously prepared to maintain, that we are under a paramount moral obligation to do every thing, and at all hazards, (for here is the pinch of the difficulty,) which, according to our fallible judgment, may tend, however remotely, to discountenance the institution of slavery, or to shorten the period of its existence. If so, then a very grave and far-reaching duty is certainly incumbent upon them. They must immediately cease to consume what are usually called slave products; they must wear no cotton, eat no sugar or rice, use no tobacco, and have no trade or intercourse, direct or indirect, with slaveholders. In respect to all these things, their motto must be, Touch not, taste not, handle not. Are they prepared to accept this doctrine with all its consequences? We are not refining unduly. Nothing is hazarded by the assertion, that, very numerous as their party is, who for conscientious motives now call for the enactment of the

Wilmot Proviso, the universal rejection by them of all slave products, followed, as their example surely would be, by the more rigid opponents of slavery in England, would be a far more direct and serious blow to slavery, than to inhibit its diffusion into New Mexico and California.

But we go farther. Slavery is not the only evil and crime of so fearful a character that the obligation to oppose it at all risks extends even to the causes which may be supposed indirectly or remotely to encourage or promote it. Civil war is attended with consequences at least equally disastrous and wicked. How far, in this case, are we bound to look into the future, and to avoid the slightest speech or action which by any possibility, or in its farthest results, can tend to kindle or to widen the conflagration? Perchance, in avoiding the Scylla of one offence, we may fall into the Charybdis of another. Zeal is not the only quality which promotes good works; the fiery energy, which stimulates our efforts against a particular evil, may wholly consume the habit of circumspection and watchfulness which alone can guard us against many others.

We deny, then, that there is any peculiar sacredness or stringency whatever in the obligation of the Representatives from the Free States to support the Wilmot Proviso. The prohibition of slavery in the Territories stands upon the same ground with other proposed legislative measures; it is supported by grave considerations of utility and political expediency. It will not affect the freedom or the natural and inalienable rights of a single human being; but it will greatly affect the future prosperity of New Mexico, Utah, and California. It is open, then, to compromise and final adjustment upon the same principles which have decided many other contested issues in Congress. That dogged determination, which often proceeds as much from native obstinacy of disposition as from conscientious adherence to principle, is just as much out of place here as if it were manifested upon the question of cheap postage.

Thus far, we have stated the argument as if the prohibition of slavery in the territory recently acquired from Mexico were still an open question; as if slavery would unquestionably go thither, if Congress should not directly prohibit it from going. But this is a mere supposition, and it is not true. Slavery is

already shut out from this territory, (Texas, with its disputed boundaries, excepted,) not by the law of Congress, but by the law of God. The physical characteristics of the country are adverse to the existence of African slaves; the soil and the climate will not tolerate their presence. The people of California, in view of this fact, have acted for themselves, and have made assurance doubly sure; they have excluded the dreaded institution by express enactment in their constitution. Congress may refuse to admit California into the Union, but it cannot compel the people to undo their own work, and to admit what they have solemnly determined to exclude. The same considerations, which have induced the Californians to act in this manner, will unquestionably lead the people of Utah and New Mexico to follow their example; they will exclude slaves because the nature of their soil and climate must ever render slavery unprofitable. Throughout this broad region slavery never had any more than a nominal existence; and it was directly abolished by the act of the Mexican government in 1829, which act was confirmed and ratified by the Mexican Congress in 1837. The habits of the people being thus formed and their inclinations directed, the emigration thither — what there is of it — being also almost exclusively from the Free States, there is no doubt that the inhabitants, when they come to legislate for themselves, will expressly prohibit an institution which they see to be unprofitable to them in their present circumstances, and must apprehend as a future curse. Cotton, sugar, rice, and coffee, will not grow in their territory; and where these products cannot be raised, slaves must be rather an injury than a profit to their masters. The country has now been, more than two years, the property of the United States, and no evidence has yet been produced that a single slave has been carried thither. Yet the whole South was eager to plant the peculiar "domestic institution" there, in order to secure a claim to the territory; no legislation as yet prohibits it, though the danger at one period appeared imminent that Congress would soon change the famous Proviso into a law. With all this inducement for slaveholders to be speedy in their action, and to secure that possession which constitutes nine points of the law, not one of them has been willing to peril his property by removing slaves to the territory.

Under these circumstances, what are the opponents of the introduction of slavery to do? If they insist upon prohibiting it by law, it is morally certain that Congress will adjourn without accomplishing any thing, without admitting California into the Union, without establishing any government for the Territories, without abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and, very likely, even without passing the annual appropriation bills, which are necessary for the continued existence of our own government. No reasonable person, who has watched the proceedings of Congress during the present session, can deny that this result, or want of a result, is inevitable. If an insignificant fraction, only a dozen members, were able to delay the organization of the House for many weeks, it is certain that 96 Representatives and 30 Senators, who come from the Slave States, can prevent any action for the remainder of the session. We say nothing of the peril of disunion and civil war, because we do not believe that any such peril as yet exists. But the danger that the session will come to a stormy and discreditable close, without accomplishing any thing, *does* exist, and is of fearful magnitude.

Suppose, then, that we are willing to encounter this danger, and to make the sacrifice, however great, which will result from the breaking up of the national legislature without the enactment of any law, except the four already passed. Do we thereby secure our main object, and gain the prize that we have been contending for? By no means. *Inaction is just what the South demands.* The North asks for legislation upon the subject; it asks that California may be admitted into the Union, with its present constitution that forbids the existence of slavery. The South wishes to postpone or prevent a measure which will simply add two votes, both in the Senate and the House, to the party of the Free States. The North asks that slavery may be prevented by law from extending into the Territories of Utah and New Mexico; the South does not wish for a law that will directly sanction or enjoin the introduction of slavery, but merely that the land may remain open, without any legislative guards or prohibitions whatsoever. It simply denies the power of Congress to legislate at all upon the subject, whether for the restriction or the diffusion of slavery. Of course, its object is gained if Congress adjourns in confusion, without passing a compromise or any other law

affecting the Territories. This is the universal Southern doctrine; both the Missouri compromise and the resolutions for the annexation of Texas declare, that such States as may be formed south of the parallel of 36° 30′ "shall be admitted into the Union *with or without slavery, as the people* of each State asking admission *may desire;*" and in such States as shall be formed "north of said Missouri compromise line, *slavery* or involuntary servitude (except for crime) *shall be prohibited,*" whether the people desire it or not. Mr. T. B. King, member of Congress from Georgia, and recently the United States government agent in and for California, in his Report to the President, speaks as follows of the action of the Californians in forming a constitution for themselves, and excluding slavery.

"They were not unmindful of the fact, that while Northern statesmen had contended that Congress has power to prohibit slavery in the Territories, they had always admitted that the States of the Union had the right to abolish or establish it at pleasure.

"On the other hand, *Southern statesmen had almost unanimously contended that Congress has not the constitutional power to prohibit slavery in the Territories, because they have not the power to establish it;* but that the people, in forming a government for themselves, have the right to do either. *If Congress can rightfully do one, they can certainly do the other.*

"This is the doctrine put forth by Mr. Calhoun, in his celebrated Resolutions of 1847, introduced into the Senate of the United States, among which is the following: —

"'*Resolved*, That it is a fundamental principle in our political creed, that a people in forming a constitution have the unconditional right to form and adopt the government which they may think best calculated to secure their liberty, prosperity, and happiness; and in conformity thereto, no other condition is imposed by the Federal Constitution on a State, in order to be admitted into this Union, except that its constitution shall be "republican;" and that the imposition of any other by Congress would not only be in violation of the constitution, but in direct conflict with the principle on which our political system rests.'

"President Polk, in his annual message, dated 5th December, 1848, uses the following language: —

"'The question is believed to be rather abstract than practical, whether slavery ever can or would exist in any portion of the acquired territory, even if it were left to the option of the slave-

holding States themselves. From the nature of the climate and productions, in much the larger portion of it, it is certain it could never exist; and in the remainder, the probabilities are that it would not.

"'But, however this may be, the question, involving as it does a principle of equality of rights of the separate and several States as equal co-partners in the confederacy, should not be disregarded.

"'In organizing governments over these Territories, no duty imposed on Congress by the constitution requires that they should legislate on the subject of slavery; while their power to do so is not only seriously questioned, but denied by many of the soundest expounders of that instrument.

"'Whether Congress shall legislate or not the people of the acquired Territories, when assembled in convention to form State constitutions, will possess the sole and exclusive power to determine for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits.'

"The people of California, therefore, acting in conformity with the views thus expressed, and what seemed to be the generally admitted opinion in the States, had every reason to suppose, and did suppose, that by forming a constitution for themselves, and deciding this question in accordance with their own views and interests, they would be received with open arms by all parties."

We add another brief extract from Mr. King's Report, in support of our general position, that the soil, climate, and other physical circumstances of the territory recently acquired from Mexico are so adverse to the existence of slavery, that slaveholders themselves, when they have removed thither, are opposed to its introduction: —

"Some intimations or assertions, as I am informed, have been thrown out that the South was not fairly represented in the convention. I am told by two of the members of Congress elect from California, who were members of the convention, that of the thirty-seven delegates designated in General Riley's proclamation, sixteen were from slaveholding, ten from the non-slaveholding States, and eleven who were citizens of California under the Mexican government, and that ten of those eleven came from districts below 36° 30′. So that there were in the convention twenty-six, of the thirty-seven, members from the slaveholding States, and from places south of the Missouri compromise line.

"It appears on the journal of the convention, that the clause in the constitution excluding slavery, passed unanimously."

It should be borne in mind, that Utah and New Mexico are

even less adapted by nature than California for the presence of slavery. They are high, cold, mountainous regions, barren for the most part, and yielding not one of the products on which slave labor has ever been employed to any advantage.

It is hard to imagine a stronger case than is here presented against the continued agitation of the subject of the Wilmot Proviso, considered in reference only to the new territory recently ceded to us by Mexico. It has been shown that there is no moral obligation whatever to press the subject; that slavery was abolished throughout the whole region thirteen years ago, and has never been revived there; that the elements themselves fight against it, the laws of nature being unalterably opposed to its introduction; that the country has been entirely open to slaveholders for the last two years, and not one of them has chosen to transport his slaves thither; that the inhabitants, a majority of whom came from slave regions, as soon as they began to legislate for themselves, voluntarily and unanimously decreed that it should be for ever excluded; and lastly, that the more the Proviso is pressed in Congress, the more certain it is that nothing will be done, and that the South will obtain all it wants, — freedom from any legislation on the subject. Really, it requires all the courage and ingenuity of Mr. Mann to stand out against this plain statement of the case. The following extract from his "Letter," in which he combats Mr. Webster's doctrine, that slavery is excluded from California and New Mexico by the law of nature and of physical geography, is a fair specimen both of his logic and his rhetoric: —

"Now, this is drawing moral conclusions from physical premises. It is arguing from physics to metaphysics. It is determining the law of the spirit by geographical phenomena. It is undertaking to settle by mountains and rivers, and not by the ten commandments, the question of human duty. It abandons the second commandment of Christ, and all bills of rights enacted in conformity thereto, and leaves our obligations to our 'neighbor,' and all human rights, to be determined by the accidents of earth and water and air. To ascertain whether a people will obey the divine command, and do to others as they would be done by, it looks at the thermometer. What a problem would this be! — 'Required the height above the level of the sea at which the oppressor "will undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke," — to be determined barometrically.'

Alas! this cannot be done. Slavery depends not upon climate, but upon conscience. Wherever the wicked passions of the human heart can go, there slavery can go. Slavery is an effect. Avarice, sloth, pride, and the love of domination are its cause. In ascending mountain sides, at what altitude do men leave these passions behind them? Different vegetable growths are to be found at different heights, depending also upon the zone. This I can understand. There is the altitude of the palm, the altitude of the oak, the altitude of the pine, and, far above them all, the line of perpetual snow. But in regard to innocence and guilt, where is the *white line?* How high up can a slaveholder go and not lose his free agency? At what elevation will the whip fall from the hand of the master and the fetters from the limbs of the slave? There is no such point. Freedom and slavery on the one hand, and climate and geology on the other, are incommensurable quantities."

Does Mr. Mann wish to be understood, that he thinks the slaveowner is quite as likely to remove his slaves of African descent from a sunny and fertile region, producing an abundance of cotton, sugar, and rice, to a cold and mountainous one, yielding little but maize and potatoes, as he is to keep them where they are? If not, if he admits that so great a difference will probably induce most planters to keep their slaves at home, then, and to the full extent of such admission, he himself "argues from physics to metaphysics," and "determines the law of the spirit by geographical phenomena," and "undertakes to settle by mountains and rivers the question of human duty," and "looks at the thermometer to ascertain whether a people will obey the divine command," and does half a dozen other antithetical and strange things, which all, however, amount to the same thing, namely, to the simple proposition that men of property are usually also men of sense, and will not often remove their property from a place where it is valuable to one where it will be entirely worthless.

But does the ground which we have here taken amount to an abandonment of the Wilmot Proviso, when considered as a principle of public law, or as a rule for the legislation of Congress? Certainly not. For what is the principle of this famous Proviso? It is that slavery shall be prohibited by organic law — that is, by the law constituting or admitting any new Territory or State — from extending into any such Territory or State, where it does not already exist. But, according to the view here taken, and which has been pre-

sented with surpassing ability in the Senate by the two great statesmen of the country, the leading minds respectively of the North and the South, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, this prohibition is inapplicable and needless in respect to the territory lately acquired from Mexico, simply because slavery is prevented from going thither by other causes. The Proviso is already enacted for this territory by a higher power, and the act is enrolled in heaven's chancery. The principle, then, is affirmed, not abandoned. Accordingly, both the great statesmen just mentioned, who have advocated the course here pointed out, have also declared, with perfect consistency, their inflexible determination to support the Proviso in any and every case where it is needed and applicable. But they are not thereby bound, to adopt the illustration of Mr. Webster, to append it to a bill for the annexation of Canada, if such a bill should ever be presented. Nay, at the very last session of Congress, a law was passed to organize a territorial government for Minnesota, which contained no prohibition of slavery; the Missouri compromise, it is true, was applicable in this case; but if it had not been so, any attempt to append the Wilmot Proviso to the bill would only have met deserved ridicule. In spite of Mr. Mann's unwillingness "to look at the thermometer to ascertain whether a people will obey the divine command," the generality of mankind at the present day persist in believing, that ice and snow and a winter that lasts through nine months of the year are more effectual preservatives against African slavery than all the laws ever framed by Parliament or Congress.

It is true, that the action of Congress has been a good deal hampered by the previous action of the legislatures of the Free States, all of which, before the opening of the session, advised or instructed their representatives in the two Houses at Washington to insist upon an absolute interdiction of slavery in the newly acquired territory. But, as Mr. Clay argued with great force, these instructions were given before the circumstances of the case were known. It was generally believed, a year ago, by those who had paid no special attention to the subject, that Utah and New Mexico opened as profitable a field for the employment of slave labor as Texas; and that California particularly, with its long reach of sea-coast on the Pacific, and its abundance of the precious metals,

would be very attractive to slaveholders. Allowance was not made for the probability, that, as the gold deposits were mostly upon the surface of the ground, and cover large tracts of land which were literally common property, no private individual having any valid title to them, there would be an immediate rush of free laborers and adventurers to the new El Dorado from the four quarters of the globe and from the farthest isles of the sea. Now the question between Freesoil and Slavesoil, in these modern days, is always practically decided by priority of possession; for the two kinds of labor cannot exist side by side. The white laborer cannot be enticed at the South to work with the negroes in a cotton-field; you might as well expect, at the North, that he would allow himself to be yoked into the same team with his own horses and oxen. This is the great economical evil of slavery — the great harm done by the institution; it depreciates — it ruins — manual labor in the estimation even of the free; manual labor becomes work fit only for slaves. Free adventurers swarmed to the rich *placers*, or gold-washings, of California, as soon as the existence of gold in this region became known, and before a single slave could be transported thither; and the question was then virtually decided. These men, most of whom had seen better days, would not tolerate the presence of a gang of slaves working beside them; they would either emancipate them on the spot, by Lynch law, or they would hunt them off the ground, like wolves. If they had been slaveholders themselves, in their former and more prosperous days, their intolerance of the institution under present circumstances would be only the more conspicuous; it would be degradation worse than death to shovel and wash earth cheek by jowl with a slave. It is not at all surprising, then, that the free inhabitants of California, former slaveholders and all, repudiated slavery with one voice; they declared that it should never pollute their shores. The same result must follow in Utah and New Mexico. The soil, which is very poor soil, is already in possession of the free, who are tilling it with their own hands. Even if slaves should be sent thither, these men would drive them back again. Their vast tracts of elevated table land, torn into frightful fissures and gulphs by earthquakes and volcanic action, are, like the moun-

tains of Switzerland and Vermont, singularly propitious to freedom.

These facts and considerations not being generally known, the legislatures of the Free States were eager to rescue the territory from the blight, supposed to be imminent, of slavery. They passed resolutions in favor of inhibiting it, and had scarcely adjourned when the news arrived, that California of its own accord had determined to be free; that it had not merely nipped the evil in the bud, but had prohibited the seed from being sown. If the news had come one month earlier, — when a silly report was in general circulation at the North, that President Taylor had entered into a conspiracy with the Southern planters to smuggle the abhorred institution into California, and thereby to anticipate the action of Congress, — there is little doubt that the legislatures would generally have remained passive. But when they had once committed themselves, by the passage of the resolutions, we fear it is not probable that, even if they had continued in session till the intelligence from California had arrived, they would have rescinded them. It is too much to expect of any public body, that it will confess by its own vote that its former action was precipitate and based upon imperfect or mistaken information.

But farther; we must be permitted to doubt whether this action of these legislatures *was* a fair expression of the opinion of the people whom they represent, though it was doubtless intended to be such. For, in the first place, these legislative assemblies, elected for the sole purpose of *making laws* upon a limited range of subjects which are allotted to them with great precision in the Constitution, confessedly transcend their powers when they adopt measures or pass *resolutions*, which are no *laws* at all, which have no binding force upon anybody, and which relate to subjects that are admitted not to be within their province, but are expressly reserved by the Constitution for decision by a different legislature. With all due respect to the General Court of Massachusetts, and for the corresponding body in any other State, we must say that the *resolutions* which they occasionally pass upon such subjects as slavery, the tariff, the post office, and other matters, with which, under the Constitution, they have no right whatever to interfere, are entitled to just as much consideration as the

"resolves" gravely voted by the caucus, volunteer electioneering association, or "convention of all the universe" assembled in a village schoolhouse, — and to no more. When the legislature wastes its time on such resolutions, it sinks to the level of a mere electioneering assemblage. Of course, "the voice of Massachusetts," (if we must use the vulgar electioneering slang of the day,) ought to be heard in the national councils; but then it should be heard through its regular representatives constitutionally *appointed for that very purpose;* and with such men as Webster in the Senate, and Winthrop in the House, we have no fears but that it will be heard in tones which will echo from Maine to Texas. The paltry excuse, that the State legislature has a right to *instruct* the representatives of Massachusetts in the United States Senate at least, since these Senators are elected by the legislature, is abundantly confuted by the fact, that the Senators, when elected, have a constitutional right to hold their office for six years, while the members of the State legislature are clothed with power but for one year. Can the acts of the legislature of 1845, to which the constitution expressly gives validity, and immunity from repeal, for six years, be legally repudiated by the legislature of 1850? Or can anybody give a reason, why the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts *in Congress* ought rather to be advised or instructed by the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts sitting *in the State House* at Boston, than that the latter should be advised or instructed by the former? To our simple apprehension, it seems, that as the former are entrusted by the people with office respectively for two or six years, while the latter are trusted by the same people only for one year, the former have the better right of the two to give instruction or advice. The mere idea of a large assemblage of Berkshire farmers and Boston lawyers and editors undertaking to give advice to Daniel Webster about the proper performance of his duties, or about nice points of constitutional law, is sufficiently ludicrous.

Our second reason for doubting whether these legislative resolutions truly expressed the opinions held by *the people* of the States from which they came is, that, in most cases, notoriously, they did not convey the real sentiments of the very legislators who passed them and sent them to Washington.

Drawn up and enacted, (if such a phrase be applicable in such a case,) for electioneering purposes by legislators who were acting for the time in a mere electioneering capacity, and intended to conciliate the good will of a party, often the smallest out of three, which was yet supposed to hold the balance of power in the State, they truly express the political creed only of a portion of the community the least significant in point of numbers, though the loudest and most earnest in defence of their peculiar doctrines. Of course, we speak now without reference to any particular party, or to any particular views of the Constitution or of public policy. We are only explaining the general manner in which the machinery of electioneering action and the manœuvres of contending parties often produce an appearance as if the whole community had suddenly caught a fever or gone mad on some special subject, which was never heard of three years before, and will hardly be mentioned again three years afterwards. It was thus that the Antimasonic excitement, the Native American excitement, the Oregon question excitement, and now the Wilmot Proviso excitement, have broken out at different times, and after raging for a while, like the influenza, have then subsided with quite as little effect as the influenza would have produced upon the general constitution of the patient. If any one should judge, from the violence of the symptoms at the moment, that our whole community, — sober, pains-taking, and practical, as they usually appear, — are still liable to these periodical attacks of frenzy, he would do that community great injustice. Not one in five among them cares a straw about the matter, though he will still encourage his delegate or representative to agitate the matter very earnestly, as he is told that this course will operate to the advantage of "his party."

Every one knows, that there are two great and probably permanent parties in the United States, the Whigs and the Democrats, corresponding in some respects to the Whigs and Tories in England, between whom the voting population are so very equally divided, that a very slight accession of numbers to either is usually enough to turn the scale, and decide a Presidential election. Such an accession may often be obtained by judiciously picking up some topic of agitation, in which a very few persons are so deeply interested, that the

ties which hold them to either of the old parties are comparatively of little strength or moment. They will then vote either for Whigs or Democrats, according as they may think the one party or the other is more favorable to the one darling object or scheme which monopolizes their affections. These are usually called men of "one idea," because they ignore or scout all other legislative or diplomatic questions, and will pay no attention to any of the great interests of the country, lest their minds should be diverted for a moment from the single object on which, as they think, depends the salvation of the universe. In regard to this aim or scheme, every one of them appears to have taken Hamlet's oath: —

> "Yea, from the table of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
> All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
> That youth and observation copied there;
> And thy commandment all alone shall live
> Within the book and volume of my brain,
> Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven!"

The exaltation of mind and temper under which such an oath is taken is apt, of course, to render the individual very noisy. The clamor raised by a party in this country, like the barking of a dog, is usually in inverse proportion to its size. For a while, the few obstreperous persons who compose it are only laughed at; and as a crowd in the street are often amused by the impotent passion shown by a very small puppy, so the community generally seems to regard the outrageous noise made by these persons as an excellent joke. But as even Mormonism and Millerism in these days can find many converts, by and by it is discovered, that the number of these monomaniacs, or men of one idea, is very considerable, — that, although quite insignificant in comparison with either of the two great parties that divide the country, they are yet numerous enough, in a few States, to hold the balance between them, and give the victory to the one which they may prefer. As soon as this discovery is made, and especially if an important election be at hand, the Whigs and Democrats begin to vie with each other in courting the favor of this new party; lately an object of general derision, it is now installed in the place of honor, and all politicians bow down before it. The demands of such a party are usually inordinate enough; but when it is fairly put up at auction between the Whigs and Democrats, to be knocked off at the highest price that can

be obtained, the extravagance of the bids made by the two competitors almost exceeds belief. Three months ago, a few individuals appeared to have lost their wits upon one topic; now, the whole community seem to have caught the infection, and to have gone mad in good earnest. They have very recently discovered, that a Free Mason is little better than a pirate; and the town-clerk of a little village in New England is turned out of office, because it is violently suspected that he is not willing to go to war with England for the sake of obtaining the whole of Oregon up to 54° 40′.

This sketch is not drawn at all in the spirit of caricature, but in sad and sober earnestness; and we appeal to every cool observer of the play of parties in the United States during the last twenty years, whether it be not, on the whole, a faithful one. The manner in which "the public opinion" of this country upon any political topic is manufactured, and the awe and trembling with which all politicians regard it, remind one of nothing so strongly as of a cat chasing its own tail; pussy jumps round with amazing quickness, but the object that she pursues being carried round by her own effort, and with her own speed, remains just as far off as ever. Deference for an assumed public opinion at the North, which their own electioneering manœuvres have created, constrains one portion of Congress to vote for applying the Wilmot Proviso to territories where it is about as much needed as a law would be to prevent the falling of snow in the island of Barbadoes. In the popular vote for the election of a President, which was given in November, 1848, the Freesoil party, as it is called, which was pledged to support the Proviso by the sacrifice of all other objects, counted less than 300,000 persons in all the Northern States, and could not choose a single elector; the Democrats, who had triumphed at the preceding election through their advocacy of the annexation of Texas, — a measure which added many thousand slaves to our population, and one Slave State to our Union, with a promise of four more such States within a few years, — numbered over 1,200,000; and the Whigs cast more than 1,300,000 votes for the election of a slaveholder. It was obvious, then, that three Freesoilers held the balance of power between twelve Democrats and thirteen Whigs; and both the parties last named, of course, began to bid against each other for the favor of the three who

could decide between them in the next coming election. Under the influence of this rivalry, the legislatures of all the Northern States, before November, 1849, had passed fiery resolutions in favor of the Wilmot Proviso. Are these resolutions, then, the expression of a real, or a factitious, public opinion?

Unfortunately, the question which is now agitated in Congress does not relate *exclusively* to the admission of California as a Free State, and to the application of the Wilmot Proviso to Utah and New Mexico; it has been complicated with all the other debatable matter relating to slavery, till it has become manifest that most of the questions which have been mooted between the Free and the Slave States must now be taken together, and all adjusted at once, or that no progress can be made in the settlement of any one of them. Within the brief space that now remains to us, therefore, we must glance at each of these topics, in order to see whether any of them places insuperable difficulties in the way of the settlement of the main question, or is so important that, for the sake of it, Congress must be reduced to inaction, the wheels of government must be stopped, and all the other great interests of the country must suffer. It is in these relations alone, that we have looked at the main subject, and in these alone it is proposed to consider each of the other questions which have been grouped around it, without any bond of connection between them but that they all affect the institution of slavery. In one respect, as already intimated, it is a misfortune that they have been linked together; for the settlement of any one being sufficiently difficult, the settlement of all at once seems nearly hopeless. But on another account, we are not sorry that the topic of slavery is now so fully presented, that, if decided at all, it must be decided in all its political relations, and cease to be a cause of popular agitation and political manœuvres for many years to come. Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, who negotiated the treaty of Washington in 1841, deserve the lasting gratitude of both England and America for not resting satisfied with the mere adjustment of the dispute between the two countries as to the Northeastern Boundary, but for settling every other matter of controversy between them which was then ripe for action. The Oregon question alone was left, as an affair comparatively

easy to adjust, when the public attention should be sufficiently turned towards it, and when not complicated with other disputes.

The first collateral question that is presented relates to the boundary of Texas. The dividing line between this State and Mexico was wholly undetermined at the time of the annexation of the former to the United States; and when, by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, our own southwestern boundary was extended to the Rio Grande, and California and New Mexico were added to our territories, we received from Mexico, also, her unadjusted dispute with Texas as to boundary. A portion of the disputed ground, the tract lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, as it is of little value to either claimant, and can never support a population large enough to constitute a State by itself, will probably be abandoned to Texas without controversy. Not so with the Santa Fé district and the other portions of New Mexico lying on the east bank of the upper Rio Grande. The native inhabitants of this region, the population of which is not likely to receive any large increase by immigration, cherish sentiments of bitter hostility towards the Texans, who now threaten to extend their disputed dominion over them by force. A border warfare must ensue, if Congress does not intervene to settle the difficulty. Slavery cannot be introduced into this region, which is too elevated, too barren, and situated too far to the north to recompense any other than free labor; but if the laws of Texas are extended over it, it becomes a portion of a slave State, and whatever political power it may subsequently obtain will be lost to the cause of freedom. Both humanity and policy require, therefore, that the North should submit to any reasonable sacrifice for the purpose of severing this region from Texas, and adding it to the free territory of New Mexico. Now, by the terms of the proposed compromise, the sacrifice required is a very trifling one. Texas is willing to sell her claim to the disputed region for what she calls a fair price, — for a few millions of dollars; and the United States are bound in equity to cause the creditors of Texas to be paid a sum at least equal to this price, because the revenue from the customs of Texas, which is now paid into our national treasury, was formally and solemnly pledged to these creditors as a security for their debt. Having

taken away the security, our government is bound to see that the debt is paid; and it can be paid with the price of the claim to the disputed region. The South makes no objection to this arrangement; Texas, as we have said, consents to it; and the North ought to be satisfied with it, because, first, it will preserve the national faith, and, secondly, it will rescue a large tract of country from the dominion of a Slave State, and, by joining it to New Mexico, add it to the "area of freedom."

The next collateral question, relating to slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, may be very quickly disposed of. In the compromise offered by the Committee of thirteen Senators, it is proposed to abolish the slave *trade* in the District, but to leave the *institution* of slavery there to die a natural death, which, according to all appearances, is not far off. Since the retrocession of Alexandria county to Virginia, in 1846, the District includes only one county, which is on the north bank of the Potomac, and which, in 1830, had a slave population of 4,505; this number was reduced in the next ten years to 3,320, a ratio of decrease nearly equal to 30 per cent. If the diminution has continued in the same ratio, the number at present cannot much exceed 2,000. Now, if slavery were abolished in the District, it is not likely that any one of these slaves would be emancipated; their owners, to avoid a loss of property, would send them off into Maryland or Virginia before the law came into operation, — a change which would certainly be a great hardship to the slaves themselves, by breaking all their ties of attachment to their former owners and homes. Where, then, would be the gain to the cause of freedom from this operation of sweeping out a few slaves from a little tract, embracing sixty or seventy square miles, in the very heart of a great slave region? There were at least eight counties in western Virginia, in 1840, which had less than 100 slaves each; they had but 634 in all. Who would advocate the removal of these 634 poor blacks into the neighboring and more populous slave counties, for the sake of obtaining an extent of "freesoil" at least twenty times as great as the present District of Columbia? Moreover, by insisting on the abolition of slavery in the District, the compromise will be defeated, and the slave *trade* will continue. Shall we reject a part, because we cannot

obtain the whole? We hesitate not to say, that by abolishing the traffic in slaves near the capital, a greater good would be accomplished than would follow from the prohibition of slave labor there, if it was still allowed to bring slaves thither for the purposes of trade, but not for continued residence. "It is a trade sometimes exhibiting revolting spectacles," say the Committee of Thirteen, a majority of whom are from the South, "and one in which the people of the District have no interest, but on the contrary, are believed to be desirous that it should be discontinued. Most, if not all, the slaveholding States, have, either in their constitutions or by penal enactments, prohibited a trade in slaves as merchandise within their respective jurisdictions." The bill which the Committee present for abolishing the trade in the District is "framed after the model of what the law of Maryland was, when the General Government was removed to Washington."

We come now to the last of these collateral questions — the most painful and perplexing one of all — the extradition of fugitive slaves. This surely is a case for mutual concession, for deference to the feelings and opinions of others, which have been made wholly irreconcilable with our own by the force of circumstances and by the accident of birth and education in different localities and under opposite influences. Southern planters are naturally irritated at losing a portion of their property, which is expressly guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and which would be preserved to them if the Constitutional provision upon the subject were strictly and faithfully observed. On the other hand, they are bound to recognize the fact, that it is an odious and hateful thing for their brethren at the North, who have been educated to an abhorrence of such an institution as slavery, to arrest the trembling fugitive from an unjust servitude to which he has been condemned by no fault of his own, and to deliver him bound into the hands of his pursuers. There are some things from which human nature revolts, and our spontaneous impulses in regard to them seem armed with a higher authority than any human law or human compacts can bestow. But those who feel the full weight of this primal obligation ought, not only in charity, but in justice, to remember, that the inhabitants of one half of the States of this Union utterly deny, — and, in the case of so vast a number of persons, we are constrained to admit, that

most of them *conscientiously* deny, — that there is any such obligation whatever; and it should also be remembered, that we are not entitled to gratify our own philanthropic impulses, and to follow our own moral convictions, *at the expense of others*, whose impulses and convictions point directly the other way, when we *might* gratify or follow them *at our own cost*. Let it be granted, then, that the obligation to protect the fugitive slave, who has reached our shores and claims our hospitality, transcends all others in importance. Still, if we can protect him *by paying the price of his freedom* just as well as by causing his owner, who acknowledges no obligation in the case, to be defrauded of that price, when it has been guaranteed to him by the solemn compact of the Constitution, then we are bound to take upon our own shoulders the burden and the charge of following our own convictions of duty where they differ from those of others. We have little respect for the conscience that luxuriates in following its own impulses just as long as it can throw upon others the only sacrifice which is required for compliance with them.

We are serious in this matter. Speaking as an individual only, so great are our dislike and abhorrence of the "peculiar domestic institution," that we should much prefer that no fugitive slave should ever be allowed to leave the soil of Massachusetts, because reclaimed by his owner. But we do not, on that account, hold to robbing that owner of what he deems to be his just property, or to breaking a compact in one point, where it militates with our convictions of duty, while we hold to it in all other respects, because in these it advances our own interests. Let the State ransom the poor fugitive; let individuals ransom him. The cost of this proceeding will not be very onerous; it will not bankrupt us. The legislature holds its session at an expense to the State of about $750 a day; and the charge, during the last two sessions only, for those days which have been devoted to the discussion of this very subject, would have been more than sufficient to ransom all the fugitive slaves who have been carried back from the soil of all New England for the last thirty years. Those persons whose very delicate consciences will not allow them to favor an appropriation of the public money to satisfy the demands of a slaveholder, though these demands are sanctioned by the Constitution, may get out of the dilemma by advancing

a very small sum from their own pockets for the purpose of helping the poor fugitive forward on his way to Canada, where no law or claimant from the United States can touch him. For the statistics of this matter, we borrow from Mr. Webster's recent letter to the citizens of Newburyport.

"To ascertain the truth, in this respect, I have made diligent inquiry of members of Congress from the six New England States. On a subject so general I cannot be sure, of course, that the information received is entirely accurate, and, therefore, I do not say that the statement which I am about to present may be relied on as altogether correct, but I suppose it cannot be materially erroneous. The result, then, of all I can learn, is this: No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has ever been made in Maine. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has been made in New Hampshire. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has ever been made in Vermont. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has been made in Rhode Island within the last thirty years. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave is known to have been made in Connecticut, except one about twenty-five years ago, and in that case the negro was immediately discharged for want of proof of identity. Some instances of the seizure of alleged fugitive slaves are known to have occurred in this generation in Massachusetts; but, except one, their number and their history is uncertain; that one took place in Boston twelve or fifteen years ago; and in that case, some charitably disposed persons offered the owner a sum of money which he regarded as less than half the value of the slave, but which he agreed to accept, and the negro was discharged. A few cases, I suppose, may have occurred in New Bedford, but they attracted little notice, nor so far as I can learn, caused any complaint. Indeed, I do not know that there ever was more than a single case or two arising in that place. Be it remembered, that I am speaking of reclamations of slaves made by their masters, under the law of Congress. I am not speaking of instances of violent abduction and kidnapping made by persons not professing to be reclaiming their own slaves."

On this subject, also, it behooves us to see how recent are our own convictions, whether of expediency, legality, or duty, which now come into serious conflict with the asserted rights of our brethren from the South. If it is within some fifteen years only, that our own eyes have been opened to the sin and shame of allowing that provision in the Constitution to be enforced, which says that all fugitives from labor, on the demand of their owners, "shall be delivered up," we ought

to have some charity for others, who happen to be a few years behind us in coming to a knowledge of the truth. Upon this point, we can offer only an abstract of the facts which have been collected and presented with great force by Mr. Webster. He first cites a clause from the articles of confederation between the four New England Colonies, which were established as early as 1643; that clause provides, "that if any servant run away from his master into any other of these confederated jurisdictions, that in such cases, *upon the certificate of one magistrate in the jurisdiction out of which the said servant fled*, or upon other due proof, the said servant shall be delivered, either to his master or to any other that pursues, and brings such certificate or proof." Then, coming down to our post-revolutionary history, he shows that the act of 1793, enacted under the administration of General Washington, entitled "An act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters," appears to have been well considered, "and to have passed with little opposition." Massachusetts was represented at that time in the United States Senate by George Cabot and Caleb Strong; and the bill "appears to have passed the Senate without a division." She was represented in the lower House by Fisher Ames, Mr. Goodhue, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Bourne, Mr. Leonard, and Mr. Sedgwick, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Leonard, supported the bill, which finally passed by a majority of forty-eight to seven; and of this small minority, two were representatives from slaveholding States. We have never heard that the enforcement of the provisions of this act created any ill-feeling, or gave rise to any disorder or opposition, before 1835, the period when the agitation against slavery commenced. Yet it did not provide for a trial by jury in the State where the fugitive was apprehended, or anywhere else; and in this respect, certainly, it was inferior to — it was not so favorable to freedom as — the bill which has just been reported to the Senate by the Compromise Committee of Thirteen, a majority of whom are from the South. Surely, when we have learned our own lesson respecting our duty to fugitive slaves so very recently, we can afford to have a little patience with others, who have not had the advantage of studying in so good a school.

But the importance of this subject is leading us away from the strictly limited topic which alone we proposed to consid-

er; — whether the precise question now offered for the decision of Congress covers so much ground, and is of such vital importance, that all compromise or concession with respect to it is impossible, and the national legislature must be allowed to adjourn in confusion and uproar, without taking any decisive step in relation either to slavery or to any other portion of the public business. Whatever may be the position occupied by any party or any individual upon this delicate affair, we have a right to call upon him or them for a definite answer to the plain query, *What is to be done?* What course do you propose with any reasonable expectation of its accomplishment? It is idle to make objections to any scheme that can be offered, to show that in some respects it is inexpedient, and in others that it falls below our convictions of right, unless the objector is prepared either to bring forward another project which is not open to these exceptions, and which Congress can probably be induced to pass, or to prove that inaction, doing nothing, is the smaller evil of the two.

What, then, would be the consequences of inaction, — of an adjournment of Congress without any law being passed upon any of the subjects that we have here considered, — a result which will be sure to follow, if the North insists that its whole claim in regard to this matter shall be granted? *The law of* 1793 *will remain in force*, and fugitive slaves will still be liable to be carried back to the State whence they escaped, without any chance being afforded, through a trial by jury, of preventing a mistake as to the person. The process of law, it is true, may be arrested by force; the trembling fugitive may be rescued by a mob, and in defiance of the courts and the Constitution. But however such a result as this may suit the views of a few half crazy fanatics, we know that the great body of the people from the Free States would regard it with indignation and horror. Better that the North of its own accord should dissever this glorious Union, and resign the whole country to the plagues of anarchy and civil war, than that it should deliberately determine to break its own plighted word, to renounce its reverence for law, and to seek a triumph by brute force over the constituted authorities of justice! We do not hold to stealing the weapons of the devil, even for the purpose of fighting the battles of heaven with them.

If it be conceded that something must be done, it remains

to be shown how far the difference between the North and the South upon this subject has been practically narrowed down, and what is really the issue between them? The fanatics from one extremity of the Union must not argue the matter before the people, as if the question were, whether the North should openly trample the Constitution under foot, and refuse to give up fugitive slaves under any circumstances; no such demand is made, no such result is contemplated, by one out of a thousand of our voting population. The obligation to comply with the distinct requisition or compact in the Constitution, when reasonably interpreted and with due precautions against mistake or fraud, is almost universally recognized. And fanatics in the opposite extreme must not take it for granted, that the South claims permission for any of its inhabitants to enter a free State at his pleasure, and, seizing any person whom he may meet, whether white or colored without producing any proof of his assertion that he is a fugitive slave, instantly to drag him away into hopeless bondage. Certainly, no Southern member of Congress ever hinted at the necessity of putting forward so monstrous a claim. Yet, from exaggerations as gross as these most of the present jealousy and ill feeling between the North and the South upon this subject has arisen.

The precise question, the whole question, which Congress now has to determine is, whether the person alleged to be a fugitive shall have the benefit of a trial by jury, to ascertain whether he is a slave or not, *in the State where he is captured, or in that from which he is said to have fled.* Here is the whole point in controversy; this is the length and the breadth of the present difference between the North and the South on this painful subject. The North admits, that if it be satisfactorily proved, that the person arrested is a slave of the person who claims him, then the former must be "delivered up." The South admits, or is willing to grant, that the fugitive shall have the benefit of a trial by jury, that he may establish if he can, the fact that he was born free; but it insists that this trial shall be held in the State from which it is charged that he is a fugitive. The Committee of Thirteen, a majority of whom are from the South, recommend two additions to the fugitive slave bill now before Congress; according to the first, "the owner of a fugitive from service or labor

is, when practicable, to carry with him to the State in which the person is found a record, from a competent tribunal, adjudicating the facts of elopement and slavery, with a general description of the fugitive. This record, properly attested and certified under the official seal of the court, being taken to the State where the person owing service or labor is found, is to be held competent and sufficient evidence of the facts which have been adjudicated, and will leave nothing more to be done than to identify the fugitive." The other addition to the bill may also be explained in the Committee's own words.

"Whilst the Committee conceive that a trial by jury in a State where a fugitive from service or labor is recaptured would be a virtual denial of justice to the claimant of such a fugitive, and would be tantamount to a positive refusal to execute the provisions of the Constitution, the same objections do not apply to such a trial in the State from which he fled. In slaveholding States full justice is administered, with entire fairness and impartiality, in cases of all actions for freedom. The person claiming his freedom is allowed to sue in *formâ pauperis;* counsel is assigned him; time is allowed him to collect his witnesses, and to attend the sessions of the court; and his claimant is placed under bond and security, or is divested of the possession during the progress of the trial to insure the enjoyment of these privileges; and if there be any leaning on the part of the court and juries, it always leans on the side of the claimant for freedom.

"In deference to the feelings and prejudices which prevail in the non-slaveholding States, the Committee propose such a trial in the State from which the fugitive fled, in all cases where he declares, to the officer giving the certificate for his return, that he has a right to his freedom. Accordingly, the Committee have prepared, and report herewith, two sections, which they recommend should be incorporated in the fugitive bill pending in the Senate. According to these sections, the claimant is placed under bond, and required to return the fugitive to that county in the State from which he fled, and there to take him before a competent tribunal, and allow him to assert and establish his freedom if he can, affording him for that purpose all needful facilities."

These provisions, of course, will not be satisfactory to that portion of the people from the North, — a very small portion we trust,— who declare that the article of the Constitution relating to the delivery of fugitive slaves ought not to be enforced,

and shall not be enforced, if by any means they can prevent or evade its action. To such persons we have nothing to say, except to urge upon them the obvious duty, if they repudiate the Constitution in one respect, to repudiate it in all, and immediately to do all they can towards a dissolution of the Union. Let them, like the ultra abolitionists, cry out with all their might, "Down with the Union! down with the Constitution! for it is a compact with sin, and an engagement to do evil;" and we shall then respect their manliness and consistency, whatever we may think of their discretion.

But of those who are determined to act up faithfully to all the requisitions of that instrument — itself a compromise — under which we and our fathers have lived and prospered for more than sixty years, however hard some of its provisions may be, merely resolving to put a rigorous construction upon those clauses in it which seem adverse to the great principles of human freedom, — we would respectfully ask, whether the safeguards here offered are not enough to prevent any abuse of the article in question, or any iniquitous application of it to purposes not contemplated by its authors. Can they honestly say they have serious fears, even after these precautions are adopted into the law, lest it should cause some human being to be delivered up to slavery, who is fairly, under the Constitution, entitled to his freedom? Impossible! they cannot say it. For the law of 1793, which does not provide for a trial by jury anywhere, had been forty years in force before the current of popular feeling at the North had even begun to obstruct its action; during all this time many fugitives were captured and carried back; and not one case among them has yet been cited in regard to which even a suspicion existed that the person reclaimed was not a slave. There have been instances of kidnapping; but the kidnapper, like the burglar and the assassin, lies in wait for his prey in the hours of darkness, and does not come forward under the light of heaven to claim the benefit of an article in the Constitution of the United States. No fugitive is ever likely to be reclaimed except by a Southern planter, whose fortune and position in life, however harsh a judgment we may pass upon his willingness to be a slaveholder, certainly place him far above any temptation to turn kidnapper; the mere supposition is injurious to him; and he does right to repel it with scorn and indignation. And now,

when conscious that the public sentiment of the whole civilized world, and especially of the Northern States, is strongly excited against him as an owner of slaves, and still more as a pursuer of one of them who has fled from bondage, he will be very loath to exercise the privilege secured to him by the Constitution, except in a very urgent case, and where not a shadow of doubt rests upon his claim. For this reason, though thousands of slaves have escaped by crossing the Ohio River, or Mason and Dixon's line, during the last five years, no attempt has been made to reclaim them in more than one case out of a thousand.

Then, rejecting the supposition of an attempt to kidnap, will there be any reasonable fear, after the safeguards above-mentioned have been adopted into the fugitive slave bill, that a mistake may be committed, and possibly a freeman be "delivered up," and in spite of all his efforts be retained for life in bondage? We think not. Trials are not very infrequent at the South, in which a reputed slave claims his freedom as a right, and establishes that claim. Many cases might be cited from the legal reports to sustain this remark; but we prefer to quote the plain and manly assertion made by Mr. Clay, in a recent speech in the Senate: —

"The statement in the report of the Committee is perfectly true, that the greatest facilities are always extended to every man of color in the slaveholding States, who sues for freedom. I have never known an instance of a failure on the part of a person thus suing, to procure a verdict and judgment in his favor if there were even slight grounds in support of his claim. And, Sir, so far is the sympathy in behalf of a person suing for his freedom carried, that few members of the bar appear against them. I will mention, though in no boastful spirit, that I myself never appeared but once in my life against a person suing for his freedom, but have appeared for them in many instances, without charging them a solitary cent. That, I believe, is the general course of the liberal and eminent portion of the bar throughout the country. One case I made an exception; but it was a case where I appeared for a particular friend. I told him, 'Sir, I will not appear against your negroes, unless I am perfectly satisfied that they have no right to freedom; and even if I shall become, after the progress of the trial, convinced that they are entitled to freedom, I shall abandon your cause.' I venture to say, then, that in all that relates to tenderness of treatment to that portion of our

population, and to the administration of justice to them, and the supply of their wants, nothing can be found in the slaveholding States that is not honorable and creditable to them."

In a letter recently published in the *National Intelligencer*, Ex-President Tyler confirms this statement in very decided language, and adds his own experience of the same character with that of Mr. Clay. The truth is, in a case of this sort, public sentiment at the South takes just the same direction that it does at the North; it is altogether on the side of the claimant for freedom, and is sometimes expressed so strongly as to interfere with the deliberate action of the proper tribunals. At New Orleans, a few years ago, a singular trial was had, in which a supposed yellow girl, who had certainly been a slave for many years, claimed her freedom on the ground that she was in fact a German, with no negro blood in her veins, who had been stolen from her parents, poor emigrants, when they first came to the State, many years before. The supposed parents had deceased; and there was no evidence in her favor but that of some German women, who had come over in the same ship with them, and who thought they recognized the girl by certain marks on her person, though they had entirely lost sight of her during the long period in which she had lived as a slave. Her claim was admitted, and she is now free; perhaps the testimony, as the case was certainly a strange and doubtful one, fairly entitled her to the verdict; but if the object had been, to prove that she was the child of these German parents in order to enable her to inherit their property, and not to rescue her from servitude, we think most lawyers would admit that the case would have been decided the other way. However this may be, the public sympathy for her, in New Orleans, was shown in a very decided manner. Fears were entertained, if the court had decided differently, that the mob would have invaded the court house and rescued her by force of arms. After her release, she was received with a sort of public ovation; a grand ball was given, at which she led off the dance with the gentleman who had acted as her principal counsel for a partner; and so much indignation was excited against her former owner that he deemed it necessary, several months afterward, to publish a pamphlet in his defence; in which, to say the truth, so much additional evidence was cited, tracing the history of the girl

from infancy, as to leave very little doubt that she was born a slave.

We have no wish to argue the legal question, whether a fair construction of the article in the Constitution requires that the alleged fugitive slave should have the benefit of a trial by jury in the State where he is seized, or in that to which his captor proposes to carry him. Eminent counsel learned in the law, as we do not pretend to be, differ on this point; and after making but two remarks upon it, we will leave it in their hands, as the decision of it does not affect our argument. The first is, that the great similarity of the language in the two contiguous paragraphs of the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution, the one of which directs that fugitives from justice, and the other that fugitives from service, shall "be delivered up" for the purpose of being carried into another State where the crime was committed or the service was due, create a pretty strong presumption, that the same place for the final legal investigation was contemplated in the two cases; and it is admitted on all hands, that fugitives from justice are to be tried, not in the State where they are seized, but in that to which they are to be carried. Our second remark is, that because the Constitution describes a fugitive slave as a "person held to service or labor in one State *under the laws thereof*, [and] escaping into another," the question whether he is a slave or not must certainly be decided by the laws of the State whence he has fled, not by those of the State in which he has taken refuge; and it seems most natural and equitable that he should be tried in the State whose laws must determine the result of the trial.

We have now finished our brief review of the questions at present before Congress relating to the institution of slavery; and it may safely be left to the decision of any reasonable man, not unduly affected by philanthropic declamations, sectional jealousy, party spirit, or the fear of public opinion, whether they involve any considerations of so vast moment, or any imperative moral obligation, which make it improper that they should be settled by a fair compromise of opposing views, and which render it absolutely necessary that the whole Northern or Southern claims should be insisted upon, at the certain cost of an adjournment of Congress in an uproar, with the postponement or defeat of this and all other

public business. We might safely leave this question to be answered by the Senators and Representatives themselves, if it were not for the jealous and fearful reference, which, as we have already noticed, they all make to what they suppose is the state of public opinion in the district or State which they represent. Each one endeavors to court the favor of his constituents, and thereby to secure his own seat in Congress, by advocating in their most exaggerated form the political doctrines which he knows to be most current and popular in his own region. His own zeal, he thinks, is measured by the violence of the language that he uses, and by the extravagance of the demands that he makes. Let others take the responsibility of legislating for the whole country; he will legislate, as he makes speeches, only "for Buncombe." He holds his seat only to assert the rights, to support the interests, and to maintain the opinions of Buncombe. His adherents at home, anxious to defend his claims against a formidable competitor, quote his most exaggerated expressions with applause, and strive to show how faithfully he reflects the minds of his constituents; while his opponents are on the watch, eager to detect the first symptoms of flinching, and to oppose to them the more uncompromising language and conduct of his rival. The words of both parties, uttered in reference only to this local contest, are caught up and quoted elsewhere as evidence of the state of public opinion in this particular district; and its representative in Congress, together with his colleagues from the immediate vicinity, is goaded on to new and almost frantic efforts to keep ahead, if possible, of the progress of public sentiment in his State. Thus extravagance and fanaticism are generated by a sort of reciprocal action between the congressman and those who elect him; each acts upon the other; each does his part towards manufacturing the "public opinion" before which he bows down and trembles.

Our object, we repeat it, is not to cast obloquy upon the proceedings or the members of the present Congress, but only to expose the tendency of the system or scheme of party politics under which they act; a tendency which is becoming more marked and fatal in its effects with the lapse of every year, and which is almost the sole cause why every great question, upon which opinions in different parts of the country are much divided, is pressed with so much discreditable

heat and violence, every plan of conciliation and compromise in regard to it being scouted by persons who look only to their own political success, and not to the reputation of the national legislature as a whole, or to the welfare of the Union. Furious menaces and bellowing exaggeration take the place of calm and dignified debate; the halls of the capitol often present scenes which would disgrace a bear-garden; and Congress attains the unenviable fame of being the most helpless, disorderly, and inefficient legislative body which can be found in the civilized world. Intolerance and extravagance are the easily besetting sins of our national character and political organization. The fanaticism of the South is fairly matched by the fanaticism of the North; and the only proper corrective of the evil in one case is a fair exposition of its magnitude in the other. If the people of New England would study the objections made to Mr. Clay's compromise plan — the denunciations of it — by the Senators from Louisiana and Alabama, and if the constituents of these Senators would lend a hearing to the equally furious diatribes against it uttered by Mr Seward and Mr. Horace Mann, we doubt not both parties would agree, that the plan on the whole was reasonable and just.

Moderation and fairness in the national councils upon this subject, as one might have expected, have been displayed by those whose position is most independent, — either by those who expect soon to retire to private life, or by those whose commanding fame, being rather national than local, raises them above the influence of slight oscillations of public opinion in their native States. The two great statesmen of the country, *magis pares quam similes*, have nobly cast aside all reference to local jealousy and prejudice, and spoken out manfully for the whole Union to whom their reputation belongs. The veteran Senator from Kentucky, at an age which places him far beyond the hope of any earthly reward, and when he might well claim to be excused from all public duties, has come forward to bear the burden and heat of the day in maturing the plan of compromise, watching over and defending it in its passage through the Senate with all the vigor and activity of his youthful years, and repelling with graceful courtesy or triumphant eloquence the attacks that were made upon it from every quarter, but especially from

his home and the place of his affections, the slaveholding South. His words of conciliation and wisdom, though they fell upon many deaf ears in the United States Senate, have awakened a feeling throughout the country which ensures the ultimate success of his plan. When all his former public services, great as they are, have been forgotten, and not another record of his eloquence remains, his noble declaration, made at the opening of the debate, that although a slaveholder himself, and standing there as a Senator from a slaveholding State, he would never consent to the introduction of slavery into a territory where it did not already exist, — "No, Sir! never!" — will be remembered, and will carry down his name and his praise to all generations.

The South has attacked Mr. Clay; the North, we grieve to say it, has attacked Mr. Webster, whose course upon this question has been equally magnanimous, wise, and conciliatory. In his great speech of the 7th of March last, he amply redeemed the pledge that he gave in its first sentence, that he would speak "not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States." No one had a better title to use such language; for he had earned it by the devotion of his transcendent abilities throughout his whole public life to the interests and the policy of New England and the rest of the North, whenever and wherever these interests could be maintained consistently with the higher duty which he owed to the Constitution, to the Union, and to his own conscience. We need not speak of the value of the services thus rendered; there is no man living at the North who is ignorant of them; there is no man living who could have performed them in his absence. We prefer to speak of the still greater occasions on which he has appeared, as he now appears, not as the champion of one State, nor yet of New England, nor even of the whole North, but in the broader and more glorious character of an American statesman, acting for the whole people, defending them against foreign encroachment and internal dissension, or interpreting and vindicating the instrument which is the charter of their liberties and the safeguard of their prosperity. In many a fearful crisis of this sort, when all these interests were imperilled, he has been our "pilot who weathered the storm." When the grand attempt was made in 1833 to nullify the

Constitution and the laws, he bore the brunt of the battle in the Senate, concurring for that purpose with a President whose policy in other respects, both before and after, he uniformly and strenuously opposed; when, by the rash experiments of the same President, who "took the responsibility" of tampering with the currency and the public funds, every bank in the country had suspended specie payments, and commercial bankruptcy overspread the land, the weight of the contest still rested on his broad shoulders; and still later, when a war with England seemed imminent, as questions were at issue with her which stirred up public feeling from its very depths in almost every State of the Union, then, breaking loose again from his former political connections, he appeared as the pacificator between two mighty nations, and preserved the peace of the world. And so it has been through his whole public career. Whenever the clouds have blackened the whole heavens, and the winds have lashed the ocean into foam, and the ship seemed surrounded by the breakers, the trumpet tones of his commanding voice have been heard above the roar of the tempest, rebuking the spirit of mutiny or cowardice in the crew, while his firm hand has seized the helm and guided the vessel safely into port.

In the same spirit which moved him on these grand occasions, he has now again come forth, at a time equally big with momentous results, to stand between the excited North and the angry South as a messenger of peace, to rebuke the spirit of intolerance and fanaticism on either side, and to teach both parties the respect which they owe to the Constitution and to their own plighted faith. It is the fault of his own New England, if that rebuke has fallen heavily upon her; in the ardor of her sympathy with the fugitive slave and with the cause of freedom in the Territories, she had forgotten the terms of that solemn compact with her sister States, which she is not at liberty to violate in one respect, if she does not consent that it should cease to be binding in all. There is a moral grandeur in his position upon this subject which ought to be admired and respected even by those who cannot fully understand it. He was one of the first to sound the alarm against the proposed annexation of Texas, and fought manfully against it, when half of the North was recreant to its duty upon the subject, and his own native State voted against

him; but now that the act has been consummated, and the compact is executed, he declares that its conditions are binding, and that the public faith is pledged to their strict performance. He declares that he will resist to the last the doctrines of *Nullification*, whether they are advanced by South Carolina or by Massachusetts. Equally resolute to oppose the extension of slavery into any territory where it does not already exist, he declares that he will not vote for the Wilmot Proviso for the mere purpose of insulting the South, or advocate its enactment for a region where it has been already enacted, and engraven on the rock by the finger of God. His doctrine and language upon these points are in strict accordance with the noble and appropriate motto which he has chosen for his speech, and inserted in the dedication of it to the people of Massachusetts: — "*His ego gratiora dictu alia esse scio; sed me vera pro gratis loqui, etsi meum ingenium non moneret, necessitas cogit. Vellem, equidem, vobis placere; sed multo malo vos salvos esse, qualicumque erga me animo futuri estis.*" Woe to the people whose love of freedom, or of any thing else, is too blind and furious to allow them to hearken to words like these, or to reverence the statesman who utters them!

This is not the time, ours is not the country, where we can afford to ostracize our greatest men whenever they dare to follow out their own convictions of truth and right at the expense of our cherished prejudices. The canker which threatens to eat away all noble sentiment and upright conduct in our public affairs is a cowardly reference to public opinion, to the supposed will of a majority of the people, in place of an immutable standard of right and wrong, and the laws of God. If we cannot support even such statesmen as Clay and Webster in breaking away at times from this pitiful slavery to their constituents, the doom of public virtue under such political institutions as ours is sealed; we shall be worse than the Athenians, who banished Aristides and Demosthenes, and raised such men as Cleon and Chares to the head of affairs. On this occasion, if the people of the North wish their Southern brethren to support Mr. Clay in the generous declaration which we have quoted from him, they must set them an example by not flinching in their own adherence to Mr. Webster. It is a poor business to search the former speeches and

writings of men like these, in the hope of finding some scrap or fragment which may convict them of inconsistency. Their present doctrine is avowedly one of conciliation and compromise, some portion of which is probably dictated not by their own best judgment, but by the magnitude of the present occasion and by the pressure of circumstances. The debt of gratitude that is due to them for their past services can be repaid only by having confidence in them now; and by trusting *all* to their management, we firmly believe that the country would best consult its own interests.

There are some pleasing indications, that the sober and reflecting portion of the people are inclined to take these matters wholly out of the hands of the professed politicians, who have so wretchedly mismanaged them in Congress and elsewhere, and to confide them to the only persons who can conduct them with discretion and fairness. The opinion in favor of a compromise seems to be daily gaining ground in all portions of the country. Many of the most distinguished men at the South, who had retired from public life, have published letters to signify their joyful assent to the propositions of Mr. Clay. And from New England a loud voice has gone forth in cordial approbation of the course of their great statesman. Men who never meddled with politics before, except to cast a vote on election day, — presidents of colleges, professors of theology, grave merchants, eminent lawyers, and the like, — have signed a letter to declare their undiminished confidence in him, and to urge him to persevere. With such testimonials in his favor, he can well afford to endure for a time the reproaches of the intemperate and the factious.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Letters of a Traveller, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 442.

The Other Side, or Notes for the History of the War between Mexico and the United States, written in Mexico. Translated from the Spanish, and edited, with Notes, by Albert C. Ramsey. New York: John Wiley. 1850. 12mo. pp. 458.

Woman in America; her Work and her Reward. By Maria J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 155.

Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise, or Sketches of Prominent Female Missionaries. By Daniel C. Eddy. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 359.

Outlines of the Prominent Circumstances attending the Hungarian Struggle for Freedom; together with Brief Biographical Sketches of the Leading Statesmen and Generals who took Part in it. By Johann Pragay. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 176.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter, compiled from Various Sources; together with his Autobiography. Translated by Eliza Buckminster Lee. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 200.

M. Tullii Ciceronis de Officiis, Libri Tres. With English Notes. By Thomas A. Thacher. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 194.

The Acts of the Apostles; according to the Text of Augustus Hahn, with Notes and a Lexicon for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Theological Seminaries. By John J. Owen, D.D. New York: Leavitt & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 276.

Propositions concerning Protection and Free Trade. By Willard Phillips. Boston: Little & Brown. 1850. 12mo. pp. 233.

Elements of Intellectual Philosophy; designed for a Text Book and for Private Reading. By Hubbard Winslow, A. M. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1850. 12mo. pp. 414.

Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By George H. Miles. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 166.

The War with Mexico Reviewed. By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston: Published by the American Peace Society. 1850. 12mo. pp. 298.

King Rene's Daughter; a Danish Lyrical Drama. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 75.

Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations, with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry. By Talvj. With a Preface, by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 406.

A History of Jesus. By W. H. Furness. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 291.

A Treatise on Baths; including Cold, Sea, Warm, Hot, Vapor, Gas, and Mud Baths; also, on the Watery Regimen, Hydropathy, and Pulmonary Inhalations; with a Description of Bathing in Ancient and Modern Times. By John Bell, M. D. Philadelphia: Barrington & Haswell. 1850. 12mo. pp. 658.

The Unity of the Human Races proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science; with a Review of the Present Position and Theory of Professor Agassiz. By the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 406.

The Elements of Astronomy, or the World as it is and as it appears. By the Author of "Theory of Teaching." Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1850. 12mo. pp. 376.

The Gospel its own Advocate. By George Griffin, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 352.

El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire: Comprising a Voyage to California, via Panama, Life in San Francisco, &c. By Bayard Taylor. With Illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

Redwood: A Tale. By the Author of "Hope Leslie," &c. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 457.

The Prometheus of Æschylus, with Notes, for the Use of Colleges in the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 108.

The Angel World, and Other Poems. By Philip James Bailey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Co. 1850. 12mo, pp. 114.

The Poems of Alfred B. Street. New York: Clark & Austin. 1850. 12mo. pp. 319.

Frontenac, or the Atotarha of the Iroquois. A Metrical Romance. By Alfred B. Street. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849. 12mo. pp. 324.

The Optimist. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 273.

The Jamaica Movement for Promoting the Enforcement of the Slave Trade Treaties, and the Suppression of the Slave Trade, with Statements of Facts, Convention, and Laws. Prepared at the Request of the Kingston Committee. London: Charles Gilpin. 1850. 8vo. pp. 630.

History of the Polk Administration. By Lucien B. Chase. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 8vo. pp. 512.

A Modern History, from the Time of Luther to the Fall of Napoleon. By John Lord, A. M. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 544.

The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, including a Variety of Pieces Now First Collected. By James Prior. In four volumes. Vols. III. & IV. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A

New Edition, to which is added a Complete Index. In six volumes. Vol. II.—V. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 593.

A Systematic Treatise, Historical, Etiological, and Practical, on the Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America, as they appear in the Caucasian, African, Indian, and Esquimaux Varieties of its Population. By Daniel Drake, M. D. Cincinnati: Winthrop B. Smith & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 878.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, published quarterly. Boston: Samuel G. Drake. 1850. 8vo. pp. 94.

Tea and the Tea Trade, with a Postscript. By Gideon Nye, Jr., of Canton. New York: George W. Wood. 1850. 8vo. pp. 56.

An Appeal from the Absurdities and Contradictions which Pervade and Deform the Old Theory of English Grammar. By James Brown. Philadelphia: John T. Lange. 1850. 8vo. pp. 18.

A Response to a Professor, and a Speculation on the Sensorium. By Bennet Dowler, M. D. New Orleans: Weld & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 16.

An Oration delivered at Malden, on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town, May 23, 1849. By James D. Green. Boston: George C. Rand & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 53.

The Church and the World; a Lecture delivered at the Chinese Museum, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, January 31, 1850. By the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Bishop of New York. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. 1850. 8vo. pp. 31.

An Essay on the Opium Trade, as carried on in India and China. By Nathan Allen, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 68.

Review of Webster's Speech on Slavery. By Wendell Phillips. Boston: American A. S. Society. 1850. 8vo. pp. 44.

Remarks upon the Establishment of an American Prime Meridian. By Lieut. Charles H. Davis, U. S. N. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 40.

Parallels between the Constitutions and Constitutional History of England and Hungary. By J. Toulmin Smith, Esq. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 8vo. pp. 64.

Researches on the Natural History of Death. By Bennet Dowler, M. D. New Orleans: 1850. 8vo. pp. 22.

The Joys of Toil; a Poem, delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices's Library Association, February 22, 1850. By George Coolidge. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 8vo. pp. 16.

Transactions of the Agricultural Societies in the State of Massachusetts, for the year 1849. Collected by W. B. Calhoun, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1850. 8vo. pp. 421.

Household Words. A Weekly Journal. Conducted by Charles Dickens. London: Nos. I.–VII. 1850. 8vo. pp. 168.

Latter Day Pamphlets. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. Nos. I.–VII. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 60.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. Boston: John Wilson. 1850. 8vo. pp. 33.

Report to the Smithsonian Institution on the History of the Discov-

ery of Neptune. By Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Jr. Washington. 1850. 8vo. pp. 56.

Remarks on the Comparative Value of the Different Anæsthetic Agents. By George Hayward, M. D. Boston: David Clapp. 1850. 8vo. pp. 11.

Report to the Corporation of Brown University, on Changes in the System of Collegiate Education, read March 28, 1850. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1850. 8vo. pp. 76.

Dr. S. G. Howe's Report on Training and Teaching Idiots. 1850. 8vo. pp. 72.

Nature, Progress, Ideas; a Discourse on Naturalism, as opposed to the True Scriptural Doctrine, delivered at Union College, Schenectady, July 24th, 1849. By Tayler Lewis, LL. D. Schenectady: G. Y. Van Debogert. 1850. 8vo. pp. 56.

The Burden of the Bell, and Other Lyrics. By T. Westwood, Author of "Beads from a Rosary," &c. London: Edward Lumley. 1850. 8vo. pp. 217.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXLIX.

OCTOBER, 1850.

ART. I. — 1. *Mahomet and his Successors.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Life and Religion of Mohammed, as contained in the Sheeah Traditions of the Hyât-ul-Kuloob.* Translated from the Persian. By REV. JAMES L. MERRICK, Eleven Years Missionary to the Persians. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 483.

WHEN the followers of Mahomet found themselves involved in hopeless dissension, in consequence of the rival claims of Ali and the Traditionists, the devout among them called to mind the legend which describes the prophet as having divided the moon, and, after holding one half of it in his sleeve for some time, joined it again to the other; drawing from this pious fable the comforting belief, that as the division had proved a foreshadow, so would the reunion. We know not whether any of them care enough for the opinions of infidels to rake up a miraculous legend for consolation under our always wavering, but never very generous, notions of their great leader's merits; but it strikes us that if they did, the perpetual suspension of his coffin between heaven and earth, and its final flight to heaven, might pass very well as a type of the position of his character in the Christianized atmosphere of the world. We are glad to see the theme in the impartial and generous hands of Mr. Irving, by whose efforts, not more romantic than just, it is prevented, — preserved, we

would hope, — from a final subsidence into the Hades of voluntary and self-seeking deceivers. Mr. Irving possesses the rare power — fruit of genial sympathy and most honest intent — of throwing his own mind into the mind he steadfastly contemplates, so as to see with its eyes, understand with its understanding, and feel with its passions; not as the Ghoul inhabits a forsaken form, making the vehicle hideous to those who loved it best in its true being, but rather as some friendly angel might, for a time, reanimate the earthly tenement of one departed, for the sake of explaining what had been unlovely in its past seeming, or of laying open the unsuspected or overlooked sources of its errors. Some lack of potential passion in his own nature is, perhaps, rather an advantage than the contrary, when he assumes the position of an observer and faithful reporter; for if we miss the imposing strength imparted by partisan bias or sectarian malignity, we are also protected from the prejudices which are so apt to cloud the vision of those who look at men and events with the mental eye ever so little inflamed. Besides this enviable impartiality, the biographer of Columbus, of Goldsmith, of Mahomet — an immensely comprehensive triangle — possesses a magic equal to that of the "wise Cornelius," who, by "gramarye," could show in his "mirror broad and high," the absent and the dead, characteristically employed, and wearing the full appearance of life. This excellent faculty completes his fitness for his favorite task.

It may be said of most of the writers on Mahomet, that they appear to have taken up the subject rather in a spirit of religious zeal, than with that cool and resolute justice which guards with peculiar solicitude the fame of an adversary or an obnoxious person. The word "impostor" has been made not only to include a multitude of sins, but to imply all. Not a loophole of escape has been left for the man who could, for any purpose, impose upon the public. To have taught among idolaters the great central truth of the Divine Unity, by means of pretended visions and invented dreams, has been supposed to prove as deep turpitude in one who was himself born and bred in the grossest and most debasing idolatry, as it might in a man of genius and education living under the full light of the nineteenth century. Every evil result of the doctrines of Mahomet, every corrupting principle

and practice of Moslemism, all the wars and desolations of its propagators for a thousand years, — all have been charged upon the Prophet of Arabia, not simply as being the legitimate and lamentable fruit of false doctrines, but as the proper growth and product of his hideously wicked heart and his insatiable lust of sway.

Now, we should blush to appear as the apologists of imposture; we are, on the contrary, always glad to assist in unmasking a humbug. But this concentrated and particular zeal reminds us of what was said when the Mayor of New York, with the best intentions in the world, caused huge placards to be paraded before the doors of certain mock-auction shops, bearing the inscription "Beware of Humbug!" One of the city satirists, on this occasion, proposed that His Honor should not limit his caution to this one poor specimen of imposition upon the gentle public, but send his emissaries and their huge broadside-sheets into various parts of the town, to take up their stations before brokers' offices, banks, shops, picture dealers' windows, etc., even to the very churches, that equal measure might be meted to every one who, for his own private gain, should practise upon the verdancy of the sovereign people. This proposition was never acted upon directly, as far as we are informed; but it effectually relieved the placarders from their sentinel-like march before the mock-auctions, the injustice of singling them out for reprobation being apparent upon very slight consideration.

But in our desire to bespeak justice and mercy even for an "impostor," we must not forestall ourselves by preliminary disquisition. It may be said of Mahomet — as it cannot be said of some teachers of whiter reputation — that his life speaks better for him than his doctrines; and as a presentation of the case in narrative form will be far more entertaining to our readers than any argument of ours could possibly be, we shall proceed at once to trace the career of him who is called among his followers "The Merciful, The Admonisher, The Conqueror, The Messenger of Good News, The Seal of the Prophets, The Sufficient, The Judicious," and many other names expressive of the most extravagant commendation. In doing this, we use not only the two volumes of Mr. Irving, but the Hyât-ul-Kuloob, Ockley's History of the Saracens, Rev. C. Forster's Mahometism Unveiled, and all the other authorities within our reach.

The Hyât-ul-Kuloob is a translation from the Persian, by the Rev. James L. Merrick, a missionary who has resided eleven years in Persia, and become well acquainted with the religious opinions and feelings of the inhabitants. It is the Persian Bible, abridged by Mr. Merrick, on account both of its repetitions and of its occasional unfitness for general perusal; the object having been to offer a faithful idea of the original, in a form likely to be acceptable and useful. The Sheeahs, or Persians, are Mahometan heretics, that is to say, belonging to the minority in belief; the Arabs, Turks, and Tatars making up the rival sect of the Sûnnees. The sectarian enmity of the two parties has equalled the religious hatreds of Christendom, — more we cannot say, — and although, at our distance, their differences seem small, they are doubtless wonderfully magnified to those who stand nearest. Subjecting the testimony of both sides to the common standards, we give what appears to be the result as to the life and character of Mahomet. As Mr. Irving prefers not to depart from the English spelling of Oriental names, we shall follow his example, leaving "Mekkah," "Medeenah," "Kâbah," and "Khadeejah," to Mr. Merrick and the learned.

Mahomet is generally reputed to have been born of parents remarkable for both beauty and virtue, in the year 569 of the Christian era. Wonderful things are told of his birth, infancy, and childhood; portents and prodigies preceded and followed his advent. "On the night of his birth," says the Hyât-ul-Kuloob, "seventy thousand palaces of ruby, and seventy thousand palaces of pearl, were built in Paradise, all of which were named Palaces of the Birth. And the monstrous fish called Tamoosâ, chief of all that swim the sea, having seven hundred thousand tails, and on whose back the same number of bullocks walk up and down, each larger than this world and having seventy thousand horns of emerald, — of which cattle, Tamoosâ, on account of his immensity, is unconscious, — this imperial fish, at the birth of Mohammed, was so agitated with joy, that had not the Most High quieted him, he would surely have overturned the earth." But the Oriental imagination does not stop at these comparatively vulgar credentials of their religious teacher. They inform us, that "The Prophet was covered by his Creator with the shirt of divine contentment, and adorned with the robes of holy reverence. His head was raised to the summit of exalta-

tion by the crown of religious direction. He was invested with the robe of divine acquaintance, bound upon his loins with the girdle of divine love, and he was shod with the sandals of reverential fear, and held the staff of official power in his hand. A divine voice then proclaimed, O Mohammed, go to mankind and direct them to say, 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God.' When he was three years old, angel messengers opened his side, took out his heart, wrung from it the black drops of original sin inherited from our forefather Adam, filled it with faith, knowledge, and prophetic light, and then replaced it in his bosom, at the same time impressing between his shoulders the seal of prophecy, which, however, to eyes unanointed, appeared ever like a large hair mole."

More prosaic records say, that Mahomet was nursed in the mountains by a Bedouin woman, named Halêma, and afterward transferred, on his mother's death, to the care of his grandfather, one of the hereditary guardians of the Caaba, or sacred temple of Mecca;* so that his early years passed in a family possessing somewhat of a sacerdotal character, where the ceremonies and devotions connected with the sacred edifice probably gave a bias to his mind, and inclined it to religious speculation. His benefit of clergy did not, however, extend to reading and writing, accomplishments which never came to him, either by nature or otherwise. But nature did something better for him, in endowing him with a thoughtful and observant mind, a boundless imagina-

* Caaba is the name given to a very ancient temple in the city of Mecca, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of remote ages. Centuries before Mahomet was born, and while the Arabs were yet pagans, this building was held to possess a peculiar sanctity; pilgrimages were made to it from distant regions, and that tribe or family was accounted most honorable who were the keepers of its keys. It is an oblong, massive structure, built of large blocks of different sized stones, joined rudely together, and is about eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height. Near the door, in the angle of the wall of the northeast corner, is the celebrated "black stone," so devoutly kissed by every pilgrim visiting the sacred city. It is of an oval shape, about seven inches in diameter. According to the fabulous legends of the Mussulmans, it was brought down from heaven by Gabriel, at the creation of the world, and was then of a pure white, but has contracted its present sable hue from the sins of the sons of men. The four sides of the Caaba without are covered with a rich black silk stuff hanging down to the ground, encircled near the top with an embroidered band of gold. This covering, which is renewed every year, is sent from Cairo, at the expense of the Grand Seignior, at the time of pilgrimage, when the old one is cut into small pieces and sold to pilgrims for nearly as much money as the new one costs. Bush's *Life of Mohammed.*

tion, and a soaring ambition, — the qualities, in short, which belong to the most splendid, we will not say the most favored, of her sons. He read men by instinct, if not books; and the yearly throng of pilgrims to Mecca brought him abundance of the lore most congenial to his aspiring soul. Thus were nursed and developed that comprehensiveness of thought, fervor of enthusiasm, and grandeur of aim, which prepared this mighty genius for his work of uniting in one the scattered tribes of his people, and leading them forth from their solitudes, animated with his own spirit, to establish their dominion over some of the fairest realms of the globe; a dominion touching at once the frontiers of China, and the Pillars of Hercules, and embracing a territory, says Ockley, "wide as ever was flown over by the Roman eagles."

Caravan journeys afforded the only opportunity of seeing any world but that enclosed within the confines of Mecca; and the future prophet prevailed on his uncle, Abu Taleb, to allow him to make several of these before he was sixteen years of age. The legends recited about the evening fire, at the halting-places of the travellers, seem to have excited his imagination, and made a deep impression upon his mind; one, in particular, which related to the punishment of certain Jews who had relapsed into idolatry. Perhaps this was more particularly fixed in his memory by means of his intercourse with a convent of Nestorian monks at Bosra, on the confines of Syria. One of these recluses, on conversing with Mahomet, surprised at the maturity of his intellect and his interest in whatever related to religion, seems to have seriously set about his conversion from idolatry, and either at that time or by means of subsequent interviews, to have influenced his opinions for life.

He was afterwards employed as agent or factor in these mercantile expeditions, and frequently attended those fairs which formed an important feature in Arabian traffic, though they were not devoted exclusively to buying and selling, but to poetical as well as pecuniary contests, prizes being offered for the best productions in verse, which were treasured in the archives of princes. Here, too, popular traditions were recited and religious doctrines taught; the whole combining whatever was fitted to stimulate the mind and fancy of a young man of genius, shut out, through his ignorance of let-

ters, from any but oral instruction. That his abilities were recognized is certain, for he would not otherwise have been chosen as the factor of a wealthy widow, who carried on her second husband's business after his death, and was in the habit of sending caravans to Syria. She employed him in several expeditions, paying him twice the ordinary fee, and concluded by offering him her hand, which he accepted with perhaps more gratitude than love, weighing, we may suppose, the lady's wealth against her superfluous years ; for she had the advantage of him by a score, at least. The story reads like the Arabian Nights, but we must not dwell upon it, further than to say, that Love must have endowed the eyes of the mistress with even something more than his usual magic, since she declared she saw two angels overshadowing the young factor with their wings, as he approached Mecca, under a burning sun, after one of his Syrian journeys. It is pleasant to find that, though the supply of love may at first have been unequally divided between the pair, its sum proved sufficient, in the end, for both ; since Mahomet lived twenty-five years happily with Cadijah, and at her death mourned her with unquestionable sincerity. This fact, on which no shadow of doubt has ever been thrown, should be had in special remembrance in contemplating his character ; since it bears directly on some of the most severe charges against him. As Cadijah is the most important, so she is the most favorable, witness of all who have given testimony respecting the moral character of Mahomet ; she, who knew him best, was the first to believe in his divine mission ; and why ?

As soon as a wealthy marriage had raised Mahomet above the necessity of toil, he ceased to feel the requisite interest in mercantile pursuits, and the fortune of his wife was rather diminished than increased under his slackened management. The habitual bias of his mind was not towards buying and selling, but towards the delivery of his nation from the degrading thraldom of idolatry. His intercourse with the Jews and Christians, who abounded in Arabia, had been the means of awakening his intelligence, and the impressions casually received in the course of his journeyings were strengthened and matured into opinions by the conversation of his wife's cousin, Waraka, a Christianized Jew, who had translated parts of the Old and New Testaments into Arabic, and who doubtless

rejoiced in so excellent and promising a listener. Studying thus to some advantage the inspired writers, a mind preëminently endowed with insight and enthusiasm naturally learned to look with abhorrence on the three hundred and sixty idols of the Caaba, and the absurd fetichism of the popular worship. His genius seized on the main fact or doctrine of the Scriptures — the Oneness of the Supreme — and every thing else soon seemed unimportant in comparison. His people had once possessed this great truth, but they had suffered it to be buried under the fantasies of the Sabeans and the Magians; deriving from the former a worship of the stars, and from the latter the deification of the sun. They had learned to deem "either fire or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be gods which govern the world;" * and, not content with these comparatively dignified errors, they had with equal readiness embraced the superstitions, the idolatries, and the degrading rites of neighboring nations. Born under the manifold and subtle influences of a system the myths of which were derived in part from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and in which the characters of Holy Writ were made to preside over the grossest practices of delusion and corruption; profoundly ignorant of all that was agitating the world beyond the confines of Arabia, and without one kindred mind on which to lean for support or confirmation of his struggling thought, Mahomet was able to fix his eyes on the great central light, and to see nothing else, until family and friends were ready, — as common-place people always are ready, — to call the would-be reformer a lunatic, and to fix on him the disabling stigma of conceit and folly. We are only wise to the world while we agree with it; it hates and resists originality as long as possible, as the morning sleeper detests the rap at his door, even though it call him to his breakfast. When Mahomet, at about forty years of age, began to absent himself more and more from society, and was known to dwell in solitude and silence, for weeks together, in a cave on Mount Hara, lying on the earth, his face enveloped in his mantle, engaged in prayer and meditation, the

* Wisdom of Solomon.

consistent and well-known excellence of all his past life was not sufficient to ensure for him a generous, or even a respectful construction. Society lifted its sage eyebrows at the enthusiast, and was quite prepared to regard as absurd any thing that might be the fruit of these mountain reveries. Cadijah, however, who was sometimes permitted to attend him, seems to have acknowledged his claims at once, and that on the most substantial ground. When her husband, after long fasting and prayer, declared to her that he had been the subject of a miraculous manifestation, frankly confessing, at the same time, that he was himself in trembling doubt of its reality, so great was his astonishment and awe to find himself thus distinguished, — "Joyful tidings dost thou bring," she exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of affection, at least, if not of conviction; "by Him in whose hand is the soul of Cadijah, I will henceforth regard thee as the prophet of our nation!" (Arabia having had several pretenders to this honor before Mahomet's time.) Then, to encourage his evidently sinking heart, she added, "Allah will not suffer thee to fall into shame. Hast thou not been loving to thy kinsfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to thy word, and ever a defender of the truth?" Cadijah seems to have known what are among the indispensable, if not the characteristic, proofs of a divine mission, and to have considered her husband's claims good as far as these went.

It is worthy of observation, that even those who hold the worst opinion of Mahomet allow him thus far the praise of sincerity and piety. This first celestial vision is represented as nothing worse than a delusion. Ockley, indeed, who mentions Laud as "that incomparable prelate and martyr of blessed memory," says that Mahomet "affected solitude," and speaks of this as a "pretended revelation," adding a kindly hint, that the impostor probably murdered the Nestorian monk who had been his instructor. But Dr. W. C. Taylor, in his history of Mohammedanism, published under the direction of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, interprets the enthusiast more generously.

"Solitary meditation," he says, "is the parent of a regulated enthusiasm; not the fierce flame which a breath can kindle and a breath extinguish, but that sober, steady determination which

presses on to a definite object, using every means for its accomplishment that prudence or wisdom may dictate. It is not unusual for the mind in solitude to embody, as it were, the phantasms of imagination, and mistake its own creations for absolute existences. Inexplicable visions have appeared to men of the strongest intellect; nay, such men are peculiarly liable to such deceptions; the gigantic figure that foretold Cromwell's greatness, and the ghost of Cæsar in the tent of Brutus, were the creations of powerful intellect under high excitement. We do not, therefore, stigmatize Mahomet as a liar for saying that the angel Gabriel commanded him to undertake the prophetic mission; it is very possible, nay, highly probable, that a vivid imagination imposed upon his senses, and that he really believed himself divinely commissioned."

This opinion appears to us so just and valid, that we are surprised to find it limited to the first vision; since prayers, fastings, and solitary musings equally marked the future years of the enthusiast, and he is known to have been subject to epileptic attacks, which were probably the consequence of these severe mental exercises, as we have no previous mention of them in any of the accounts.

After Cadijah, the next convert to the new faith was Zeid, a slave who resided in the prophet's house, and who was restored to freedom on the occasion, a precedent religiously followed ever since by devout Moslems, who have yet to learn of Christians any great respect for the 'peculiar institution.' Zeid remained, however, devoted to Mahomet, as did whoever saw him nearest, throughout his entire career. In three years, some forty converts were made, and private meetings for prayer and preaching were held, either at the house of one of the number, or in a cave near Mecca. Rumors of the heresy soon got abroad, and the Koreishites, to whose tribe Mahomet belonged, felt themselves disgraced by his defection from the established religion with all its charms of idolatry and infanticide. Persecution ensued; at first, of that quiet and respectable kind which, while it inflicts subtle torture upon the innovator, redounds much to the credit of orthodoxy; afterwards bolder and more vulgar, in the form of mob violence, the *animus* of which is always derived from the opinions of creditable people. In both shapes, it preyed upon the sensitive and sympathetic nature of Mahomet, who grew pale and haggard, and showed such evident signs of decaying

health and strength, that his friends feared for his life, while his foes threw imputations upon his sanity.

More watchings, prayer, and fastings, and then a vision commanding him to "arise, preach the truth, and magnify the Lord." He invited his tribe to a conference, and propounded his mission; declaring that he was sent by God to restore the only true and ancient religion, which had been professed by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and all the prophets; or, in other words, to destroy the gross and horrible idolatry into which most of his countrymen had fallen. The very mention of this heresy inflamed to such a degree the religious zeal of his uncle, Abu Lahab, whose son was married to Mahomet's daughter, that he broke up the assembly in a rage, and, not content with this, forced his son to repudiate his wife, Rokaia, and send her home in disgrace to her father.

Nothing discouraged, but perhaps rather inspired by these outrages, the reformer again invited his kinsfolk, and made a feast for them at his own house. After they had eaten, he addressed them as before, adding, "I know no man in Arabia who can offer his kindred a more excellent thing than I now do to you: I offer you happiness both in this life and in that which is to come; God Almighty hath commanded me to call you unto him." He then exposed the folly of idolatry with severe ridicule, asking what reliance could be placed on senseless images, whose eyes saw not, and whose ears heard not. In conclusion, he cried with animation and confidence, "Is there one among you who wishes to be my vizier and lieutenant, as Aaron was to Moses?" The young Ali, finding that no one better qualified was disposed to speak, with modest enthusiasm responded to this appeal; and Mahomet, throwing his arms about the generous youth, and pressing him to his bosom, proclaimed him his brother and chief friend. This excited nothing but laughter in the company, who ironically congratulated Ali on his dignity, and reminded his father that he must now obey his own son.

The spread of the new tenets was comparatively rapid after this outbreak. The common people gladly believed; the women, who, as Mr. Irving gallantly observes, are ever prone to defend a persecuted cause, were well inclined towards this; and even the Jews, who were still on the watch for

their Messiah, were not indisposed to look favorably on the pretensions of one who, by his talents, virtues, and prepossessing qualities, promised so well. These last, however, when they found the new prophet tolerating the eating of camel's and swine's flesh, withdrew from him in disgust, although they do not appear at that time to have joined the ranks of his persecutors.

Mahomet continued to announce revelations, which were committed to writing by chosen disciples.* When scoffers demanded miracles in testimony of his mission, he referred them to these writings, defying them to produce the like. He said he was God's messenger, but still a man like themselves. "If God had seen fit to send an angel to you," said he, "you would have doubted, as now, and your destruction would have been instantaneous. You ask miracles. God gave to Moses the power of working miracles, yet Pharaoh doubted. Would ye dare the punishment of Pharaoh?"

The Koreishites, who, as we have seen, were the hereditary guardians of the Caaba, now saw their craft in serious danger, and they threatened the life of the eloquent pretender, whose success had so far outrun their anticipations, making a solemn covenant among themselves to destroy him, and laying a copy of it in the Caaba for the greater security and weight. This instrument Mahomet discovered, and he sent word to the conspirators that God had sent a worm to destroy the wicked compact, by eating away every part of it but that which bore his holy name.

This accident, which shows Mahomet's sagacity in availing himself of the superstition of his enemies, put an end to the league; Mecca was, however, still unsafe for the followers of the new faith. The prophet sent away his disciples, and, some say, retreated himself, into Abyssinia, where he was coldly received, the chief man saying in reply to his request

---

* Dr. Taylor thinks it probable, that Mahomet never intended to collect these scattered revelations, but used them only for special purposes. After his death, they were brought together by order of Abu Beker, but without the least order or consistency. "A collector of Sibylline leaves," says he, "put together after the wind had scattered them, by a person who could not read, would scarcely present a more anomalous compound than the Koran in its present state. There would be little addition and still less alteration required to reconcile pure Islamism and pure Christianity; the more both become corrupt, the more they diverge into hopeless irreconcilement."

for aid against the violent hatred of his countrymen, "If you are the envoy of God, you need no allies; if you are an impostor, you are unworthy of an answer." The refugees continued, however, to abide quietly in Abyssinia until their numbers had reached about one hundred, while their leader returned to Mecca, where he preached his doctrine as he could find hearers, under the protection of some of his relatives, who, though disagreeing with him in sentiment, were induced to watch over his personal safety by the strong feeling of kindred common to the Arabians, if not by habitual respect for Mahomet. One of his followers complaining to him of the injuries heaped upon them by the Koreishites, he reddened, and said, "Those who were believers in former times were some of them raked to pieces with iron combs, and others were sawn asunder; yet they patiently endured, and did not forsake their religion. Do ye, then, endure patiently, for verily God will so completely establish this faith, that a single horseman who believes may go alone from Senau to Hazramoot, and fear nothing but God."

Among the personal outrages of this period, the Hyât-ul-Kuloob records the following, in the true Oriental tone: —

"Mohammed proclaiming his mission at a time when pilgrims were assembled at Mekkah, stood for that purpose on Mount Safâ, and cried with a loud voice, 'O ye people, I am the apostle of the Lord of the universe.' The people looked at him in wonder, but were silent. He then ascended Mervah, and three times repeated the same announcement. On hearing this, Abujahl hurled a stone at him, which wounded his luminous forehead. The rest of the idolaters then caught up stones and pursued him. . . . In this state of things, Jibrâeel (Gabriel) descended to Mohammed, who wept at meeting the angel, and said, 'See what my people have done to me; they have charged me with falsehood, and wounded me with the stone of oppression.' 'Give me your hand,' said Jibrâeel; and he seated the prophet on the top of the mountain. He had brought under his wing a carpet of Paradise, which was woven of pearls and rubies; this he spread in the air, and it covered all the mountains of Mekkah; and again taking the hand of Mohammed, he seated him on it, and said to him, 'Do you wish to know in what estimation you are held by the Most High?' Mahomet replied in the affirmative. 'Then call that tree to you,' said Jibrâeel. Immediately it obeyed the summons, and made a religious prostration before the prophet, and on his

ordering it to return, it promptly obeyed. The angel Ismâeel, the regent of the first heaven, now descended, and, saluting the prophet, said, 'My Lord has commanded me to obey you implicitly in every thing. If you order, I will pour the stars upon your enemies, and burn them.' The angel of the sun appeared, and offered to consume Mohammed's enemies by bringing the sun upon their heads; the angel of the earth proposed to have them swallowed up by the opening ground; the angel of the mountains wished to hurl all the mountains on them; the angel of the ocean asked permission to drown them beneath the mighty waves of the sea. Having first demanded of these angels if they were all commanded to aid him, and receiving an affirmative answer, he raised his blessed face toward heaven and said, 'I am not sent to inflict judgment, but am enjoined to be the mercy of the universe. Leave me to my people, for they are ignorant, and this is the reason of their treating me thus.'"

This brings us to the twelfth year of the preaching of Mahomet, that in which is placed by his disciples his journey to heaven, a fiction which, while it is cited as proof conclusive of unblushing imposture by some writers, is considered by others as being a mere invention of his unscrupulous advocates, using to the uttermost the Oriental gift of exaggerated description and unbounded panegyric. Mr. Sale supposes it "a fetch of policy, to raise his reputation by pretending to have actually conversed with God, as Moses had heretofore done;" Dr. Prideaux, that "he invented it either to answer the expectations of those who demanded some miracle of him, or else, by having pretended to have conversed with God, to establish the authority of whatever he should think fit to say;" but Dr. Taylor, though writing for an expressly religious purpose, and therefore liable to merge candor in zeal, says, "The narrative of the night journey to Heaven is placed in the appendix, for of this monstrous fable I believe Mahomet himself to have been perfectly innocent."

The night-journey reads a good deal like some of the revelations of Swedenborg, though it has features truly Oriental, and also much puerility mixed with its soaring splendor. Gabriel, who is described as having "a complexion white as snow, white hair finely plaited and hanging in curls about his shoulders, ten thousand little perfume bags of musk and saffron hanging about him, two plates on his forehead, one inscribed, 'There is no God but God,' and the other, 'Maho-

met is his prophet,' and five hundred pair of wings, from one of which to the other was a journey of five hundred years," — is the guide and companion of the prophet; but he provides for the transit from earth to heaven no better conveyance than "a white beast, less than a mule, but larger than an ass;" though, to be sure, this rather ignoble "ship of heaven" was no less adorned with gems and radiance than the angel himself. After visiting Jerusalem, where a ladder of light is let down from heaven for them, on which they ascend, — Gabriel enfolding the prophet in his wings to preserve him from harm, — they arrive at the first heaven; Adam meets them — "a very large man, of a wheaten complexion," — and they exchange felicitations and encouragement; afterwards Yousuf, (Joseph,) who is represented as "exceeding all other men in beauty, as much as the full moon exceeds the stars," and he salutes Mahomet as a brother. In the sixth heaven, the travellers encounter Moses, who says, "The Israelites think me dearest with the Most High, but this man, (meaning Mahomet,) is dearer than I am." Very many of the wonders were significant, as this: "There was an angel of immense size, half of whose body was fire and half snow; the fire did not melt the snow, nor the snow quench the fire. He cried with a loud voice, "I ascribe holiness to the Lord who preserves entire the conflicting elements of my being; O Lord, who hast united snow to fire, impart unity to the hearts that believe in thee." On inquiring who this was, Gabriel said, "This is the most benevolent angel of God towards true believers, and from the day of his creation until now, he has uttered this prayer for the objects of his good will."

They find the Angel of Death, holding the world between his knees, and a written tablet in his hand, on which he looked with the steady gaze of a melancholy man. Gabriel remarks, that this angel's work is greater and more severe than that of any other angel; upon which, the prophet inquires whether the dread minister was obliged to approach every individual. "Yes," said the melancholy angel; "there is not a house whose inmates I do not observe, one by one, five times every day. When relatives weep the departure of a friend, I say to them, 'Weep not for him, for I must visit you again and again, until none of you are left.'" Mahomet observes,

"Death is enough to cause grief and overwhelming sorrow." "That which follows death," says Gabriel, "is far more dreadful than dying." Mahomet, seeing a company suspended by their feet on hooks of fire, found they were thus because, when the Most High had made them rich in lawful things, they coveted those which were unlawful. A number of angels were employed in building palaces of gold and silver bricks; but observing them stand idle, the prophet inquired the reason. They replied, "We wait till our expenses are paid." "What expenses?" "The devotions of believers. Whenever they cease to ascribe praise to God, our work also ceases." In another part of heaven, were people having camels' lips, and the angels were cutting pieces off the sides of these unhappy beings, and throwing them into their mouths. At Mahomet's inquiry, Gabriel said, "These derided believers and sought out their faults." Another company were forced to swallow fire; these had devoured the property of orphans.

Whether or not Mahomet is justly to be charged with the fabrication of this stupendous fiction, which, as recited in the Hyât-ul-Kuloob, is full of a certain wild and solemn interest, it is certain that his fortunes were never darker than at the time, and after, it is said to have been used as an instrument of conversion. Cadijah was dead; the Koreishites were more exasperated than ever; the pilgrims who came annually to worship at the Caaba, among whom Mahomet, in the days of his conformity, had "walked as a god," now shunned a man stigmatized as an apostate; only his uncles dared to protect him, and of these, Abu Taleb, his firmest friend, had departed unconverted. A place of refuge was therefore most desirable; but no city was willing to receive him whom his own people cast out.

At length, as he was one day preaching on the hill Akaba, near Mecca, he drew the attention of some pilgrims from the city of Yathreb, (Medina,) pure Arabs of the tribe of Khazradites, who had often heard of Mahomet through the Jewish inmates of their city, while they were favorably disposed towards the reformer, because he insisted on the Divine Unity. Moved by the eloquence of Mahomet, and attracted by his doctrine, which they received without the prejudice which closed the ears of his own people, they avowed themselves his converts, and he sought to return with them to Medina.

This, however, they declined, alleging as a reason, that they were at deadly feud with another tribe, and therefore unable to offer protection to a stranger. Mahomet, with his usual sagacity, acknowledged the force of their objection, but persuaded them to take with them in his stead Musab Ibn Omeir, one of the most able and learned of his disciples, who was instructed to preach the faith on this new field. Musab proved worthy of his mission, and after he had made converts of some of the principal men at Medina, several other Moslems, tormented by opposition and contempt at Mecca, retreated also to the city of refuge, becoming each, doubtless, in some sense a preacher of the persecuted opinions. Foothold being thus well established, it was judged advisable to invite the prophet to take up his abode at Medina, and upwards of seventy converts went as a deputation to escort him thither. His uncle, Al Abbas, distrusted the prudence of the measure; but Mahomet, having met his disciples in secret conference, made a solemn compact with them, requiring that they should openly abjure idolatry and profess the worship of the true and only God, yield obedience to himself in weal or wo, and grant to him and his disciples such protection as they would extend to their own wives and children; engaging, on his own part, to remain among them, to be the friend of their friends, and the enemy of their enemies. When the converts very naturally inquired what was to be their compensation, in case their adherence involved destruction, as it seemed very likely to do, — "Paradise!" was the reply; and it proved satisfactory.

Mahomet did not accompany his new allies at once to Medina. He lingered awhile in Mecca, perhaps hoping yet to be enabled to persuade his kinsfolk and neighbors to embrace the truth; for if we gather from conflicting testimony any personal fact about him with certainty, it is that he had a most affectionate nature. The return for his solicitude was a concerted attempt to murder him, as he lay sleeping and unconscious. He received warning, however, and when the conspirators arrived at his house, they found only Ali, wrapped in the green mantle of the prophet. Good Moslems ascribe the preservation of their master to miracle, saying that Gabriel gave him intelligence of the bloody plan, and that, as the Koreishites stood at the door, Mahomet passed through

the midst of them, scattering a handful of dust in the air, which struck them all with blindness. More earthworthy accounts state, that he escaped by a back door, and took hiding in the house of Abu Beker, who accompanied him to a cave in Mount Thor. Scarce had they reached the cave, when they heard the sound of fierce pursuit. Abu Beker, though a brave man, quaked with fear, exclaiming that their pursuers were many, while they were but two. "Nay," replied Mahomet, "say three; for GOD is with us!"

The pursuers, incited by the promised reward of a hundred camels, searched every nook of the mountain. On reaching the cave in which the friends lay concealed, the graceful fable is, that an acacia tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven his web. Deceived by these signs of undisturbed quiet, the Koreishites turned away, and the prophet and his future general had leisure to lay their plans for further retreat. These pointed, of course, to Medina, where friends were impatiently awaiting their approach. After a journey fraught with danger, they reached Koba, a fruitful spot about two miles from Medina. Here they halted, and sent intelligence of their arrival to their friends within the city. So many came to greet them, that a public entrance was decided upon; and after four days' repose at Koba, the prophet, after assembling his followers for prayer and a sermon, mounted his camel and set forth, attended by seventy horsemen as a guard of honor, his disciples taking turns in holding over his head a canopy of palm-leaves. One, more enthusiastic than the rest, exclaimed, "O Apostle of God, thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard!" and, so saying, unfolded his turban, and tying one end of it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the prophet, little dreaming of the splendid triumphs to be achieved beneath it in after times. A crowd of new proselytes came forth from the city to meet the procession, and he who had left Mecca in fear of his life, entered Medina like a victorious leader, the inhabitants contending who should have the honor of entertaining him.

This is the Hegira, or Flight, from which all true believers date. It took place in the year 622 of the Christian era.

Mahomet's first care was to erect a place of worship as a

centre of interest for his followers; and, choosing a convenient position, he proceeded to build the first mosque, a large but simple structure, unpeeled trunks of the date-palm serving as pillars to support the roof, which was thatched with its leaves. A part of the edifice was assigned as a habitation to such believers as were without homes of their own. Mahomet assisted in its erection with his own hands, a specimen of the simplicity and absence of all outward pride which distinguished him through life. The question as to the mode in which believers were to be summoned to prayer was decided by a suggestion of Abdallah, a seeming friend, afterwards a rival, who proposed a form of words to be cried aloud; — a unique method at once adopted, and continued to this day by the muezzin from the minaret, wherever the religion of Mecca is acknowledged. Eastern travellers dwell much upon the touching beauty of this call, sounding in the holy hour of dawn, or under the burning stillness of noon; "God is great! There is no God but God! Mahomet is the apostle of God! Come to prayer!" each phrase being twice repeated. At dawn is added the sentence, "Prayer is better than sleep!" For evening worship, the new mosque was lighted with splinters of the kindly palm; and when the prophet preached, he stood leaning against one of its primitive pillars.

It requires no great stretch of charity to believe, that, up to this period, at least, his motives were pure and his piety unfeigned. His precepts — borrowed, doubtless, from Christianity; but does not the borrowing bespeak appreciation? — were humane and beneficent; charity, humility, self-denial, and forgiveness of injuries were his favorite themes. To charity he gave almost as comprehensive a definition as the apostle; though alms-giving had ever his especial commendation, perhaps because adherence to him brought poverty on so many of the faithful. His doctrines procured him toleration, at least, from the Christians at Medina, some of whom, not very strong in their own faith in that day of its utter corruption, became his converts. The Jews showed him less favor; but he managed to conciliate many of them by appointing Jerusalem as the Kebla, or sacred place, towards which believers should turn their faces in prayer.

Once established on firm footing at Medina, Mahomet seems to have forgotten his peaceful precepts, or to have con-

cluded, with the convenient logic of so many other law-givers, that they were not calculated for the regulation of public affairs; for he now began to send out small parties to make reprisals on his enemies, the Koreishites, by attacking their caravans in the desert. Success in these enriching forays soon brought adherents in flocks to the turban-standard; and the prophet, in the course of two years, found himself in a condition to attack a prodigious caravan, for the protection of which the Meccans had sent an escort of nine hundred and fifty chosen men. This was an undertaking which called for all the military ability of the priest-soldier, for his force numbered scarcely a third of his adversaries, and their discipline was far from being perfect. Like Napoleon, however, he took care to strengthen his men with grand ideas and magnificent promises. "The sword," he said, "is the key of heaven and hell; all who draw it in the cause of faith will be rewarded with temporal advantages; every drop shed of their blood, every peril and hardship endured by them, will be registered on high, as much more meritorious than even fasting or prayer. If they fall in battle, their sins will be blotted out, and they will be transported to heaven, there to revel in eternal pleasure."

By way of apology for instructions so much at variance with the doctrines of peace he had preached during the days of persecution and humility, he declared that different prophets before his time had been endowed with the divine gifts of persuasion, purity, and the power of working miracles, but all these had proved insufficient to overcome the wickedness of men. To him, as the last of the holy band, was entrusted the sword of extermination. To this assurance he added various rules of warfare, no doubt much to the comfort of his wounded conscience. "Burn no date-trees, nor flood them to destroy them; cut down no fruit-trees, nor burn any fields of corn. Destroy no animals except for food. Poison not the water of infidels, neither lie in wait to slay them at night. When you meet the enemy, summon them to become Mussulmans; if they consent, direct them to go to the capital of Islam after professing the faith. If they will not receive the faith, offer them the condition of tribute, and if they agree to this, do not attack them. But if they refuse the condition of tribute likewise, seek help from God, *and fight them as truth requires.*"

Under this last clause, the new converts fought very heartily. The attack on the great caravan proved entirely successful. Mahomet passed the whole preceding night standing under a tree, in prayer and supplication; and in the morning, finding his followers rather disheartened because of the smallness of their number, consoled them with a new verse of the Koran, — "Verily I will assist you with a thousand angels following one another in order. Victory is from God alone, and God is mighty and wise." When Atabah, who commanded the caravan, saw that the combat was inevitable, he commanded his brother and his son to arm themselves in helmets and coats of mail, and, for himself, wound two turbans together by way of defensive armor for the head; then, sending a defiance to Mahomet, he challenged him to send out an equal number of champions, wishing to spare blood. Mahomet chose his cousin Abaydah-bin-Haris, his uncle Hamza, and the youthful Ali, whom he ever loved like a son. He exhorted them to implore the aid of the Most High, who would not suffer his own light and truth to be extinguished. The idolaters were vanquished, and one of the Moslems — Abaydah, who was an old man — mortally wounded. Carried to the tent of Mahomet, the dying man exclaimed, "O prophet of God, am I a martyr?" "Yes," replied Mahomet, deeply grieved, "the first of my kindred." The Persian Bible proceeds thus: —

"Eblis himself took the Koreish banner, to lead on the attack. The prophet, seeing this, ordered his companions to cover their eyes, and not draw their swords until he gave permission. Then raising the hand of necessity to Him who is above all necessity, he prayed and supplicated, saying, 'O Lord, this band are the helpers of thy faith: should they be killed, no one will worship thee again on earth.' The prophet then swooned, which was a sign that a divine communication was being made to him. When he recovered, perspiration flowed from his luminous forehead, and he exclaimed, 'Gabriel is now coming to your aid, with a thousand angels.' A black cloud appeared, attended with thick flashes of lightning, and standing over the army of the prophet. The Mussulmans heard from it the clang of arms. . . . Abu Jahl advanced between the two armies and cried, 'O Lord, our faith is old, Mahomet's is new; aid that which pleases thee best.' As the armies were now come to an engagement, Ali took up a handful of sand and gave it to the prophet, who, at the command

of Gabriel, cast it at the enemy, repeating the Arab execration, 'Ugly be these faces!' At that instant, the Most High sent a wind which drove the sand in the enemy's face, and they fled, and on whomsoever a particle of sand fell, he was slain that day. Abu Jahl fell, among the rest, and Mahomet, looking at his body, said, "May God give you a bad award for calling me a liar when I was true! This man was more rebellious than Pharaoh, who confessed the unity of God when certain destruction awaited him; whereas Abu Jahl, in such circumstances, called on Lat and Uzzy."

In this combat, called the battle of Beder or Badr, the Mussulmans came off victors, the losing party consoling themselves for unexpected defeat by saying that angels fought against them. It is somewhat significant that they added, that all these angels wore the form of Ali, the son-in-law of the prophet, who was the bravest and the most enthusiastic of all the Moslem chiefs.

Mahomet, thus triumphant, was the master of Medina, and assumed the tone of a sovereign lawgiver. The Jews, whom he had found it impossible to convert, now became thorns in his path, and he seized every opportunity to humiliate, if not to persecute, them. The Koreishites, too, exasperated rather than discouraged by their overthrow at Badr, were ever ready to renew hostilities; so that the history of Mahomet for some years from this period is but a history of battles, in which he was generally, though not invariably, victorious. His army, greatly increased in numbers, was yet defeated with considerable loss at Ohod, although "Ali fought with his own sword till it was broken, and then the prophet gave him his own sword, Zoolfakar, by which he sent away every wretch that dared to attack the prophet to the lowest hell; and among the Meccans was Hind, daughter of Atabah, who scornfully offered a material for dyeing the eyes to every one who fled, saying, 'Take these implements, you woman, and claim no more to be a man!'" On viewing the dead body of his uncle Hamza, slain and shamefully mutilated by the enemy, Mahomet wept and said, "God helping me, I will serve seventy of the Koreish in the same manner." Under the emotions of the hour, a revelation came to him too characteristic to be omitted: "If ye take vengeance on any, take a vengeance proportionable to the wrong which has been done

you; but if ye suffer wrong patiently, verily this will be better for the patient." Here spoke out both the man of power and passion, and the religious devotee. It is to the honor of the reformer that he listened to the gentler voice, and forbore revenge.

We shall not attempt the detail of future battles, but select some picturesque Oriental traits which bear upon the character of our hero and his people. After a victory over the Koreish, Fatimah, the daughter of Mahomet and wife of Ali, had just brought water for the refreshment of her father after the campaign, when Gabriel appeared, mounted on a mule, and having a piece of the satin of Paradise, embroidered with pearls and rubies, thrown over his shoulders. He, too, was covered with dust, which Mahomet, rising, brushed away; upon which, the angel said to him, "The Lord be merciful unto you! you have your armor off sooner than the hosts of heaven, who have been pursuing the Koreish, and giving them much annoyance. The Lord now commands you to perform evening prayers to-day in no other place but by the Benee Kareezah, (the enemies of Mahomet.) I will myself precede you and shake their walls, and will crush the enemy like an egg-shell dashed to atoms by a stone." On their approaching the walls, certain men appeared, reviling the prophet and his army. Mahomet replied, "Ye brothers of asses and hogs, and worshippers of idols, do ye revile me? it is a bad day for any people when we besiege them." The man answered, "Verily, O Mahomet, thou wert never known as a reviler." At this remark, the prophet dropped his cloak and staff, and retreated backwards several steps, through excessive shame, to think of his unbecoming behavior.

Ali is the Moslem Samson, so far as tales of wonder about his strength and powers go; and with the aid of an Arabian Major Longbow, he is made far to exceed the scourge of the Philistines. Take a specimen or two.

Ali, at the head of the Mussulmans, encountered the champion of the enemy, on whose head was a helmet, surmounted by a large stone ring. Chanting heroic odes, the two warriors encountered, and Ali cleft the Yehoodee (Jew) through ring, helmet, and head. Then, seizing the gate, he shook it so violently that the whole fortress trembled; and at length, tearing the gate from its fastenings, he used it as a shield, and hurled it to forty cubits distance, where seventy men tried in

vain to lift it. After this display, Gabriel appeared to Mahomet in great amazement. Upon the prophet's inquiring the cause of his agitation, he replied, "The angels in heaven shout, There is no hero but Ali! but my own wonder is this: I was once ordered to destroy the people of Lot, and took up seven of their cities from the foundation of the seventh earth, and carried them, on a single feather of one of my wings, so high that the inhabitants of heaven heard their cocks crowing. I held them there till morning, awaiting the orders of the Most High, and the weight of the seven cities was not even perceptible by me. But to-day, when Ali shouted Allah Akbar! and gave Marhab that Hashem-like blow, I was commanded to sustain the excess of it, lest it should cleave the earth. The blow fell vastly heavier on my wing than the weight of the seven cities, notwithstanding that Michael and Israfil both caught Ali's arm in the air, to check its force."

"Mohammed promised twelve palaces in paradise to any one who would defeat the people of Yabis, and Ali, accepting the offer, desired to hear a description of the palaces. Mohammed said they were built of gold and silver bricks, with a cement of musk and amber. The pebbles around them are pearls and rubies, the earth saffron, its hillocks camphor, and through the court of each palace, flow rivers of honey, wine, milk, and water; the banks are adorned with various trees, and with pearls and coral. On the margin of those celestial streams are bowers, consisting each of one entire, hollow, transparent pearl. In each of these bowers is a throne with emerald feet, and adorned with ruby. On each throne sits a Hooree, arrayed in seventy green robes and seventy yellow robes of so fine a texture, and she is herself so transparent, that the marrow of her ancle, notwithstanding her robes and flesh and bone, is as distinctly visible as a flame in a glass vessel. Each Hooree has seventy locks of hair, every one under the care of a maid who perfumes the lock with a censer which God has created to smoke with perfume without the presence of fire. No mortal olfactory has ever breathed such incense as is there exhaled. 'My father and mother be your sacrifice!' exclaimed Ali; 'I will undertake the expedition.'"*

* A multitude of sage proverbs, composed by Ali after the lapse of

"Years that bring the philosophic mind,"

and much quoted by good Mussulmans and others, contrast amusingly with these accounts of his youthful impetuosity. He seems throughout to have been a person of sterling worth, as well as more shining qualities.

At the battle of Motah, Jafer, the standard-bearer, having had his right hand cut off, grasped his charge with his left. When that too was gone, he folded the banner to his bosom with his bleeding arms, and bore it until he fell, covered with ninety wounds, all in front. Mahomet went in person to his house to announce the woful tidings to his family, and taking the little son of the widow in his lap, began stroking his head with his hands in such a way that the mother guessed all. The prophet then, bursting into tears, declared to her the martyrdom of her husband. "Both his hands were cut off," he said; "but God has given him, in exchange, two emerald wings, with which he now flies where he pleases, among the angels of Paradise."

Six years after Mahomet's flight to Medina, he undertook a pilgrimage to Mecca, in the sacred month, when there was a cessation of hostilities, and all animosities were supposed to be at peace for a season. The fugitives were naturally anxious to revisit their old home and their long-estranged friends, and their leader ardently desired to link the new religion with the old, and establish his position as a reformer rather than a destroyer of the ancient worship of Arabia. But he found himself and his followers not included in the general amity. His approach was viewed with dread, and envoys were sent to meet him, to ascertain his intentions and to warn him against any hostile attempt. These envoys were confounded at the reverence with which they saw him treated. "I have seen the King of Persia and the emperor of Constantinople, surrounded by their courts," said one of them; "but never did I behold a sovereign so much revered as Mahomet." This account increased the alarm of the Meccans, and all that Mahomet could obtain, without a siege of his native city, was a treaty for ten years, allowing himself and his followers three days' sojourn in Mecca at the time of pilgrimage, not to take effect, however, until the next year.

To console his troops for their disappointment, he led them against Khaibar, a Jewish city which was known to be wealthy. His favorite Ali, for zeal and courage surnamed the Lion of God, was the bearer of the saved standard on this occasion; "a man," said Mahomet, "who loves God and his prophet, and whom God and his prophet love." The

strong citadel of Khaibar was taken after prodigious effort, and the spoils were sufficient to console the conquerors for the lost pilgrimage; but their adored leader here received the earnest of death in a poisoned shoulder of lamb, set before him by a treacherous woman. He had but tasted the food when his suspicions were aroused; but so virulent was the drug, that a single taste sufficed to taint his blood, and to prepare the slow consuming fire that at length brought him to the grave. One of his companions, who had not so soon taken warning, died immediately. The prophet returned to Medina, and unconscious of the fatal sentence written in his forehead, occupied himself in sending to the great potentates of earth messages which must have seemed to them like those of a madman, summoning them to embrace Islamism, and to acknowledge himself as the last and greatest of the prophets. Khosru, King of Persia, by way of reply, sent to his viceroy at Yemen, — "Restore this madman at Medina to his senses, or if you cannot, bring me his head." Before long, this viceroy, having turned Mussulman, was continued in his office by the clemency of Mahomet. Heraclius, the Roman emperor, at Constantinople, received the prophet's missive with more respect, and made valuable presents to the messenger. So did also the viceroy of Egypt, the king of Ethiopia, and the king of Bahrain, although some of the Arabian princes had not yet learned to treat the growing power of Islam with the consideration it deserved.

A triumphal pilgrimage to Mecca marked the next year; and when, after devout performance of all the customary rites, the prophet marched back to Medina, ambassadors came from all parts of Arabia to felicitate him upon his victories; whole tribes became his converts, and he began to think of foreign conquests. He now issued a public declaration, that all who did not forsake their idols and embrace the true faith within four months should be exterminated, and the success of his arms gave fearful force to the threat.

But his personal career was drawing rapidly to a close, and he was himself conscious of the decay of his strength. Under these circumstances, he prepared for his last and most splendid pilgrimage, which he took care should be a model as to its religious observances. Throngs attended him, — one hundred and fourteen thousand persons, according to some

authorities, — and he was felt to be as completely the master of Mecca as he had ever been of Medina. He marched through the Caaba, stopping before each of its multitude of idols, and saying "There is no God but God! Truth is come, and lies are done away!" upon which his followers cast down the image and broke it in pieces.

When all was completed, he returned to Medina, and prepared himself for the last change, with the dignity and composure of a man who feels that he has finished his work, and that nothing remains but to lay down his commission as submissively as he accepted it. His cautions and directions to his weeping followers may almost be said to be without a taint of self, his sole anxiety being for such a regulation of affairs as should secure the triumphant spread of the faith. He called for his two grandchildren, the sons of Ali, his only remaining hope of successors in his line of descent, and embracing them fondly, said, "O Lord, I commit them to thee and to the worthy of the faithful." Ali watched his dying bed in all the bitterness of grief, and Mahomet exhibited a woman's tenderness for this true brother of his heart and follower of his fortunes. One tradition declares, that the prophet would have Ali in his bed at the last hour, and that he died with his arm over this beloved friend. To his wives he said, "Rend not your garments nor hair, nor weep for me." To his disciples, "I do but go before you; you will soon follow me. Death awaits us all; let no one, then, seek to turn it aside from me. My life has been for your good, so will be my death." As death approached, his thoughts were wholly absorbed in religion. He ordered the manumission of all his slaves, and the distribution of all his money in alms to the poor. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he said "God be with me in the death-struggle!" Ayesha, his favorite wife, sustained his head in her lap, and endeavored to soothe his dying agonies. He had a kind word for all, but his solicitudes seemed wholly spiritual. From time to time, he would dip his hand in water and feebly sprinkle his face. At length, after gazing fixedly upward for some time, he said in broken accents, "O Allah, be it so — among the glories — in Paradise!" and was no more.

In this frame of mind died a man who had struggled out of heathenism into such spiritual light as was vouchsafed to him,

fixing his eyes on that light, and pressing towards it with an intensity of devotion which few, to whom its full radiance is granted, care to imitate. Such reality of belief, such fervor of zeal, such habitual awe of the Divine Being, may indeed put to shame the majority of the Christian world. That he fell into great practical inconsistencies, and that among the ordinances of his law may be found traces of license abhorrent to our Christian ideas, cannot be denied; and as the splendor of Mahomet's personal qualities throws concentrated light on his personal faults, so the immense diffusion and results of his teaching have fixed the attention of the Christian world upon the false portion of his doctrine with an almost exclusive intensity, while the good has passed as a thing of course, and for which no credit is due, because he who announced it allowed himself to use deception in declaring it to the people, whose conversion he desired with a fervor of zeal which we, of this cooler time and clime, can scarcely understand or believe in. But surely, his errors may be considered those of his age and country; while we must, in common justice, acknowledge his keen perception and hearty appreciation of the highest truths to be such as few men of any age or country attain. Prejudice has long been satisfied to consider the most objectionable points in Mahomet's system as the fruit of an evil nature seeking authority for indulgence; but more candid and diligent inquirers confess, that not only the idea of propagating religion by the sword, but much of the license of the Koran, is drawn from the Mosaic ritual. Like the inspired lawgiver, the reformer of Arabia was obliged to accommodate his requisitions to the reigning ideas; he gave to the people such truths as they were able to bear, perhaps all that he himself was permitted to receive. His desire to raise the standard of manners and the moral tone of his countrymen is most obvious; and in those points of his code which have more particularly served as texts of reprobation, Dr. Forster shows, by an elaborate parallel between his ordinances and those of Moses, that Mahomet's imitation was exact. The powers of his understanding, the energy and fervor of his spirit, his grand personal qualities, and all the favors of fortune that attended his wonderful career, were laid on the altar to which he had vowed himself, with a singleness and humility of soul before God which no candid mind can fail to perceive

in his history; — that grand, lonely, barbaric altar, which no kindred soul had helped him to raise or to sustain, but above which, in the hours of meditation and prayer, in night-watches, on the battle-field, and on the bed of death, he failed not to see the Shekinah hovering, with a glorious distinctness too little coveted or sought by later religionists, who are made indifferent by superabundance of instruction, and ungrateful by unrecognized privileges.

Tradition says that, in person, Mahomet was large and full-formed; neither tall nor short; his head somewhat large, and his hair and beard black and abundant, though not worn in extreme length.

"If his hair was sometimes long," says the Hyât-ul-Kuloob, "he parted it in the middle to each side of his head. His face was luminously white, his forehead broad, his eyebrows narrow, long, and arching. There was a vein in the middle of his forehead, which became particularly prominent when he was angry. His nose was long, thin, and aquiline; his lips thin, and his mouth not diminutive, but expressive of sweetness. His teeth were brilliantly white and not closely set, and his smile is represented as enchanting. His shoulders were broad, his joints strong and hollowed, which is a mark of bravery and physical power particularly prized among the Arabs. His hands and fingers were long; the sole of his foot deeply hollowed, and the top round and smooth, so that if a drop of water fell on it, it immediately rolled off. He did not drag his feet, like proud people, but raised them and stepped properly, at the same time bowing his head like one descending a declivity, not bearing it aloft, like a haughty man. His steps were long, but he walked leisurely and with dignity. When he addressed a person, he did not look at him from the corner of his eye, like a rich and haughty person, but turned his body towards the individual he addressed. Continual sorrow weighed on his mind. He never was without thought and business, and he never spoke unnecessarily. His diction was concise and fraught with meaning; illustrating his subject, without redundancy, yet perfectly perspicuous. His temper was gentle, and he thought no one abject or despicable. Small favors were much valued by him; he never praised what he ate or drank, nor was he ever angry at the loss or destruction of worldly goods. But when the fact reached him that truth and equity had suffered, he became so disguised by anger for the Lord's sake that one could not recognize him, and no one could stand in his presence till the truth was vindicated. In company

he claimed no place or position as peculiarly his own, but forbade such a thing, and would seat himself in any unoccupied place at the lower end of the room. When he spoke, the company inclined towards him, and were silent and still, as if a bird had perched on their heads."

There were five things which Mahomet declared he would never abandon: — to eat on the ground with servants; to ride on an ass with a blanket instead of a saddle; to milk goats with his own hand; to wear woollen garments; and to salute children. One tradition substitutes mending shoes and sandals for milking goats; but it is certain that the prophet's personal habits were of the simplest. His bed consisted of an Arab cloak, and his pillow, of a skin filled with date-leaves. One night, his attendants doubled his thin bed, that he might sleep more comfortably. Next morning he slept beyond the time for prayers, and he forbade the future doubling of the cloak. His food in general was dates and barley-bread, with milk and honey. He swept his chamber, lit his fire, mended his clothes, and was his own servant. His wife Ayesha, speaking of her early married life, said, "For a whole month we did not light a fire to dress our food, which was nothing but dates and water, unless some one sent us meat. The people of the prophet's household never got wheat bread two successive days."

Such is the testimony, gathered from various authorities, respecting the private character and more familiar traits of this mighty genius; and the simplicity and consistency of the picture lead us to accept it as a portrait. Another hand adds that, when he was angry, "perspiration fell like pearls from his blessed forehead;" and we can well believe it. Such power without a foundation of passion would be an anomaly in the history of mere mortal men; and we must feel the depth of the passion before we can fully appreciate the habitual benignity and tenderness, which all agree to have been so remarkable in Mahomet. His love of his children was excessive,* and it was destined to be the source of bitter

* Ockley says that Mahomet was so fond of his grandsons, Hasan and Hosein, the sons of Ali and Fatima, that when he was prostrate at prayers he would "elbow the little Hasan to come and climb upon him, and hold him on, and prolong the prayers on purpose. Nay, sometimes, in the midst of a discourse to the people, if he saw them running towards him, he would come down to them and embrace them, and take them up with him into the pulpit; then, making a short apology in behalf of their innocency and tender age, proceed with his discourse."

anguish to him; for they died one by one, some in infancy, some in maturity, until he was left nearly childless at the time of his death. His wives, of whom he married many after the death of Cadijah, brought him no son, — the one good gift for himself that he desired of God, with unwearied supplication and hope. Let this fact soften in some degree our horror at the stain of unlimited polygamy which he incurred, scarce converted heathen as he was, with inbred ideas favorable to his wishes, and what he doubtless considered to be full sanction in the Mosaic ritual, which was his first teacher in a better school. The kindness and consideration he evinced for his family deserve the imitation of Christian husbands; and the reverence approaching adoration, with which he inspired all his wives, shows the truth and genial wisdom of his character. The picture of his wedded life with Cadijah, in whom alone of all he seems to have found a true companion and friend, is without a fault; and when his favorite among her successors, in the insolence of youthful beauty, ventured to take him to task for his persevering remembrance of this earliest attachment, asking if Allah had not given him a better wife, meaning herself, — "Never," he exclaimed, "did God give me a better! When I was poor, she enriched me; when I was called a liar, she believed in me; when I was under the curse of my tribe and the world, she remained true to me, and loved me the better for my misfortunes." This was the testimony of his heart to the pre-eminence of a true and pure marriage; and so well understood was this constancy of his, that we are told that whenever any one of his wives wished to ingratiate herself with him, she began by praising Cadijah.

If we should be asked whether we are ready to exonerate the prophet of Arabia from all imputation of imposture, we should be obliged to answer in the negative; but we not only find no evidence that he was deliberately, at heart and with an evil purpose, an impostor, but overwhelming testimony to the contrary. History teaches us that, of all powers granted to mortal man, that of swaying the hearts of the multitude is most beset with temptations. When genius and opportunity concur to this result, nothing short of heavenly wisdom has ever yet preserved a successful leader from using the gift for special — not to say selfish — purposes, under cover of the

popular welfare. Popular enthusiasm loves to be deluded; it will not accept pure truth, but insists on the infusion of some element of marvellousness, terror, or pathos — something histrionic — in short, something by means of which passion shall find employment in aid of reason, which soon becomes cold and burthensome to unmastered minds. No man can long sway a multitude without discovering this sympathetically; and what sympathy discovers, instinct prompts the means of meeting and using. Mahomet, with his personal endowments; the wonderful natural genius which imparted such a living energy to his thoughts; his excellent character for truth, honesty, and wisdom, and a temperament deeply religious and absorbent of devotional ideas, was able to perceive the degradation of the national faith, even in the midst of Jewish and Christian corruption, which might have kept almost any form of paganism in countenance. His meditations upon high themes continually widened the immense distance between his own perceptions and conclusions, and the unawakened mind of his nation. To him the commonalty became in some sort as children, of whose condition development is the most urgent want; while to them he was but a gloomy enthusiast, whose brain was turned by conceit and fanaticism. Standing thus in opposition, he long maintained a profound silence, like the cloud while its charge is momently increasing; until first in faint flashes and distant murmurs, then in lightning-spears and terrors of awful threatening, his power issued forth, fertilizing at once and desolating its pathway. That Mahomet was as much surprised at the success of his mission as any one else could possibly be, we truly believe; to think otherwise is to grant him all he claimed in the character of a prophet. Like other men to whom it has been given to promulgate fundamental truths, he evidently had but a very limited conception of the ultimate power of his doctrines.

"When he reached Medina," says Mr. Irving, "he had no idea of the worldly power that awaited him; his only thought was to build a humble mosque where he might preach; his only hope that he might be suffered to preach with impunity. . . . The fanatic zeal with which he inspired his followers did more for his success than his military science; their belief in his doctrine of predestination produced victories which no military cal-

culation could have anticipated. . . . His military triumphs awakened no pride or vain glory, as they would have done had they been effected for selfish purposes. The riches which poured in upon him from the spoils of war, were expended in promoting the faith, and in relieving the poor among its votaries, insomuch that his treasury was often drained of its last coin. . . . However he betrayed the alloy of earth after he had worldly power at his command, the early aspirations of his spirit continually returned, and bore him above all earthly things."

That a torrent of success so unexpected that it probably seemed to himself miraculous, left him some virtue and some humility is perhaps more surprising than that it should have wakened the more earthy and heathen part of his nature, and caused him at times to forget his sincere love and admiration of goodness. To that love and admiration, and the persevering energy with which he expressed them, whether with or without the aid of imposture, the world owes the civilizing and humanizing stream of science, arts, literature, and philosophy, which flowed like balm over great part of Asia and Africa, replacing the lowest idolatry and fetichism by a knowledge of the only true God, and a devotion which is allowed by Christian observers to be more intelligent, absorbing, and vital, than a purer faith can always induce.*

"The completeness of its mental domination is one of the most noted and best ascertained facts in the early history of Mahometanism," says Dr. Forster. "It is legible in the high enthusiasm which characterized the first Moslems, from the near friends of the prophet to his meanest followers, from the leaders of the Saracen armies to the servile refuse of the camp. . . . The rude idolatry of Scythia or of inner Africa, and the refined and venerable superstition of the Persian Magi, alike fell prostrate before the law of the Koran; while the new converts, bound together as brethren by this common tie, forgot their personal

* Sir William Jones, on his voyage to India, found in the island of Johanna, a secluded speck in the Atlantic, off the coast of Africa, the following inscription in Arabic, over the door of a mosque:

> The world was given us for our own edification,
> Not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings;
> Life for the discharge of moral and religious duties,
> Not for pleasurable indulgences;
> Wealth to be liberally bestowed,
> Not avariciously hoarded;
> And learning to produce good actions,
> Not empty disputes.

prejudices and national antipathies, as they fought side by side for the propagation of their adopted faith."

We could gladly follow Mr. Irving through the marvellous career of the new faith; the dissensions which ensued when its founder, far from providing for a dynasty, died without even naming a successor, taking care only, like some good Christian clergyman, that his pulpit should be supplied; the suddenness with which the scattered and rival clans of the Arabian peninsula, forgetting for the first time their domestic hostilities, acknowledged one spirit of unanimity and fraternal fellowship; the rapidity with which Islam, encountering simultaneously the rival empires of Rome and Persia in the East, established itself upon the ruins of Christianity and the Magian superstition, and the long train of splendor marking its course for a period of twelve hundred years. "Within twelve years after the Hegira," says one authority, "thirty-six thousand cities, towns, and castles are said to have been subjugated by the new conquerors; four thousand Christian temples destroyed, and fourteen hundred mosques erected. Africa was soon subdued, and the Moors converted to the new religion, who in their turn descended into Spain, there to establish a magnificent empire. The victorious standard of the crescent was raised on the cold mountains of Tartary and on the burning sands of Ethiopia. The Moslem empire extended from the Atlantic to Japan, across the continents of Asia and Africa, into Spain, and into France as far north as the Loire." Under its influence, Bagdad had a college of six thousand pupils and professors; grand Cairo, twenty colleges and a royal library of one hundred thousand manuscripts; Cordova, a library of two hundred and eighty thousand volumes; the kingdom of Andalusia, more than seventy libraries; mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, surgery, chemistry, and botany were pursued far in advance of all the rest of the world of that day, and, in short, the whole treasury of knowledge and elegance in possession of the converts of him whom it has been the fashion to represent as a mere charlatan, playing tricks upon the world's credulity for his own private advantage.

But we forbear, lest we be found writing a book upon a book. Our parting word shall be this: — We will consent to

see Mahomet placarded as an impostor, when the world is ready to mete out the same measure to every religious teacher who thinks "economy" advisable in the dispensation of truth; to every Christian minister who subscribes to a solemn creed "for substance of doctrine," some particulars of which he does not believe, or who acknowledges among his brethren more liberality of sentiment than he considers "safe" for the people of his charge; to every writer who wilfully devises claptrap; to every politician who uses, to serve his own purposes — the nation's good being identical with his own, of course — party watchwords which he knows to be founded on wrong or misapprehension in the multitude; to every leader, in short, who, in his zeal for the instruction of the people, alters, disguises, or embellishes the truth. Of odium thus equitably distributed, we honestly believe Mahomet could afford to accept his full share.

Art. II. — *The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul; with Dissertations on the Sources of the Writings of St. Luke, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients.* By James Smith, Esq., of Gordanhill, F. R. S., &c. London: Longmans. 1848. 8vo. pp. 307.

The author of this book is an English gentleman of education, fortune, and leisure, "a yacht sailor of more than thirty years standing," who has concentrated all the resources of extensive study, observation, and maritime experience on the illustration of the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck. The result has been, in the first place, the identification of every locality, the delineation of every nautical equipment and manœuvre, and the verification of every incident recorded by the sacred historian; and, secondly, the accumulation of materials of unprecedented copiousness and interest as regards the construction and management of ancient ships. On account of the large amount and variety of general information which it furnishes, and also because of the numerous authorities on our table this is the only recent publication, we have selected it as a text for an article on the Navigation

of the Ancients, and would confess at the outset our indebtedness to it for much that we have learned from it, and for much more which it taught us where to find.

The history of navigation commences with the launching of the ark on the waters of the deluge; and it is not a little singular that the artistical merits of this extraordinary structure should have been unrecognized for four thousand years or more. To be sure, now and then a mathematician who revered the Bible had said a patronizing word or two about the ark as a thing that might possibly float without capsizing; and Bishop Wilkins, no mean authority, had given his opinion, that it could not have been built more appropriately for its purpose. But it was reserved for Peter Janson, a Dutch merchant of the seventeenth century, to adopt it for a model; nor can Noah have encountered severer missiles from the ridicule of antediluvian wags, than annoyed honest Peter while his ship was in building. But he had faith enough in the Hebrew record to build an ark in the precise proportions of that which had saved the patriarch's family; and it was found on trial most admirably adapted for bulky cargoes, as it had 30 or 40 per cent. more available tonnage than ships of the usual model requiring the same number of mariners.

The chief objection to its use was, that it had not, like its prototype, the monopoly of the sea, and that, on ocean paths infested by buccaneers, it could not be manœuvred rapidly or adroitly enough to evade pursuit. But it is believed that Janson's experiment led to the general adoption for the carriage of bulky freights of what is commonly called "the Dutch build," of which our ships designed for the cotton trade, and often exceeding by 20 per cent. their ratable tonnage, are fair specimens.

Among the most ancient nations, the Egyptians and the Phœnicians took the lead as navigators. The Egyptians built their boats from the root, cut their masts from the stalk, made their sails from the bark, and twisted their cordage from the stoutest fibres, of the papyrus. These vessels were not, and probably could not be, trusted as sea boats; but they served the purpose of an extensive inland trade on the Nile and the numerous canals which it fed. The Phœnicians, on the other hand, masters of a sterile and rugged country, driven to commerce by the paucity of their agricultural gains, and having

equal access to the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, established maritime intercourse with the most remote coasts of the then known world. Of the details of their naval architecture we know nothing; but from the extent and danger of their voyages we may infer that they had attained no inconsiderable amount of skill. Sidon was their chief port, and before the Homeric age, they had undoubtedly reached India as their eastward terminus, while they had planted colonies beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

It was by means of Phœnician navigators that Solomon conducted the traffic, which flooded his capital with the precious metals, and made his reign proverbial throughout the regions of the East for wealth and magnificence. Ophir and Tarshish were the chief emporia of this commerce. As to the locality of Ophir, there is almost a world-wide difference of opinion. The three years consumed in making the voyage, and the identity of the radical letters of Ophir and Peru, have given rise to the irrational hypothesis that the New World furnished gold for the Hebrew temple. Gesenius supposes Ophir to have been a portion of the sea-coast of Arabia, as that name stands in Genesis among Arabian countries, and may itself be traced, as he thinks, to an Arabian origin. But if this were the case, the gold and silver, as well as the ivory and peacocks, brought thence, must have been imported, not indigenous. Eastern Africa, which has also been supposed by many to have been the terminus of these voyages, could not have furnished the precious stones or the sandal [*almug*] wood, which made part of the return cargoes. Josephus, who probably was not without traditional authority, speaks unhesitatingly of Ophir as having been the Chersonesus Aurea, now known as the peninsula of Malacca. It is believed that there are none of the commodities named as the products of Solomon's commerce which Malacca might not have furnished from within its own borders, or from nearly adjacent regions. Nor will the voyage appear unreasonably long, when we consider that the ancients coasted where they could, transacted much business from port to port, and had not vessels so rigged as to enable them to cross the Indian Ocean except under favor of the monsoons.

As to Tarshish, the other principal mart of Hebrew traffic, the learned have been still more widely divided, it having

been questioned whether there was such a place, or whether the word may not be a generic term either for a gold region or for the sea. But we find no valid reason for doubting that this name denotes a flourishing Phœnician city and colony on the Spanish coast. To be sure, *ships of Tarshish* are sometimes mentioned in the Bible, where it is impossible that the reference can be to the region that we have named. But this phrase probably denotes vessels of a peculiar construction, such having been first built either at Tarshish, or for the Tarshish trade, just as the English call all vessels of a certain model *Indiamen*, and as, in Massachusetts, there is a certain class of small fishing vessels called Chebacco boats, simply because the first in use were built in the ancient Parish of Chebacco, in Gloucester.

Herodotus describes an exploring expedition, undertaken by a Phœnician fleet under the orders of Pharaoh Necho, who flourished about 600, B. C.; and, if we interpret his words literally, and suppose the narrative authentic, these navigators must have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and ascended the Western coast of Africa. But the swell occasioned by the junction of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean is so great at all seasons of the year, that a vessel can make the passage only by standing out to sea; and there is no reason to suppose that the Phœnician vessels, at this early period, were capable of holding off from the shore of the Cape of Good Hope under any possible circumstances of wind and current, so as to avoid shipwreck. Moreover, this discovery of Western Africa is not once alluded to by any ancient writer, but on the other hand, it is expressly asserted by several authors who must have been familiar with Herodotus, that Africa had never been circumnavigated till a much later period. Yet more, in the time of Ptolemy, Africa was universally supposed to sweep round the Indian Ocean, so as to join the continent of Asia to the eastward of Malacca. Pharaoh's navigators undoubtedly reached a southern latitude, but their explorations were probably confined to the Atlantic coast.

Ancient Greece was adapted to maritime enterprise by the character alike of its people and their country. Most of the Grecian states, having been planted by colonists from other shores, inherited from the generation of their founders decid-

edly seafaring propensities. Then, too, Greece has more sea-coast than almost any other region of similar extent, and abounds in harbors accessible and safe for such vessels as constituted the commercial marine of remote antiquity; while the Ægean Sea is so thickly studded with hospitable islands, that the navigator need seldom have been out of sight of land, and might haul his vessel on shore almost every night, — both which advantages were of inestimable price, in the unformed condition of nautical astronomy, and the absence of the mariner's compass.

The fabulous portion of Grecian history refers repeatedly to maritime adventures and incidents; but the earliest expedition of importance, of which we have a detailed account, is that of the Argonauts. With regard to this, it is difficult to separate fact from fiction. That a band of heroic spirits accompanied Jason, we cannot doubt; but it is hardly probable that Hercules, Castor, Pollux, and Orpheus were all with him; and it is the tendency of popular mythology to indulge freely in anachronisms, in order to group as many illustrious names as possible around every memorable event or hazardous enterprise. The expedition was without doubt predatory in its design, and some light is cast upon it by the coincidence of the Phœnician word denoting treasure with the Greek μαλλός, which signifies *fleece*. In plain terms, Colchis was a rich kingdom, inhabited by a people given to arts rather than arms, and the *élite* of Grecian chivalry undertook this voyage for the sole purpose of robbery. The amount of authentic information blended with fable concerning the various countries on the Euxine Sea, in the Orphic Argonautics, makes it certain that Jason landed at almost every practicable spot, and is strikingly illustrative of the circuitous and tentative method in which the ancients felt their way towards unknown regions. This voyage may be regarded as having greatly enlarged the geographical knowledge of the Greeks, and as having, in at least an equal degree, extended the limits of their ignorance; for the voyagers, on their return, seem to have incorporated into their narrative all countries and bodies of water of which they had heard the name. Thus, from the Palus Mæotis, they are represented as having passed through a great gulf into the *Cronian* Ocean, after various adventures in which they enter the Mediterranean through the Pillars of

Hercules! But of the Cronian Ocean, to which name there was no nearer counterpart than the White Sea, they must have heard from the Scythians, and entered it on their log-book, because it was essential to a finished nautical reputation to have explored it.

From this period, we may date the colonial system of the Greeks, which gradually extended itself from the Pillars of Hercules to the northeastern extremity of the Euxine Sea. The colonies retained an intimate connection and a lucrative commerce with their parent states; and Athens and Corinth, on the score of their extended and various intercourse and traffic, were viewed in very much the same light in which the three great commercial capitals of modern civilization are now regarded. Attica, especially, with a soil unfitted for wheat, relied on commerce for the prime necessities of subsistence, while her silver mines and her olive plantations made her merchants preferred purchasers in every part. We find very early record of double voyages from the Piræus, wine having been first purchased at some of the islands in the Ægean Sea, and exchanged on the shores of the Euxine for wheat, wool, hides, or slaves. The rude beginnings of maritime law may be traced back to the early age of the Athenian republic; loans on bottomry, or on floating security, having been the subject of peculiar enactments, as regarded both the rate of interest and the reimbursement of the principal.

Nor was the navigation of the Greeks confined to pacific purposes. Maritime war is hardly less ancient than commerce; and in point of reputed rank, the buccaneer of the early ages took precedence of the merchant. The Athenians were probably the first people that had a regularly appointed and equipped navy. But their naval service was a prominent part of the public administration. Their war-galleys were divided into two classes, corresponding to our frigates and transports, though after a few years' service, a fighting vessel was often passed over to the transport list. The Athenian war-galleys frequently carried two hundred mariners, besides thirty or forty *epibatæ*, — a class of soldiers like our marines, performing military, but no nautical, duty on shipboard.

The Iliad and Odyssey furnish the greater portion of the materials in our possession, as to the condition of nautical

skill and art prior to the Homeric age. The enumeration of the fleet that carried the allied troops to Troy, though undoubtedly fabulous and exaggerated in its details, must have been not far beyond the range of probability; and, if so, a numerous squadron of ships must have already become a familiar idea. As to the size of the Homeric ships, we have in the Iliad no indication, except in the census of the Bœotian quota of forces, which consisted of fifty vessels, with a hundred and twenty men in each. From the description of the ships built by Ulysses on Calypso's island, we may infer that the keel was laid, and the sides ribbed and covered in substantially the same manner as is practised now. Full-decked vessels were not in use until a much later period; but a large ship generally had a partial deck, under which freight liable to injury might be stowed, and women or effeminate men might find shelter in stress of weather. Stones were the only anchors used; and they were employed rather for bringing vessels to than for mooring them, as in port they were always drawn up upon the beach, and launched anew for every passage. For this purpose, rollers were sometimes used; but more generally, human strength unaided by mechanical contrivance. The ship of that age must needs have been very light in proportion to its capacity; and we find no reason to suppose that metallic fixtures of any kind, except nails and spikes, were deemed essential. Indeed, there were instances in which large ships, nay, fleets, were dragged across very considerable portages. This was done across the isthmus of Corinth, in two instances, according to Thucydides. But the navigators of those ages were more ready at all times to cleave to mother earth than to trust their own element. It was a rare event for a vessel to lose sight of land, and the most approved mode of progress was by daily stages, so as to make a port every night. Yet, when a ship was driven out to sea, or when it was impossible from the nature of the voyage to "hug the shore" all the way, there was a sufficient knowledge of celestial phenomena to direct the course with reasonable accuracy. The Homeric ships were one-masted, and probably had but one sail. Such ships, without rudders too, could not be manœuvred with sufficient rapidity for attack or defence; and war-galleys therefore depended principally upon their oars, while merchant ships and transports were provided

with full benches of oars, and with competent crews of oarsmen, who were kept on duty except when relieved by a fair and sufficient wind.

Close and constant as was the maritime intercourse of the Greeks within the limits already described, it was not till the time of Alexander the Great that they essentially enlarged their sphere of communication. The voyage of Nearchus, from the mouth of the Indus to that of the Euphrates, undertaken at the command of that monarch, formed an epoch in navigation, maritime knowledge, and nautical literature. We still have minute contemporary accounts of it, written by the admiral of the expedition. Eight hundred ships, (most of them probably no larger than a modern ship's long boat,) were placed at his direction. The voyage was protracted, eventful, and full of dread, if not of intense peril. It might now be made under favorable circumstances in a fortnight; — it took Nearchus about five months. Setting sail with the trade winds against him, and unskilled in traverse sailing, he made but eighty miles in the first forty days. His men were reduced to the greatest distress by want of food and water; for the seemingly obvious necessity of laying in provisions for a long voyage was not then understood, and their course lay by an inhospitable coast, that furnished them nothing but shell-fish. They subsequently stood out to the south, and Nearchus says, that they reached a point where the mid-day sun was in the zenith, and objects cast no shadow. This is hardly probable, as the sun was at that time in southern declination; and, had Nearchus actually crossed the equator and entered the southern hemisphere, it is impossible that he should not have described the temperature and the aspect of the heavens, so entirely unlike those of the regions with which he had been familiar. The more plausible account of the matter is, that he had heard that there were remote southern latitudes where objects were shadowless at noonday, and that, by a broad poetical license, he sought to multiply his own marvellous experiences for the amazement of his readers. One of the most important incidents of the expedition was the spouting of several whales, which filled the whole fleet with consternation, till the animals, in their turn alarmed by shouts and the clashing of arms, sank quietly beneath the water. It was probably the great account made of this event

in the narrative of Nearchus, that inspired Horace's fearful mention of the "*monstra natantia*," among the perils braved by the earlier navigators. Next to this rencounter, the chief annoyance of our voyagers was connected with a change of diet; for they made sore complaint, not only of an enforced series of fish dinners, with no farinaceous condiment, but of the fishy flavor of their mutton, which, they said, was fattened on no other food but such as the waters yielded. Indeed, so deeply impressed were they with the dietetic habits of the tribes with which they kept up a coasting, gossiping intercourse for many days, that they included them all under the generic name of Icthyophagi. The information contained in the several narratives of this voyage now extant is at once minute and vague, indicating the utmost receptivity of eye and ear, without the power of weighing evidence, of balancing contradictory statements, or of arranging, connecting, and classifying isolated facts.

The Carthaginians next claim special notice as a great maritime power. We study their history and character at a disadvantage, deriving, as we do, almost all our knowledge with regard to them from their rivals and enemies, the Romans. Their commercial reputation could hardly have been won and sustained, and they have continued for many centuries chief factors and carriers for the whole civilized world, had Punic faith been held at as paltry a valuation in port and market as in the Roman Senate. Their trade had its regular depots, periods, and courses, and consequently must needs have made them dependent on their own trustworthiness for the confidence reposed in them. They undoubtedly, in the conflict of wits, in all diplomatic tactics, could readily get the better of their rude antagonists; for their commercial habits gave them superior adroitness in negotiation. They had numerous colonies in Africa, Spain, and the islands of the western Mediterranean. Though they seldom ventured beyond easy reach of land, they were familiar with almost the whole Atlantic coast of Europe. Gades (now Cadiz) was the chief entrepot of their traffic in this direction. Tin was among their principal imports, and in quest of it they made frequent voyages to Britain and to the Cassiterides, which Heeren shows beyond dispute must have been the Scilly islands. There is little doubt that their regular route of trade extended as far north as Scandinavia.

How early they were extensively acquainted with the African continent must be determined by the view taken of the *Periplus of Hanno.* This is a narrative (extant in Greek) of a voyage of discovery and colonization under the command of Hanno, a Carthaginian leader, undertaken about five centuries before the Christian era. There can be but little question, that this document is either a translation or an abridgment of the record actually deposited by the commander in the temple of Saturn; for the course of the voyage can be distinctly traced, and there is hardly a circumstance related which savors of fable or even of exaggeration, unless it be the immense number of persons attached to the expedition, it being no less than thirty thousand. Now, that Carthage could have sustained a depletion to that extent and left no other trace of it in history, or that the ends of public policy should have dictated the deportation of so large a body of citizens, is intrinsically incredible. But in the modes of numerical notation adopted by most ancient nations, there was ample room for misconception or erroneous transcription; and it is a well known fact, that numbers have fallen into inextricable confusion in writings the text of which is in all other respects pure and reliable. Hanno left the greater portion of his companions at the outset of his voyage, founding on what is now the Morocco coast no less than six well appointed colonies. From the last of these he twice sailed in a southward direction, the first time reaching the mouth of the Senegal, and the second descending as far as that of the Gambia. The closing incident of this last voyage is related with an air of quiet indifference worthy of our backwoodsmen of the Daniel Boone school, who, if they can get a fair aim with the rifle, care little whether they bring down a panther or an Indian.

"Though we pursued the men, we could not seize any of them; but all fled from us, escaping over the precipices, and defending themselves with stones. Three women were however taken; but they attacked their conductors with their teeth and nails, [*δακνουσαι τε και σπαράττουσαι,*] and could not be prevailed on to accompany us. Having killed them, we flayed them, and brought their skins with us to Carthage."

Hanno, though evidently not overstocked with humanity, seems to have been a careful and judicious explorer, and may be regarded as having opened to Carthage the coastwise

trade of the African continent. We find that, at a shortly subsequent period, Punic enterprise had traced the receding outline of the continent as it trends towards the east, and had established a productive traffic with the Gold Coast.

The Romans took the lead in no department of maritime enterprise, were behind all other civilized nations in nautical knowledge and skill, and only late and reluctantly availed themselves of the sea as of a military road, or a battle ground, or as an essential medium for the conveyance to Rome of corn, wine, the plunder of conquest, and the revenues of proconsular extortion. Agriculture was the only profession besides that of arms which they held in honor, and even that was esteemed chiefly as developing the physical hardihood, and the almost incredible power both of labor and endurance, which distinguished the Roman soldiery. They despised commerce, deemed it utterly unworthy of a patrician, and regarded the equestrian order as degraded from its pristine dignity by the numerous members of its body who were engaged in traffic. The most liberal estimate in which the mercantile profession was ever held among them might be expressed in these words of Cicero: "*Mercatura si tenuis est, sordida putanda est; sin magna et copiosa, multa undique apportans, multisque sine vanitate impertiens, non est admodum vituperanda.*" At the same time (and we fully accord with the sentiment) he says: "*Omnium rerum, ex quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius.*" In accordance with this state of feeling, it was not till the first Punic war, when they were obliged to cope with a nation of immense maritime resources, that the Romans gave their attention to the equipment of a fleet, or even to the principles of shipbuilding. In the later days of the republic, and under the emperors, they had numerous and well appointed navies, both military and mercantile, and became familiar with all the maritime routes known to the ancient world; but were always more ready to profit by the nautical skill and prowess of allied or subject nations, than to take active means for cherishing naval enterprise among themselves. Sicily and Egypt were the granaries of Italy; and the necessities of Rome and its densely populated vicinity kept an immense fleet in constant activity during the portion of the year favorable to navigation.

We propose now to give a succinct sketch of the construction and management of ancient ships at the period when the naval art had reached its highest degree of perfection. It is a subject on which no set treatise has come down to us from antiquity; but our information must be gleaned from incidental notices, coins, the marbles and paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and certain inventories of the appurtenances of the Attic navy, discovered in digging up the foundation of a house in the Piræus in 1834. In addition to these sources, during the reign of Commodus, an Alexandrian wheat-ship was driven by stress of weather into the Piræus; and Lucian, attracted by her extraordinary size and exquisite finish, lays the scene of his dialogue, *Πλοῖον ἢ Εὐχαῖ*, on board of her, and gives through his interlocutors many details regarding her structure and internal economy.

The prow and the stern of the ancient ships were very similarly built, and both rose by a very considerable elevation above the body of the vessel, and were generally furnished with projecting galleries. Hence the epithets *alta* and *celsa* so constantly applied to *puppis* by the poets. The prow was of course made sharper than the stern, and was distinguished by the *rostrum* or beak, which, on some medals of an early age, appears three cleft, whence the *trifidum rostrum* of Silius Italicus and Virgil's *rostris tridentibus*, — a reading which, on conjectural grounds alone, some modern editors have changed into *stridentibus*. The general similarity of both ends of the ship rendered it as easy to anchor her by the stern as by the bow; and that this was sometimes done would appear from the figure of a ship found in a painting at Herculaneum, in which there is a hawse-hole aft, and a cable hanging from it at an angle indicating that there is an anchor appended to it. The ancient navigators, from their habit of keeping near the coast, and from the impossibility, with rigging like theirs, of working off from a lee shore, must have been more dependent than the moderns on their ground tackle. In certain positions, a ship could be brought to with greater expedition and safety by anchors dropped from the stern; and, when a vessel was to be run ashore, which was by no means an infrequent resource, this mode of anchorage put her immediately at command, so that she could at once be directed to the safe place on the shore, and the cables then slipped; whereas, if

anchored from the bow, she was liable to take a wrong cast, and drift too far to the leeward before she could be brought under command.

Rudders hinged to the stern-posts were not in use until the thirteenth century. Prior to that period, vessels were steered by two large paddles, worked one on each side of the projecting stern. In small vessels, these rested in rowlocks in the upper gunwale; and in those of larger dimensions, they were passed through ports, which served also as hawse-holes. When at anchor, the rudders were drawn in, and secured by lashings to the ship's sides. This mode of steering must, indeed, have been toilsome in the extreme; but every mariner was trained to the use of the oar, the ships were numerously manned, and there was but little other hard work to be done. Our readers may here be reminded of the frequency with which πηδάλιον and *gubernaculum* occur in the singular, and of the uniform mention of a single pilot as governing the course of the ship. This is explained by the fact that the two rudders were generally united by a cross-bar, and thus were managed by the same man, or, in a very large ship, by the same set of hands. The pilot's elevated position was essential to his office. In default of the compass, he needed an unobstructed view of the heavens and of distant landmarks; and, when cloud or fog concealed the sun or the stars, the keen and practised ear stood sentinel in lieu of the eye, so that he was no pilot, who knew not the voices of Aquilo, Notus, and Eurus, or who discerned not the roar of the breakers while it was still a far-off whisper. The pilot had his tutelar deity close at hand; for every vessel had its own divinity, whose image graced the stern, and whose name not unfrequently furnished the sole designation for the vessel. Nor was it unusual for the more devout to multiply these images, and to crowd the stern-gallery with the forms or insignia of all the deities wont to be invoked in maritime emergencies. Thus, in the shipwreck described by Persius in his *sixth* Satire,

> "Ionio jacet ipse in littore, et unà
> Ingentes de puppe dei."

Horace undoubtedly refers to this same custom, when, in apostrophizing the republic under the image of a ship, he says, —

"Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo."

The ancient style of rigging was exceedingly simple. We cannot recall an instance, in which the plural of ἱστός or of *malus* is used with reference to a single ship, nor can we refer to any transmitted figure of a ship in coin or picture, which has more than one mast worthy of the name. This occupied a position a little forward of midships. The chief, and often the sole, reliance for progress was placed on a huge square sail attached to a yard nearly as long as the ship itself. In stormy weather, this great sail was furled, and one or two triangular sails, with the apices below, substituted for it. Triangular topsails are found on some of the coins of the Emperor Commodus, but seem not to have been in general use until a much later date. There is reason to believe that top-gallant sails were, in some individual instances, employed; and that, in fine weather, extra sails, corresponding to our studding sails, were spread. A mizzen-mast was very rare; and, when there was one, it was the slightest spar possible, and rigged with a very diminutive sail. The only essential sail besides the mainsail was the jib or foresail, which was square, fastened to a horizontal yard, and attached to a spar occupying the position of a foremast, and taking the direction of a modern bowsprit. This sail was valued principally as an aid in steering, and in keeping the head of the vessel true to her course; but could have been of little assistance as regarded speed.

We are uninformed as to the angle with the wind, at which ships thus equipped could sail. It is very certain that the ancients had no idea of the possibility of reaching a place directly to the windward by successive traverses; but they undoubtedly were able to sail within seven or eight points of the wind. As regards speed, we have the record of several voyages performed at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour, which would give, of course, a much greater velocity for the quickest portions of the passage.

Among the essential furniture of the ancient ship were *hypozomata*, or cables for tying the sides of the vessel together, either to preclude a strain during an impending storm, or to prevent the opening of the seams and the working of the planks, when the vessel had sustained an unusual

shock by wind or wave. From the Attic inventories to which we have referred, it would appear that cables for this purpose were a regular item of naval stores, and as such laid up in the magazines. It is easy to conceive that ships might have been sufficiently frail in their structure to have needed this additional security, though at the present day such a necessity would condemn a vessel as unseaworthy. But there have been several instances in modern times, in which resort has been had to a similar expedient. In 1815, when the Russian fleet was sailing from England to the Baltic, one of the ships, having been severely strained, was held together by three or four turns of cable taken midships. Capt. Back, on his return from his Arctic voyage in 1837, bound up his shattered ship with two lengths of chain cable, passed under the bottom, hove tight by the capstan, and fastened to ring-bolts in the quarter-deck. An English *seventy-four* was in one instance saved from sinking by similar means; and recourse has been several times had to the same contrivance in the British navy.

In point of capacity, the ships of the Augustan age must, some of them, have been equal to our largest merchantmen. The ship in which St. Paul was wrecked had 276 persons on board. That in which Josephus was wrecked carried 600. The ship commemorated by Lucian was 180 feet long by 45 broad, which, by the usual rules of computation, would give her a measurement of more than 1300 tons; but the projection at her extremities would probably reduce her actual tonnage one fourth. The ships regularly engaged in the wheat trade were the very largest vessels in the merchant service, inasmuch as there were no others so sure of a full freight, and no other cargo of which the bulk was so large in proportion to the value.

As regards the accommodation of those on board, the earliest navigators must have submitted to the severest hardships. Before decked vessels were in use, there could have been neither shelter from the weather, nor safety for the provisions of the crew. Alcibiades was the first Greek who swung in a hammock; and this is cited as one of the most signal instances of his slanderous effeminacy. But before the Augustan age, separate cabins were constructed, and many of the luxurious appliances of shore life were enjoyed on

shipboard. The suspension of navigation through the winter superseded the invention of many of the modes of protection now deemed necessary both for officers and mariners; and the latter seem not to have had any enclosed portion of the ship specially devoted to their use.

The arrangement of the benches of oars in the ancient galleys has largely exercised the ingenuity of modern antiquaries. The trireme was the most common form; but we frequently read of quinquiremes and even of octoremes, while, according to Pliny, the royal galley of Ptolemy Philopator had fifty banks of oars. If the sides of the galley were nearly perpendicular, only the lower rank of rowers could have performed any essential service; and the oars of the upper tiers must have been too long to have been managed single-handed. But we may without difficulty suppose the sides above the water's edge to have flared sufficiently to make an angle of 45° or even 40° with the water. In that case, the several ranks of rowers occupied successive stagings, each kept from interfering with that next below rather by teral distance than by superior height. By this arrangement, three tiers of rowers could easily have been so seated as to apply their strength without disadvantage; and even in an octoreme, though those of the upper tier must have had a post of peculiar hardship, we can conceive that they may not have labored wholly in vain. As for Ptolemy's galley, we see no improbability in supposing the same arrangement, if we take into the account what Plutarch says of it, that "it was little better than an immovable building, more calculated for show than use." The oars of the highest rank were 57 feet long, and of course could not have been pulled by one man, nor yet by a gang of men with sufficient rapidity to give much propelling force. The vessels of war were always galleys, and generally triremes. In an engagement, the upper gangways were cleared of oars, and those who manned them became active combatants, while the vessel was manœuvred by the rowers of the lower tier.

The professional character of ancient navigators seems to have been much less distinctly marked than is the case at present. Naval commanders were not a class by themselves; but the successful general was deemed an amply qualified admiral, while the conscripts for the army were, when occa-

sion demanded, drafted for the navy. In the merchant service, the owner, captain, and factor were frequently one and the same man, and his sailors, in their long intervals of shore life, must have resorted to other employments, and cannot have acquired the peculiar dialect, habits, and prejudices, which would make them a class by themselves. Even their nautical experience had little to distinguish them from their fellow-citizens. It required more strength than skill to pull an oar, nor was there any special sea-craft needed for the management of the two simple sails, which were the only ones with which nine tenths of the vessels were equipped. On the other hand, landsmen, in default of level roads and easy conveyances, made most of their long journeys by water; and civilians, ambassadors, men of learning, and youth in the process of liberal education were all more or less familiar with the paths and perils of the deep.

Ancient navigation seems to have been straitened not so much by the lack of art, as by the absence of science. Its structures and implements were well adapted to the circumscribed sphere of its exercise, and indicated a degree of mechanical skill and genius, which could not have lingered in the rear of scientific discovery and improvement. But there were two essential desiderata in the nautical knowledge of classic antiquity. One was a mode of determining a ship's place at sea, the other, a mode of directing a ship's course in cloudy weather. The chronometer and the log are both modern inventions. Though after the Ptolemaic epoch the materials of accurate astronomical science were rapidly accumulated, they did not for many centuries assume the tabular form, in which alone they could be employed for purposes of observation. Nay, so long as the lesser equations of the solar and lunar motions were undiscovered, tables and instruments would have misled and bewildered the navigator in the precise proportion in which reliance was placed upon them. We have no proof that any mode of determining place or distance at sea was in use until the middle ages, except that the Romans employed occasionally both by land and water an *odometer* so complicated in its structure, and so difficult to be kept in gearing, as to need verification whenever used.

All this while, the loadstone was well known in southern

Europe, as endowed with the power of attracting iron, and as communicating its own properties to iron; but the polarity of the magnetized needle was not even suspected. Yet for more than a thousand years before the Christian era, the principle of the mariner's compass had been understood and applied in China. In the age of Codrus, magnetic carriages were employed in traversing the vast grass plains of Tartary; and, under the emperors, Roman ships must often have encountered on the Indian Ocean Chinese junks under this same mysterious pilotage. Had it fallen to the lot of the Phœnicians or the Carthaginians to make this discovery, California might have been their Ophir and Russian America their Ultima Thule; and we might have been inditing our lucubrations in "the letters Cadmus gave." Had Athens in the Periclean, or Rome in the Augustan age, possessed the needle, there was not lacking the requisite intelligence to guide, or enterprise to consummate, the attempt to verify the rotundity of the earth. But the Chinese kept their precious secret, as Æsop's dog guarded the manger. Indeed, they could have made no worthy use of it without rendering it the common property of the civilized world. A thoroughly self-isolated nation then, as now, they held communication only with allied, or tributary kingdoms, and excluded foreigners, so that their arts were as unlikely to be learned and copied elsewhere, as if they had been denizens of the moon. The knowledge of the relation of the magnet to the terrestrial poles was at length, in the thirteenth century, brought to Europe through the Arabs, who seem to have been the providentially appointed conductors of Oriental art and science to the Western nations just emerging from the lethargy of the dark ages.

We have spoken of what might have been, had the more enterprising nations of antiquity enjoyed the means of certain self-direction on the ocean. This suggests the inquiry as to the state of geographical belief or theory among enlightened men. That the earth was spherical was, no doubt, from the remotest ages, the prevalent belief, not indeed of the multitude, but of those whose philosophy transcended the sphere of the senses. Pythagoras had inferred this truth from the different altitudes of the same star as seen at the same time from different places, — a demonstrative evidence, which

could never have appeared less valid than it did to him. That the then known world was much less than a hemisphere was sufficiently obvious. Thence was inferred the existence of a counterbalancing continent, of Antichthones or Antipodes. This notion is distinctly recognized in the following passage from the *Astronomica* of Marcus Manilius, written not long after the Christian era.

> "Altera pars orbis sub aquis jacet invia nobis,
> Ignotæque hominum gentes, nec transita regna
> Commune ex uno lumen ducentia sole,
> Diversasque umbras, lævâque cadentia signa,
> Et dextros ortus cœlo spectantia verso."

The same opinion has left its traces in the seventh book of the Æneid.

> "Audiit et si quem tellus extrema refuso
> Submovet oceano, et si quem extenta plagarum
> Quatuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui."

This same supposition led to the belief of circumnavigations that can never have taken place. Thus we have seen that the Argonauts were supposed to have returned from their Western voyage through the Fretum Herculeum; and the voyages of Eudoxus and of Hanno received from ancient commentators not dissimilar expositions. Pomponius Mela, a geographer of the first century, in his description of the earth, evidently identifies the unknown continent with the southern triangle of Africa. He carries Africa but little beyond the Niger in a southerly direction, extends it thence westward to the outlet of the Red Sea, and terminates it by a peninsula which juts out into the Indian Ocean. South of this continent he places the ocean which surrounds and divides the two hemispheres. He then locates the continent of the Antichthones as a distinct southern hemisphere, describes it as triangular in contour, with the apex at the south, and makes its base coextensive in longitude with the united continents of Africa and Asia. This hypothesis enables him to cut the knot, which the geographers of so many centuries failed to untie. He places the sources of the Nile in this unexplored hemisphere, and supposes that river to pass under the ocean and to reappear in Æthiopia.

Had we space, we might find much worthy to be written concerning the ancient literature of the sea. The delineation of nature in any of its aspects was seldom a direct or express object with the earlier writers. Descriptive poetry may be

almost regarded as of modern origin; for even the ancient Bucolics were, for the most part, mere dramatic sketches with a rural background. The forces of nature were, to the outward sense too capricious and too formidable, and, in the belief of the Pagan world, too much distracted by the conflicting jurisdiction of benign and malignant divinities, to invite prolonged contemplation, or to cherish that safe and happy feeling which alone could give interest and fervor to the detailed description of natural phenomena. A sense of the divine unity, trust in an unslumbering Providence, the habit of beholding in the outward universe the reflection of unbounded wisdom and beneficence, — in fine, the entire circle of Christian ideas, must have been essential to the development of the descriptive view in literature. But the sea perpetually furnished the ancients with tropes, illustrations, and terms of comparison; and their very limited maritime experience excited the same sensations of awful beauty and unspeakable grandeur, which we attach to the vast expanse of the ocean. Indeed, often, when they are speaking of some shallow bay, or describing the quick, short swell of some inland sea, we can hardly believe that they had not traversed the Atlantic, and witnessed the full sublimity of its storm-lifted waves. This phenomenon may be accounted for by two considerations. In the first place, the ultimate elements of beauty and grandeur in the creation are few, though their combinations are innumerable. Modern fancy portrays the concrete forms. The imagination of the earlier ages seized upon their primitive elements, and, in lieu of detailed description, gave those single, intensely graphic traits, which reveal the very heart of nature, and, because they are so genuine and characteristic, bring before the mind any and every class of combinations into which they enter. The physiology of the torrent, waterfall, river, sea, and ocean may indeed be widely dissimilar; and yet, in the last analysis, (an analysis to which the imagination leaps intuitively,) the elements that please or move, astonish or enrapture, are the same, and the vivid outline sketch of one may seem drawn for all.* Secondly, the very

* We are reminded in this connection of an apostrophe to the sea, in the Prometheus of Æschylus, which in four words conveys much more to our apprehension, and reflects far more fully our own unutterable emotion in the frequent sur-

limited maritime scenery, with which the ancients were conversant, was as vast compared with their knowledge and control of natural agencies, as are our more expanded views and experiences compared with our more ample knowledge and superior command of the elements. Without chart or compass, driven a few miles from the shore, the guiding stars veiled for the time from their sight, they felt the same fearful solitude, the same sense of isolation, powerlessness, and dread, that overwhelms us when a thousand leagues of ocean are between us and the nearest human dwelling.

It is, indeed, beyond our power to overrate our indebtedness on literary grounds to the imperfect condition of ancient navigation. Had not the polarized needle been laid up in the Chinese limbo, where would have been the Odyssey? If Æneas had owned a chronometer, Dido would have remained till death loyal to the memory of Sichæus. A modern lyrist could hardly summon up so many phantoms of dread, and give vent to such fervent deprecations of evil for a Ross or a Franklin about to bury himself in polar night and ice, as Horace for Virgil bound on a pleasure-trip from Rome to Athens. Ovid has made richer materials for poetry out of a thunder squall on his voyage to the land of his exile, than a poet of our own day could find in a passage round Cape Horn; and to the terrors of this single storm, and his profound sense of the vast distance (now permeable in a week) which separated him from the imperial city, we owe his conversion from the merriest and most licentious to the most sombre and lachrymose of bards, — the very Jeremiah of profane literature. Scylla and Charybdis are not now of conse-

---

vey of ocean scenery, than could be done by volumes of the most glowing, eloquent, passionate description. Whenever we look upon the ocean, whether from deck, beach, or crag, by sunshine, moonlight, or its own phosphorescent glow, we find ourselves absolutely haunted, sprighted by these words, as they pulse upon the inward ear in unison with the rhythm of the waves. The passage to which we refer is that where Prometheus, in calling on all nature to witness his cruel wrongs at the hand of Jupiter, addresses the sea as *ποντίων χυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*. This cannot be transfused without damage into another language.

"'T is odor fled
As soon as shed."

We know not how to convey in current English the multiform unity indicated by the original. "*The innumerable laugh of the sea-waves*," is literal, but awkward. "*The many twinkling smile of Ocean*" (which we copy from a Lexicon) is preferable on the score of euphony, but less adequate to the sense.

quence enough to deserve a place on a chart, or a moment's extra vigilance of the pilot, in the Strait of Messina. A modern shipmaster would as soon think of stranding his ship on Mount Blanc as on the Syrtes. Critics are utterly at fault in the attempt to ascertain where the island of the Sirens was; and the Circean cup with its brutalizing potion remains almost the only peril of serious concern for the mariner, in those waters that used to swarm with the direst portents, bearing the breath of an incensed god on every gale, girdling every islet and crowning every promontory with supernatural horrors.

The poetry of the sea must be written over again. Modern fancy in this department relies too much on the traditional names of effete images, and still reproduces in verse the dwarfed and obsolete forms of ancient wonder, awe, and terror, instead of taking to itself the fire wings of recent art and science, and enriching from its own peculiar vein the more just and adequate conceptions of the ocean and its laws that belong to the higher culture of the present age. The steamship has not yet found its laureate, and our modern Argonauts have no Orpheus among them. It would seem that in proportion as the ocean has occupied a larger and larger space in the prose of actual life, it has entered less and less into poetry and the higher fiction. We ask not that any one should set himself deliberately to write sea-lyrics, or sea-rhapsodies. The Muses ignore all task-work. But why is it that, while every poet travels by water as well as land, and every American poet crosses the Atlantic with the proceeds of his duodecimo firstling, they rarely give us the means of inferring, from a single verse of their inditing, that they ever beheld a larger body of water than the brook which, we believe, runs, by immemorial prescription, in the field behind every poet's dwelling?

ART. III. — *Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations; with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry.* By TALVI. With a Preface by EDWARD ROBINSON, D. D., LL. D., Author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," etc. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 412.

MUCH attention has been directed of late to the prominent part which several tribes of the great Slavic (or Slavonian) family are taking in the affairs of the east of Europe. Divided long ago into many tribes and names, separated from each other by the fortunes of war, and subjected in most cases to foreign dominion, the several members of that large family remained for ages almost unknown to literature, and little noticed by politicians and historians. As now they emerge successively out of the darkness of their past, and the whole Slavic element is almost daily acquiring new weight and influence, the curiosity of other nations is excited, and the question is often asked, what position must be given to them in the political arrangements for the present and the future, and what part are they to play in the coming history of the world.

In the early part of the present century, however, before recent political events had called attention to them, the literature and history of these nations had been explored to some extent by a few scholars and amateurs. Some study was given not only to the literary productions of the more distinguished tribes among them, such as the Russians, the Poles, and the Bohemians, but to the dialects and the history even of those who had been formerly known only in their geographical and statistical relations. These researches appear to have been mysterious forebodings of the more significant events that were to come. Slavic literature has been studied and discussed in various ways by different writers, with more or less critical ingenuity and thoroughness of research; but, so far as we are aware, no author has yet explored the whole field, and given the results of his inquiry to the world in a pleasing and intelligible manner. The work now before us is the first of its kind, and for that reason alone, it merits notice. It comes from one who is already well known and

highly esteemed in the literary world, especially by those who have taken an interest in Slavic poetry ; and it fully sustains her high reputation as a learned, tasteful, and impartial critic and historian.

Dr. Robinson, in the preface, calls it modestly " an outline or sketch " ; but we take the liberty to differ from him. The outline is not only drawn with correctness and precision, but the filling up is very thorough and satisfactory. It gives very complete information concerning the amount of intellectual culture among the various Slavic tribes ; and it explains the characteristics of their literatures, the causes which have operated upon them, and their present condition. Even one who is a Slavic scholar by parentage and early education can recur with profit to this work for information concerning the literary character and pursuits of his countrymen. Those who are perfect strangers in the region will obtain yet more satisfaction of their intelligent curiosity. They will be made acquainted not only with the peculiarities of the Slavic literature, but also with a brief history of the political events which have happened to some of the more prominent nationalities. The philology of the Slavic tongue and its several dialects, — their peculiarities and internal differences, — the characteristic features of the originality of this language, and its independence of others that are acknowledged to be primitive languages, — all are pointed out with a perfect knowledge of the subject.

The work, therefore, is one of unquestionable merit, and its various details are treated with great learning and acumen. If, then, in the following remarks, we suggest some criticisms and differences of opinion, these are intended only to indicate our high estimate of the value of the work itself.

Highly as we esteem the erudition and sound principles of criticism displayed by Talvi (Mrs. Robinson) on almost every page, we must be permitted to regret, that, from among the numerous hypotheses concerning the origin of the Slavic race, she accepts the most indefensible one. This is the more than questionable hypothesis first brought forward by Schlegel, of the departure of the Slavi from India, and their arrival in Europe on account " of the overpopulation of the regions of the Ganges." This assertion may be classed among the fanciful theories which have no proper historical basis.

The analogy existing between the Sanscrit and Slavic languages gives no valid support to such a hypothesis. This analogy is incontestable, and may be traced very far, without serving as a proof of genealogical descent. An analogy exists also between the Slavic and the Greek, the Celtic, the Copt, and, in many radicals, with the Latin and German. The German claims again the same affinities, proudly establishing on them, and certain other assertions, a theory of a primitive Indo-Germanic race, from which descend the greater part of the different races or families of mankind. Without entering into controversy about this complicated and difficult question, we may observe that the analogy can just as well be explained by the historical fact recorded in the Scriptures, that there existed, previous to a certain period, one common language, from which all others, after the confusion of tongues, or on account of the dispersion of races, were naturally derived. Thus issuing from a common stock, the Slavic and Sanscrit might well maintain a close analogy. Analogies seem to be found by philologists even between tongues separated from each other from time immemorial by immense spaces of land and ocean. The psychological and physiological characteristics of man, quite uniform in their results throughout the human race, may also account in some degree for the frequency of those analogies. We admit that philological resemblances, generally speaking, deserve great attention in these complicated and dark researches. But this intellectual tool must be handled with the utmost circumspection. Absolute systems extorted from such analogies gave rise to the most ridiculous historical and ethnographical blunders. Groups of races and tribes have been established, and lineages drawn or traced out, whose reality is contested by a long succession of historical events.

The limits of this article do not allow us to consider at length the purely historical proofs of the autochthonic character of the Slavic stem. But so far as such inquiries can lead to any satisfactory result, when supported by ethnographical testimony as well as by the evidences of classical writers, such as Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo, they establish the right of that stem to be considered as autochthonic and primitive, quite as much so as any other family of mankind, including even the Indo-Germans. There are very learned

inquirers who are ready to prove, that the Scythian books of wisdom and knowledge mentioned and highly prized by Berosius, the Chaldean annalist, were written in Slavic, the Scythians being mere usurpers of the Slavic culture therein spoken of. Others believe that, with the aid of the old Slavic, the old Cunëic signs of the ruins of Babylon, and Nineveh, and those of the old Egyptian colony in Colchis, may be easily read. However this may be, the Slavi have a well sustained right to assume as distinct a position among the Japhetides of Europe and the north as any other primitive race, whether Pelasgian, Celtic, or German; they were not wandering and forlorn emigrants from the banks of the Ganges.

Even if the origin of the Slavi were covered with an impenetrable veil, it should not be forgotten that the same thing may be said of all other races and nations. Not to mention the Pelasgians and Etruscans, the time and true origin of Rome were an enigma to Livy as well as to Niebuhr. The Germans, also, have not yet dispersed the clouds hovering over their origin. For all races and nations, the times of positive history are preceded by those of mythical legends and traditions not easy to be explained. The epoch of the beginning of authentic history prejudges not the antiquity of a trunk. Thus positive history existed for all the nations of antiquity, and even for the Arabs and Scythians, before Clio thought of mentioning the Indo-Germans.

Providence has regulated in its wisdom the successive appearance of races and nations on the conspicuous stage of humanity, and the epoch of their more distinct participation in the general movement and workings of the whole race. They took successively their respective positions in documentary history and the ascertained chronology; but most of them existed long before in space and time.

The supposed affinity between the Indian mythology and that of some of the Slavic tribes is not a more decisive proof of lineal descent than the one above mentioned. A belief in the existence and agency of good and evil powers might very naturally be derived from the circumstances in which all imperfect civilized nations are placed. Mythology in general ascends from below, from the terrestrial world towards the heavenly one. It is the apotheosis of the earthly secret powers of nature. Their tumultuous and potent workings might be

traced and contemplated in every path, in every pulsation, of life. They impressed the outward senses, and at the same time roused the impulses from within. In himself, as in the creation around him, man discovered the continual action of forces which he could neither account for nor explain. They acted uncontrolled, now as beneficent and creative, and then as injurious and destructive. In the mythology of many rude nations, the same powers of nature might be endued with life and activity, and clothed with similar attributes of our common humanity. A similarity of origin might give many common features to the religious belief of different tribes.

The Slavi, from the remotest times, almost more than any other aboriginal race, appear to have been devoted to agriculture. They were thus more dependent on the powers of nature, and were brought, so to speak, into continual and close intercourse with them. Nature for them was all life, and they peopled numerous inanimate objects with supernatural beings, whether tutelar or hostile. "They appear," says our author, "in general, as a peaceful, industrious, hospitable people, religious in their habits. Wherever they established themselves, they began to cultivate the earth." Such were the Hyperborei of Herodotus, and the Rhiphæi Arimaspi of the posterior classical, or Roman world, all of whom were the direct ancestors of the Slavi.

Like other primitive races, the Slavi, extending themselves and peopling the space assigned to them by Providence, divided in the earliest period into numerous branches and tribes. Various dialects and idioms were formed and developed, and it is very difficult, though not quite impossible, to ascertain which was the primitive mother tongue, and which of the tribes was, or is, in possession of it. But here, also, the same can be said of the languages of other races. The question, which of the Greek dialects was the mother one, was long contested, and perhaps is not yet fully decided. The German tongue, which is now in use, and even that in which Ulfila, of Gotho-Cappadocian descent, wrote, may be but very slightly connected with the rough and harsh sounds uttered by the Germans of Tacitus. And which was the mother tongue of Thogorma or Tuyscon? Even if not divided into different dialects, a language undergoes, in the course of time, various modifications, and thus may become quite

unlike that which was used in the earliest epoch of the nation's history, and from which it flows directly, and without a historical interruption. The Latin, for instance, was never subdivided into idioms, had only one positive centre and focus in Rome, and was used by a nation which never separated into tribes and families; yet it changed, as every body knows, to such a degree, that when Polybius visited Rome, there were hardly any Romans who could understand the language of the Twelve Tables. The language used in the times of the first Brutus was not that of Cicero and Suetonius.

The work before us gives a very complete enumeration of the books relating to Slavic philology. It also carefully explains some of the peculiarities which characterize the different idioms, and states the principal points of controversy among the learned men of the various tribes, in regard to their philological primogeniture from the old Slavic, or church, language.

Among these dialects, we think the Russian remained most uniformly and directly under the action of this old Slavic element, which is unquestionably the common fountain of all the later forms. Hence the vigor, the elasticity, and the nervousness of the Russian, qualities no longer to be found to the same degree in the Bohemian and the Polish. These qualities are very conspicuous in the translations into Slavo-Russian of the writings of the fathers of the church, such as Basil and Chrysostom. In these works, the patriarch dialect appears not as a dusty relic, but as a continuous living stream. Even at the present time, the writers belonging to the church, or those who studied and learned the language in ecclesiastical literature, stand above all others for genuine purity of style, and for the use of vigorous and easy turns of expression. Generally their productions are unstained by Germanisms or Gallicisms. Through their influence the Russian tongue maintains a kind of virginity, which has disappeared in the kindred idioms.

If the Glagolic and Cyrillic dialect, as the Slavic church language is correctly denominated by Talvi, is not a directly inherited property of the Russian nationality, this tribe remained the most faithfully under the inspiration of the patriarch dialect. Hence the Russian possesses in his language a master-key to all the other Slavic idioms. He alone under-

stands them all, as they are spoken from the Arctic circle to the Bocche di Cattaro, and to the suburbs of Constantinople. No other Slavic family has the like general faculty, not even the Servian. Adelung, in his Mithridates, mentions this fact to some extent, but without giving it the generality of which, perhaps, he was not fully aware. Recent events corroborate most strikingly this politico-philological superiority of the Russians.

The copiousness of the Russian language, acknowledged by Talvi, originates in this preservation of an uninterrupted connection with the original and still living source of the tongue, rather than in the pretended influence of foreign nations. The Russian possesses also an inexhaustible mine in the unparalleled facility with which words and names can be formed, answering to the peculiar nature of the language, in which appears the purest spirit of Slavic genuineness and originality. The borrowed, naturalized, or in any other way absorbed, expressions are not so numerous as to justify any comparison between the Russian and the English languages.

For many centuries, the more intellectual use of the Russian language was confined mostly, though not exclusively, to the church and the clergy. The latter, however, never made scholastic learning an object of especial culture. The church was the faithful nurse of the national dialect, especially during the two centuries of the domination of the Tartars. The monks were the chroniclers and annalists of the early centuries of the existence of the Russians as a Christian and political community; and the same was the case with all Christian nations of the west of Europe. We think the reproach to which the Russian chroniclers have been subject, for the want in their writings of any philosophical estimate and generalization of events, is unjust; as the annals and other historical writings of the chroniclers of Catholic and Western Europe have the same defect. Philosophical considerations are not to be expected from the annalists of mediæval times. The great service rendered to the nation by the Russian chroniclers, and their superiority over all others, consists in their use of the vernacular tongue, which was thus maintained in continuous, though partial exercise.

It may be of some interest to know, that the Russian or Eastern church has only one order of monks, of the founda-

tion of St. Basil, called the great father of the church by all Catholics. Religious asceticism and seclusion from the world form the exclusive basis of their rule. They have no militant spirit, no disposition to intermeddle with the outer world, even in the discussion of religious questions. In this respect, they differ widely from the various orders established in the course of centuries by the Roman Catholic church.

The slow but continual improvement of the Russian language may be traced as far back as that used at the time of Iwan the Terrible and Borys Gudenoff, at the end of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries. Instances of its literary practice are to be found in the church writings of that epoch, as also in the law records and minutes of the high council of bojars, called *duma*, (thought,) which was always presided over by the Grand Dukes or Tzars. The most remarkable monument thereof is a correspondence between Kurbski, the first statesman, general, and patriot in that bloody period, and the Tzar Iwan. Kurbski fled from Moscow to Poland, and died there of a broken heart. From the place of his refuge he corresponded with Iwan. The language of both affords very remarkable specimens of good Russian; but the letters of Kurbski are distinguished both for correctness of style and for the noble character of the feelings and sentiments that are expressed.

The reforms of Peter the Great would have been far more injurious to the Russian language and literature, if the national church had not again preserved them from being too deeply affected by foreign influences. As far as can be ascertained from his correspondence, Peter himself handled the national language with ease and power. He was thoroughly its master, and enriched it with many new expressions, which are remarkable for their correctness and fidelity to the pure principles of the Russo-Slavic formation of words.

Our author explains briefly, but truly, the tendency of the reign of Alexander towards a superficial show of polite learning. We do not agree, however, with the judgment pronounced on the historical merits of the productions of Karamzin, whose name gave a lustre to the epoch of Alexander, but whose literary influence, if much extended, would have been fatal to the nationality of the Russian tongue. Happily that influence lasted not long. The purely literary produc-

tions of Karamzin and his followers now occupy remote corners of libraries, and their authority is gone for ever.

The name of Vassili Schoukoffski, belonging to the same epoch, is one with which foreigners, and Germans especially, are more acquainted. His language is correct and elegant, and it flows with ease; but as a poet, he hardly ever rises to a powerful and truly creative originality; he is, with only few exceptions, an imitator and translator of German poetry. His favorite models are La Motte Fouqué and Schiller. His last production is a translation of the Æneid, published in 1849. Schoukoffski's personal character, far more than his literary productions, will influence the destinies of Russia. Almost from the infancy of Alexander till he became of age, Schoukoffski was his tutor and directed his education. Thus he formed the mind of the future autocrat. Belonging to the most private and intimate society of the imperial family, he exercised a mighty patronage and influence over the literary men of his country. At a later period, he became a sort of pietist, after the fashion of Germany, and particularly of Berlin. This kind of pietism is greatly in vogue among the higher circles of society at St. Petersburg.

The fifth and last period of Russian literature begins with the tragical inauguration of the present reign. This bloody event exercised, in many respects, a fatal influence on the sovereign, the character of his times, and also on the spirit of the whole nation. Literature felt very sensibly the rebound of that commotion, which had both a good and evil effect on the people and the autocrat.

We leave it to Talvi to describe the state of the Russian muse on the eve of that tragedy.

"It was evident, that the Russian muse was no longer the good old gossiping lady in French court-dress and hoops, who was ready to drop a humble courtesy to every person of rank and influence; she was no longer the shepherdess who had inspired Dmitrief with his sweet, yet tame verses; she had been by the example and the pernicious influence of the modern philosophical schools gradually metamorphosed into a wild romantic girl, burning with desire to drink freely, and without being watched by police agents, from the true source of poetry open to all nations; to rove about in the world of imagination free from fetters and restraint. The means which the emperor chose to cure her from these eccentricities, to chain her at home by

endearing it to her, in short, to *Russify* her again, were certainly very *judicious*."

This last assertion, less just than the rest, requires an explanation. It is certain that the national spirit received from that moment a new, and in that respect a salutary, impulse. It spread over the whole domain of poetical and intellectual activity. Its effects reached even beyond the political boundaries of Russia. The *Russifying* was not a *judicious* act, as the writer here intimates; it was not a governmental crafty invention. It had a far deeper origin. It sprang out of the awakening of a true feeling of nationality, after a prolonged and enervating slumber. Even without the events of 1825, this feeling would have been aroused and inspired by itself. It was a thoroughly patriotic tendency, wholly misunderstood by foreigners, and, above all, by German writers and journalists. It was a natural reaction against every sort of foreign influence, which had reached its utmost limit in the last years of the reign of Alexander. Weary of every thing, *blasé* of glory and admiration, dissatisfied with the world without and within, the sovereign had estranged himself from the nation and its feelings. A mutual uneasiness had sprung up between them. Alexander, it may be said, abandoned the people, and the people at large no longer saw in him the beloved Tzar of former days. History will say to what extent there prevailed, through the whole empire, an intellectual and governmental slackness and demoralization. The political and social organism, trained for ages to receive from above every impulse, — to be conducted, advised, taught, and directed, — ceased to perform its functions, and came to an unexpected stop. The consequent relaxation or suspension of its activity must have been injurious in the highest degree. Only the internal power of cohesion, or so to speak, a sort of physical force, kept together the whole. A general discontent, a gloomy feeling of uneasiness, weighed heavily upon the Tzar and the intelligent generation which was then coming upon the stage. To it Alexander was only, as Pushkin said in one of his pungent epigrams, "a tutor of college in the post of foreign affairs."

The public spirit could be roused and animated, could receive a new and fresh activity, only by drinking deep at the full and healthy sources of national feeling. Natives, and not

foreigners, were thought exclusively capable of becoming the agents of a regeneration based on internal, genuine elements. Such a regeneration could not be the work of philological, historical, or etymological erudition, but must be inspired by love of what was national. Thus began the general effort to shut out every breath of foreign influence, and to close or destroy its natural channels and instruments. This reaction in the public mind extended not only to opinions, but also to individuals in the public service, many of whom were Germans. The following anecdote may serve to show how far they were thought to have monopolized office and favor. General Yermoloff, whose name has been one of the most popular in Russia for the last forty years, was asked by Alexander in what manner the emperor could reward his services. The General's answer was, "Sire, make me a German."

However this may be, the Russians and the other Slavi, for the last thirty years, have been accused of ingratitude by foreigners, and especially by the Germans. But every Slave acknowledges thankfully the good received in former times from the Germans. They have been in several respects very good instructors. But now the Russians and the other Slavi believe themselves to be able to stand on their own feet, and they do not wish to be farther tutored either politically or intellectually. They dislike the Germans as schoolmasters, whether in government or in literature.

Nationality in every respect, but especially in all literary and intellectual pursuits, became now the general watchword resounding through the whole Russian empire, and moving deeply every mind. An extensive and rich domain was to be explored, and it was found that there ran a living stream, able to fertilize the intellectual soil, and to satisfy all the higher wants of the human soul, all the exigencies of the state. It was the dawning of a higher consciousness. All this was not the result of a mere *judicious* manœuvre on the part of the government. The hour of the awakening, not only of the Russian family, but of the whole Slavic race, had struck on the dial of time, and its chime resounded over almost the whole Slavic intellectual world.

German writers, who were the most interested in this new evolution, and were closely intermingled with the Slavic tribes, were the first aware of this beehive-like murmur in the

adjacent region. They were amazed to find life, where they looked only for matters of philological interest and for a few curious literary productions.

The true Slavic literature cannot present any thing finished and complete. Far the greater part of the Slavic family is only beginning to aspire to a higher life and activity. On this account, even Russia has scarcely reached her juvenile period. The whole ground occupied by the Slavi was not moved and cultivated. Not a spiritless erudition or an æsthetical delight was the aim of the new Slavic studies. To find in the elements of their own being a revelation of the future social existence of their race was the great question, because this feeling of life prevailed in all the tribes. In harmony with this aspiration to a great, general, and positive national consciousness, the literature inclined almost entirely to the field of researches closely connected with the destinies and the development of the whole Slavic family. With the exception of the Bohemian and the Polish literary endeavors in former times, the literature of the other tribes does not pretend to have run through all the stages of mental evolution, or to have arrived at the goal of completeness. No intelligent Slave has this childish conceit. Like the race of which it will be a product, the literature will only enter the immense space, and find on the threshold that its further progress depends on questions of a more elevated order, — of an historical and social *To be or not to be*, as a whole.

Thus, out of philological, historical, and critical studies, as well as from poetical inspiration, was born that Panslavism of which so many various conceptions have been formed. Originating from the confluence of numerous streams issuing from many different sources, it was very natural that it should be so variously conceived, elaborated, and explained.

Talvi gives some outlines of Panslavism, as she met it now and then in every literary enterprise of the Slavi. Its higher political tendencies are slightly touched by this author. But these first attracted the attention of the world, as they were seen to meet and interfere with every movement and pulsation of other European states. The current of every day's events justifies the assertions of Panslavic writers, who some years ago were treated as visionaries or as inventors of a crafty polity. But now, facts realize predictions.

More than twenty years ago, Augustin Thierry named the present century the historical age, and the period of the definitive constitution of nationalities and races. Thus he traced the horoscope of Panslavism, whose nationality dawns more and more brightly on the horizon of the old world. Goerres, — of whom Menzel, in his German Literature, thus speaks, "Joseph Goerres, one of the greatest and most remarkable minds of our time, has taken his departure from history, and has set forth the whole world as an animated scene of ever new existence, as a circle of destinies," — Goerres, some hours before his death, in the year 1847, said, "the Slavi knock at the door of the political world; they are coming to shape old empires, and to cast a new element into the movement and the development of other states and nations."

Pondering impartially the results of the terrible events of 1848, it will become apparent, that positive good has resulted from them only for some tribes belonging to the great Slavic stem. And this happened naturally, without their taking the initiative in these movements, without any direct agency on their part in these political irruptions. We do not mean hereby to express any peculiar regret for the things and conditions which have most assuredly for ever passed away, or, as in Germany, have been partially destroyed. A brighter future will certainly emerge from the present chaotical state of Europe. Still, heavy losses have been already sustained by France and Italy; and probably Germany will be required to make yet greater sacrifices. The Austrian Slavi alone, without any extraordinary efforts, and without very great losses, have already obtained some beneficial results. Up to this day, their political nationality was not acknowledged. On this account, they have been, for centuries, of no weight in the political estimate of Europe; they have had no proper individuality. The storms of 1848 – 49 raised them to consideration, and even to influence. And farther, in order to enlist on their side the sympathies and the support of the Slavic peasants, both the Hungarian liberals and the cunning imperialists and absolutists coquetted with them; and thus both the contending parties offered reforms and emancipations of every kind. Thus, the requisition-labor, (corvée,) *robot*, and many other remains of old feudal or patriarchal servitude, were abolished. The counsellors of the house of Hapsburg

proved themselves in this respect to be Jacobins of the deepest dye. By the concurrence of such different circumstances, the Slavi gained immensely both in political position, and in their interior social relations.

Thus, as political Panslavism has acquired a more positive form, the solely literary Panslavism remains only its pale reflection. This Panslavic current can no longer be checked, even if its natural head should turn against it. This course the government of Russia seems to be taking, but without the moral support or consent of the nation. Perhaps on account of the close intimacy with Austria, or for other reasons, even the name of Panslavism of late has been proscribed. An order of the government forbids all professors in the universities, under penalty of dismission, to speak of Panslavism, or to make any use of this appellation.

Resuming our literary review of Talvi's work, we wish to give some explanations of the fact, which is properly noticed by her, that the domain of universal history as yet has been very little explored in Russian literature. This subject seems to have a very feeble attraction for Russian scholars; their curiosity is satisfied with a few translations. This want of interest in universal history arises from many reasons. The first is, that historical studies and speculations belong, generally, to a farther advanced and more developed state of literary and scientific culture than exists in Russia. Another reason may be found in the fact, that the Russian knows his country is not connected in any way with the historical march of the West, or with the classical past. The Slavic race had but a very little and insignificant part to play in Roman times, and Russia none at all. The Russian knows that he has not received immediately, or appropriated to himself, any elements of the civilization of old Rome. His country was out of the orbit of the working-spirit of the classical, as well as of the Christian, Western world. Their history is to him merely an object of curiosity and of cursory study. No continuous chain of events, no influence of ideas and notions received or imbibed, no intellectual culture or social and civil interchange, exists between the Russian and that history. To it he does not belong; he feels that he is not its offspring, or heir, or even a distant relation. Thus it exercises no powerful, absorbing influence on Russian minds and specula-

tions. In saying this, we do not at all justify the deficiency, but only explain, according to our judgment, its reasons and causes.

Now, with our author, we return to the department of belles-lettres. Here the emancipation from foreign influence was more difficult. The tendency to imitation often defends itself victoriously against those who wish to bring back the literature to genuine national sources. In the Russian literature, a servile adherence to foreign models had become for many a second nature. But the struggle against them is carried on with spirit, and they lose one position after another.

St. Petersburg is rather the centre of the school of imitators, as Moscow is the focus of originality. In its literary productions, the first is very often a courtier, — cold, cautious, worshipping not only God, but all the saints of power. Heading this imitative and adulatory phalanx are three names, otherwise not without merit and renown in Russian literature. These are, Senkoffsky, Bulgarin, and Gretsch, the first a Cossack or Little-Russian, the second a Lithuanian, and the third a German by descent. They are also entrusted with the editorship of a daily newspaper, *The Northern Bee*, the only one having any political character, and published under the direction of the ministry of police.

The strange kind of pietism mentioned above in relation to Schoukoffski, has also contributed of late to weaken the originality and vigor of some young writers, overshadowing and paralyzing their distinguished talents. This happened with Gogel, whose writings may be compared with those of Dickens, and whose originality and knowledge of the Russian character in all its peculiarities was unparalleled. He was the especial favorite of the younger generation, and the most popular writer with the nation at large. But of late, probably under the influence of Schoukoffsi, of whom he was a favored *protégé*, Gogel forsook his brilliant literary past, plunged into pietism, and emerged a sort of literary Mahomet on a small scale. In an ecstasy for himself, he beckoned, though without effect, to his literary admirers to follow him, and abandon their wicked way of literary pursuits.

Alexander Pushkin deserves to be mentioned more particularly by every one who speaks of Russian literatuer After Lomonosoff, he may be called the second founder of

the language. With his poetical touch, Pushkin elicited all the richness of its resources, which were almost unknown before. His genius mastered the language in every direction and for every use. He displayed its delicate and tender, as well as its powerful and masculine, qualities. Sarcastic and piercing in his epigrams, this poet is soft and sweet in his lyrics, or burning and passionate. Talvi says that "all his thoughts are verses," and we add that they are also true and lofty poetry. It is true, however, that Pushkin, like many other poets of that period, escaped not the Byronic influence.

"And it is this feature chiefly, which, in turn, Pushkin's followers and imitators have seized upon; for instance, Lermontof. It is painful to see, how, instead of the freshness, the vigor, the joyfulness, which we ought to meet in the representatives of a young and rising literature, resting on the foundation of a rich, uncorrupted, original language, we find in them the ennui, the dissatisfaction, and the indifference of a set of *roués* disgusted with life. It seems as if, after having emptied the cup of the vanities of the world to the very dregs, this world, which has nothing left for their enjoyment, is despised by them; unfortunately, however, without having educated their minds for a better one."

Not only in Russia, but almost throughout Europe at that time, poetical literature was infected with a kind of hypochondriacal dissatisfaction with every thing and everybody. Particular reasons, it may be, augmented this disease among the Russians. The hothouse kind of life in St. Petersburg, whose breath extended in wide circles over the greater part of Russian cultivated society, was a mighty agent in producing this effect. And then, sadness derived from personal causes, or from the manner in which the individual looked on the general state of things at home, exerted a strong influence on the mind, and terminated in the form of Byronic gloom. Thus, even for those who drew their inspiration from national fountains, poetry was an effusion of discontent and grief, rather than an aspiration of a vigorous and brightening life.

Pushkin's poem, "Eugene Onegin," may be called a novel in verse; but it is also a series of pictures drawn and colored vividly by a man of genius, in which every Russian finds an animated and poetical reproduction of various scenes of domestic and truly national life. A tragical recollection is

intimately blended with that poem, and renders it still more dear to the nation. Pushkin's mournful and premature death in a duel was in some degree foreseen by him, and described in one of the passages of that poem, in a very striking manner.

After Pushkin, the name of Chomiakof rises above all others. His individuality and his accomplishments have given him a distinct and prominent place. As a poet, he leads back the muse to the perennial sources of nationality, where the genius of the whole Slavic race inspires him. Equal at least to Pushkin in the mastership of language, it is not romance, the sufferings of the heart, or personal feelings, which inspire his songs; but Slavonia, Russia, the national life, and the future destinies of the whole.

Chomiakof is not only an artist, painter, and philosopher, but a learned and acute Slavic national economist, thoroughly acquainted with the old national usages and traditions. Thus he has discovered the true solution of many entangled problems of internal national arrangements, which for a century have resisted the action of government, and the learning acquired by study of the Roman and various systems of European law. He may be regarded as the leader of the literary men of Moscow, and of the greater part of the men of talent and reflection who can be found in the whole empire, especially in the universities and lyceums.

These men, called Moscovites or Panslavists, as Talvi properly remarks, look upon the literary circles of St. Petersburg as forming a party in opposition to the Moscovitian, or national party, and express contempt for their servility and subjection to foreign taste and influences. The Moscovites represent the true autochthonic spirit and intellect, its depth and genuine power. They are regarded as heralds of the brilliant future of the Slavi, and as shaping the course of Russia and of Panslavism, not only in literary, but in social and political concerns. They stir the national feelings of the people, and make continual progress, though mighty impediments of late have been cast in their way, which, after all, strengthen rather than break down their influence.

According to their belief, not only the literature, but the religious, social, and political organism must issue and be developed from the purest Slavic germs. They are devotedly

attached to the old Slavic or Greek church, and look down on the systems of Western and Roman Europe with some contempt. Thus, they are not at all hurt by allusions to the "Chinese wall," by which it is said the government endeavors to preserve its subjects from European contamination. They also believe, that the influence of the west of Europe, whatever it may be, is rather pernicious to the Slavic genius.

In the ancient Slavic social organism they think to find germs of a liberal and free constitution of society, without being obliged to borrow or import them from the West. On these grounds, also, they wish to forward the emancipation of the serfs. Generally speaking, public opinion and national feeling are with them. The spirit of the people is aroused far more than it could have been by the principles and theories that are advocated in French or German books and newspapers; and this spirit cannot again be lulled to sleep by the censorship of the police, as it pervades all classes of the population. This spirit of Panslavism and its upholders are in high favor and esteem with the *bourgeoisie* of Moscow and other cities of central Russia, and, through them, with the peasantry also.

The support recently given by the Russian army to the Austrian empire, when it was on the brink of destruction, was in the highest degree unpopular with these Moscovites, as it was not a Panslavic principle which was to be defended, but a cruel despotism and the Austro-German supremacy, more hateful than that of the Magyars, and not more friendly to Russia.

Next to the Russians, in the order followed by Talvi, come the Servians and Illyrians. Here again arises the historical question of descent. Without entering into controversy about it, we are of opinion that the Illyrians of the time of the ancient Roman republic were of Slavic, not Thracian, descent. And after all, the Thracians may be more nearly related to the Slavic stem than to any other European race. It is undoubtedly true that, from the fall of the Roman empire down to the present time, these regions have been occupied by a population of pure Slavic origin.

Talvi gives, with her usual learning, a philological history of the dialects and their subdivisions, and explains how far the Eastern and the Western churches, the neighborhood of

different nations, and especially of the Italians, influenced the character and culture of these idioms.

More than twenty years ago, Talvi was the means of causing the peculiar beauties of Servian poetry to be known and appreciated throughout Europe. Once again she pays a homage to its merits, and shows that it is remarkable, not for studied elegance and careful finish, but for unrivalled simplicity and adherence to nature. It is not elaborated according to the rules of art, but it abounds with graceful imagery, and displays the feelings of an uncorrupted and almost primitive people. In the following passage, Talvi marks the difference existing between the Servian poetry and that of all other nations: —

"All that the other Slavic nations, or the Germans, the Scotch, and the Spaniards, possess of popular poetry, can at the utmost be compared with the lyrical part of the Servian songs, called by them *female* songs, because they are sung only by females and youths; but the long epic extemporized compositions, by which a peasant bard, sitting in a large circle of other peasants, in unpremeditated but perfectly regular and harmonious verse, celebrates the heroic deeds of their ancestors or contemporaries, has no parallel in the whole history of literature since the days of Homer."

As Servian prose literature is of recent origin and limited extent, Vuk Stephanovitsch occupies almost exclusively its proper domain. He is the legislator, almost the founder, of the Servian dialect. He moulded it according to grammatical and orthographical rules, and did this without falsifying its character or destroying its genuineness, but by maintaining strictly all which was consecrated by the usage of the people. He winnowed out of the language all the artificial and imported words which are heterogeneous to its nature. The same fidelity to the sources of the dialect, as well as to the history of the people, made it a law for Vuk not to admit the Latin alphabet. It was his pious duty to preserve the national character and primitive features of the language in their utmost purity. He devoted his whole life to the attempt to give rules and stability to the vernacular tongue, as used exclusively by the common people; and, doing this, he could not have regard to other Slavic dialects, or to the opinions of foreign scholars. His object was to meet the wants, and

harmonize the feelings and practice of his own tribe. Religious fidelity to every kind of tradition is the most prominent feature of the Servian character. This sentiment increases in intensity, when these traditions are, so to speak, enshrined with the usages of their national, Eastern church. Vuk knew too well, also, how much the Western and Latin influence had denationalized and altered everywhere the Slavic originality.

For all these reasons, it would have been unaccountable should Vuk have rejected an alphabet so closely connected with the old and much revered traditions of his country, so distinctly Slavic and national, in order to take an alphabet the form and appearance of which were repulsive to the great majority of his brethren in blood, faith, and language. Talvi admits this, by saying that a preference given "to the Latin alphabet would have estranged him from his nearer countrymen," — a consideration which would have more weight with him than any other.

The authority of the Ragusan literature, which is cited by our author, or that of any other of the western Slavic idioms, was not entitled to consideration. According to the opinion and the feelings of his countrymen, the literature of these tribes was stained with foreign infusions. The question concerning the characteristics of nationalities, their proper germs, their main elements, and their external signs and manifestations, — this question cannot be determined by learned theories and abstract speculations. It is not to be decided upon abstract principles or by unnatural innovations. Nationality is the domain of feeling, and the Servian literary legislator made it harmonize with the intellectual wants and tastes of the people.

Finally, however strange it may seem to the notions of accomplished foreign scholars, the great mass of the people in Servia look on the Russians as more nearly related to them even than their Illyrico-Dalmatian brethren, who belong to the Roman church, and are thus exclusively under foreign, and, as the Servians think, wholly pernicious, influence. The wall separating these tribes is not at all artificial, but has its foundation in the elements of Slavic life. Choosing for the language of the Servian people an alphabet most closely resembling the Russian, which is also Slavic, and which was

the most natural and the easiest to be adopted, Vuk clearly saw in what direction all the Slavic branches tend in their attempt to settle the question respecting the unity and generality of the language of their race. His alphabet pointed out, however imperfectly, the way to that goal.

Even while we are writing on these distant shores, we hear that the Austrian Slavi are almost daily manifesting a disposition to adopt the Russian dialect entire as a general Panslavic language. In this way, the anarchy among the individual and provincial Slavic dialects and modes of orthography will come to an end. The wished-for unity will be established, not exactly according to the theories concocted by French and German writers and publicists, but in accordance with the irresistible impulse of native Slavic affinities. On the military frontier, in Agram, (the capital of Croatia,) and even in the proud and Hapsburgian city of Prague, voices arise almost tumultuously advocating and proclaiming the unavoidable necessity of an adoption of the Russian language. Among these voices is to be noticed that of Mr. Hanko of Prague, one of the most learned antiquarians of the Bohemian school. The German newspaper writers, in their unrivalled sagacity, will instantly detect in such manifestations the secret movements and wiles of the Russian government, and its treachery to Austria. But he who is acquainted with the circumstances, and with the Slavic national spirit, will see in them only a result of the natural current of things, the course of which was predicted years ago by many Panslavic writers.

Talvi's review of Bohemian literature and history presents an animated account of the struggle carried on for several centuries between the national elements of life in the Bohemian tribe, and the inroad of Germanic principles, which, at least for a time, destroyed almost every spark of Bohemian nationality. The past history of Bohemian literature is of secondary value to one who looks only for the development of the true Slavic character. But the spirit of the Bohemians, in the earliest times, inscribed with blood and consecrated by sufferings the name of the Slavic race amongst martyrs for religious liberty. This is the great service rendered by the University of Prague to the human mind and to the Slavic family. Huss and Jerome of Prague

radiate with glory from their funeral pile erected at Constance.

However valuable may be the lucubrations of numerous Bohemian scholars of the present day, however learned and extensive their historical, antiquarian, and philological researches, no freshness of life, no creative idea of a future development, ever animates them. They explore and describe with ability the past, and its venerable relics and dusty documents; but for this very reason, perhaps, their productions bear the stamp of senility rather than of juvenile vigor. They are controversial or exegetic, rather than intuitive of a new light respecting the destinies of the Slavic race.

Kollar alone makes a lofty exception. But he, as well as Schaffarik, is of Slovack, and not pure Bohemian, descent. He, a poet, kindled the spark of Panslavism, and struck a note to which millions of hearts responded. Among the southwestern Slavi, he was the first who felt and understood that the future destinies of the whole race depended upon their union, and a fusion of their interests, their petty differences, and even their different idioms and dialects. But neither he nor the Bohemian men of letters are the originators of Panslavism in its boldest and largest conception.

The first spark from which Panslavism received life was struck out just after the close of the Polish struggle of 1831. A poet cast it into the world. It was Pushkin, in his ode addressed "to the detractors of Russia." This poetical effusion received a historical foundation and political form in a pamphlet published in Paris in 1835, under the title of "*La Vérité sur la Russie*," which furnished the matter for all subsequent speculation. The Bohemian men of letters treated the question with various and profound erudition, but remained continually in generalities as to the future, without being able to decide, or to assert boldly, how this Panslavism should manifest itself in space and time. It was for them a matter of speculative reasoning. They, like many others, from different Slavic tribes, felt that all the subdivisions, political as well as philological, must be merged to form one whole; but they again fell to disputing on the question where it was to emerge, whether in Prague, Cracow, Warsaw, or Agram. It was for the purpose of finding out that centre, that the Slavic congress met at Prague in 1848. The lead-

ers of this assembly were the most celebrated Slavic scholars of Bohemia and from other parts. Its results proved to most persons, but as we think only for a short time, that the Slavi cannot again become one nation. But it proved also to the different members, that no results can ever be obtained under the superintendence of Bohemian philologists and antiquarians. They perceived that a common dialect must unite them, and they ascertained by experience that such a dialect must be taken from actual life, and not extracted from antiquarian researches and philological formulas. We have already mentioned towards which idiom runs the current of instinct, popular feeling, and political events. At the next national congress of the Slavi, whenever it may take place, most assuredly they will not be obliged "to recur to the German tongue as a means of general communication;" and undoubtedly "the German will not be employed," when again a great central organ of Slavism shall appear through the press.

Whatever may be the final realization of the Panslavic idea, whether according to its Russian or Moscovite form, to Kollar's or the Polish conception, all of them tend inevitably to the decomposition and destruction of the Austrian empire. Even the helping hand lately extended to it by the Russian emperor, who also, in his way, is an agent of one kind of Panslavism, will sooner or later prove fatal to the house of Hapsburg.

All these different manifestations of Panslavic thoughts excited great uneasiness among German common-place politicians and scribblers. But one fact must be distinctly stated, that no Panslavic writer has attacked the German nationality with such fury and hatred as have been shown by the Germans themselves. Not the Panslavists, but the Germans, by their outrageous language against Poles, Russians, Bohemians, and other Slavi, have roused and supported the violent feelings which are now swelling in Slavic breasts. No Panslavist ever aimed at that brutal, violent humiliation of Germany, which is so commonly deprecated in political and diplomatic circles. If the crowned representatives of the German powers choose to bow most respectfully before the emperor of Russia, they do it of their own free will, and not as a consequence of any Panslavic machinations.

We now turn to Poland, and find the reason why its lan-

guage was so long neglected, and the growth of its literature consequently retarded, is accurately stated by Talvi.

"From that time [the close of the 10th century], all the Polish princes and the greatest part of the nation became Christians. There is, however, not one among the Slavic nations, in which the influence Christianity must necessarily have exerted on its mental cultivation, is so little visible; while upon its language it exerted none at all. It has ever been and is still a favorite opinion of some Slavic philologists, that several of the Slavic nations must have possessed the art of writing long before their acquaintance with the Latin alphabet, or the invention of the Cyrillic system; and among the arguments by which they maintain this view, there are indeed some too striking to be wholly set aside. But neither from those early times, nor from the four or five centuries after the introduction of Christianity, does there remain any monument whatever of the Polish language; nay, with the exception of a few fragments without value, the most ancient document of that language extant is not older than the sixteenth century. Until that time, the Latin idiom reigned exclusively in Poland. The teachers of Christianity in this country were for nearly five centuries foreigners, viz. Germans and Italians. Hence arose that unnatural neglect of the vernacular tongue, of which these were ignorant; the private influence of the German, still visible in the Polish language; and the unlimited dominion of the Latin. Slavic, Polish, and heathenish, were to them synonymous words. Thus, while the light of Christianity everywhere carried the first dawn of life into the night of Slavic antiquity, the early history of Poland affords, more than any other part of the Christian world, a melancholy proof, how the passions and blindness of men operated to counterbalance that holy influence."

The brilliant Jagellon epoch, during the 15th and 16th centuries, was marked by an emancipation from Latin scholasticism and by the introduction to letters of the vernacular tongue. The rapid growth and blossoming of the literature of that epoch was produced by the influence of the Italians. Not the power of clerical Rome, but the poetry of Tasso, Ariosto, and the so called *cinquecentisti* awoke the Polish national muse. Many of the Polish youth studied in Italian universities, and brought home with them, not only literary notions and tastes, but political opinions, and especially a disposition to imitate the Venetian aristocratic organism. Their kings were raised to the throne by election ever after the extinction of the Jagellon dynasty.

This epoch, called the golden one, vanished rapidly away, and the national poetry and literature faded again under the revived influence of foreigners. The Jesuits were the exclusive means of this degeneration. Never was their mischievous influence more fully displayed, or more injurious in its results. It extended over the whole field of literary culture, and produced a general intellectual lethargy. It also perverted the national mind, and during two centuries it corrupted the politics of the Polish nobility and government. It thus contributed to create and maintain that state of anarchy, which forms the prominent feature of the history of the nation, especially from 1730 to the catastrophe of 1794. From that mournful epoch in the first half of the 17th century, when they made themselves masters of nearly all the seminaries of education, the decline of Poland was visible, and determined beyond any possibility of cure. The disease increased in direct proportion with the increasing power of the followers of Loyola. During the battles fought by them for the subjugation of the University of Cracow, in which they finally succeeded, Zamoyski, the great man of that time and their unyielding opponent, prophesied that on the growth or decay of the University of Cracow depended the success or the ruin of the Polish republic, — a prophesy which proved true almost in the course of the same century.

Nothing survived of the Jagellon epoch even in the immediately succeeding century. Only the military gallantry of the people throws a lustre over this long period of agony. Intellectual culture, literary taste, and even the purity of the language, perished in the miasma of the Jesuitical system of education.

It cannot be contested, that there is a want of originality through all the stages of Polish literature. This deficiency had its origin in the adoption of the Latin language and literature, and in the consequent estrangement from Slavic antiquity and national forms. The Poles in politics and literature forgot very early their Slavic origin ; they invented a Sarmatic ancestry, without any historical foundation, of which they were very proud ; they separated almost wholly from the trunk, and the branches therefore withered for want of support from the native soil. The spirit of unqualified and servile imitation of the Latin classics, and afterwards of

the so called French models, explains also to some degree the want of genuine dramatic invention. But the national character also must not be overlooked, as one cause of this defect. The whole domestic, as well as the public and social, life of the Poles was never under the influence of strong and deep passion. The only marked feature of their character is the love of tumultuous warfare, and of a boisterous and noisy, rather than powerful, public life. In the domestic circle, all was smooth, quiet, and simple. Those deep, tenacious, and all-absorbing emotions of love, hatred, and vengeance, which afford dramatic complications and entanglements of events, were nowhere visible. There were no traces of those dark and powerfully combined schemes which bring together all the resources of the mind, all the forces of the heart and soul, into one focus, and inspire the actions of the whole life. Thus, neither the history of Poland, nor the records and domestic legends of families, supply subjects for the tragic drama. The few productions of this kind take an almost exclusively patriotic ground, which is not sufficient to cover the wide field of dramatic creation.

As a matter of general historical information, we correct some statements of fact that are made by Talvi. The serfdom of the peasantry in Poland was first abolished, not in 1807, by the formation of the dukedom of Warsaw, but some years before, in that part of the ancient kingdom which had been appropriated by Prussia. This emancipation was effected by a law published in the year 1800, by the king of Prussia, Frederick William III., a law which extended to all his German as well as Polish dominions. *Suum cuique.* The Code Napoleon, introduced at the time of the formation of the new dukedom, is still in force in the present kingdom, which is a diplomatic transformation of the former duchy. Neither the whole magistracy, nor any one judge of a lower or higher court, is "elected;" they are all appointed by the government, and hold office during good behavior. Finally, previous to the revolution of 1831, it is not true that an "undue share of attention was paid in schools to the exact or empirical sciences," or that the moral and literary pursuits of the pupils were neglected. The government of Russia, or rather of Constantine, who was a mere despot without any especial aim or system, interfered not with public education,

except by its police arrangements and internal discipline. The change of studies to which Talvi alludes, — and which after all, had nothing to do with morality, — took place about 1835.

The great misfortunes and agonizing scenes which caused or attended the destruction of Polish nationality, misfortunes unparalleled in the history of any other Christian nation, evoked an energetic literary movement among the scattered and proscribed exiles. By these fugitives the whole intellectual region was explored. But as the sensibility and the imagination were the faculties most moved and excited, the field of poetry proved the most productive. Poetry proceeds from irremediable grief, just as the purest and most costly pearl originates in the sufferings of the animal in the shell. The name of Adam Mickiewicz, known through the whole literary world, ranks above all others in this melancholy period. His lectures on Slavic literature, delivered in the College of France at Paris, with some of his other productions, may be considered as the standard of that conception of Panslavism which is embraced by the great majority of Poles, whether poets, philosophers, or publicists. In these lectures, Mickiewicz showed to what an uncontrollable degree the excitement of a poetical fancy may carry the mind and the reasoning faculties. They are even more than "a poet's way of viewing the world." In the second part, which is more especially Panslavic, there prevails a chaotic confusion of impressions, emotions, and ideas, with an entire want of sound criticism and an intelligent appreciation of events. Mickiewicz likes to affect a certain disdain for books and acquired learning. His Panslavism, as proclaimed in these lectures, is devoid of any terrestrial basis. It is a sort of new religion, made up of a positive idolatry of Napoleon, with an infusion of Swedenborgianism, Catholicism, metempsychosis, St. Simonism, and the like. He believed himself to be a forerunner or an echo of the new unveiled Messias. He assumed the office of a herald to announce the approach of that personage, and even made a pilgrimage to the Pope, Gregory XVI., to submit to his sanction this new creed, or in other words, to ask him to descend from St. Peter's chair, and give it up to Towianski, the new Messias. The events of 1847–48 brought him back a penitent to the feet of Pius

IX. He confessed his religious errors, and received the Papal absolution. In Rome, he gathered around him twelve new disciples, and at their head marched out of the eternal city, with the avowed purpose of visiting the camp, and converting the troops of Field-Marshal Radetzky, three fourths of whose Austro-Lombard army were composed of various Slavic tribes. To them these new apostles were to preach a Slavo-Italian alliance and fraternity. They traversed the Roman states, Tuscany, and a part of the Sardinian territories, amid triumphal receptions, processions, and shouts of *e viva*, but vanished in a poetical mist on reaching Lombardy and the region of powder and battles.

The whole account of Polish literature is written by Talvi with much skill, and it is criticized with high impartiality. It is a complete historical relation, and a work of great learning, taste, and acuteness.

The author has reserved for the last part of the book an account of the popular poetry of the Slavic nations. This account is a precious gem, which gives brilliancy and animation to the whole. It contains the results of profound study and wide research in a very interesting field, and displays a very delicate and correct taste. The subject is a peculiar one, full of novelty and poetic beauty; it is touched with a loving and tender hand, and appreciated not only according to the rules of art, but, what is far better, with the higher æsthetics prompted by a woman's heart. As a translator of Slavic poetry, the writer of this book enjoys a well deserved celebrity. Her former efforts in this department attracted the notice of the most distinguished men of letters in Germany, and gained the cheerful approbation of Goethe.

Two quotations from this part of the book will best show the character of Slavic poetry, and how it is appreciated by our author.

"This is the age of utilitarianism. The Genius of poetry still lives indeed, for he is immortal; but the period of his living power is gone. His present dwelling is the study; the sphere of his operations the parlor; the scene, where his exhibitions are displayed in a dress of morocco and gold, is the centre table of the rich and the genteel. *Popular poetry*, — we do not mean that divine gift, the dowry of a few blessed individuals; we mean that general productiveness, which pervades the mass of men as

it pervades Nature,— popular poetry, among all the nations of Europe, is only a dying plant. Here and there a lonely relic is discovered among the rocks, preserved by the invigorating powers of the mountain air; or a few sickly plants, half withered in their birth, grow up in some solitary valley, hidden from the intrusive genius of modern improvement and civilization, who makes his appearance with a brush in his hand, sweeping mercilessly away even the loveliest flowers which may be considered as impediments in his path. Twenty years hence, and a trace will not be left, except the dried specimens which the *amateur* lays between two sheets of paper, and the copies preserved in cabinets.

"Among the nations of the Slavic race alone is the living flower still to be found, growing in its native luxuriance; but even here, only among the Servians and Dalmatians in its full blossom and beauty. For centuries these treasures have been buried from the literary world. Addison, when he endeavored to vindicate his admiration of the ballad of 'Chevy-Chace,' by the similarity of some of its passages with the epics of Virgil and Homer, had not the remotest idea, that the immortal blind bard had found his true and most worthy successors among the likewise blind poets of his next Hyperborean neighbors. The merit of having lifted at last the curtain from these scenes, belongs to Germany, chiefly to Herder. But only the few last years have allowed a more full and satisfactory view of them.

"In laying before our readers a sketch of Slavic popular poetry, we must renounce at once any attempt at chronological order. Slavic popular poetry has yet no history. Not that a considerable portion of it is not very ancient. Many mysterious sounds, even from the gray ages of paganism, reach us, like the chimes of distant bells, unconnected and half lost in the air; while, of many other songs and legends, the coloring reminds us strongly of their Asiatic home. But the wonderful tales they convey, have mostly been only confined to tradition; especially there, where the fountain of poetry streamed, and streams still, in the richest profusion, namely, in Servia. Handed down from generation to generation, each has impressed its mark upon them. Tradition, that wonderful offspring of reality and imagination, affords no safer basis to the history of poetry, than to the history of nations themselves.

. . . . . .

"Before we attempt to carry our reader more deeply into this subject, we must ask him to divest himself as much as possible of his personal and national feelings, views, and prejudices, and to suffer himself to be transported into a world foreign to his

habitual course of ideas. Human feelings, it is true, are the same everywhere; but we have more of the artificial and factitious in us than we are aware of. And in many cases, we hold, that it is not the worst part of us; for we are far from belonging to the class of advocates of mere nature. The reader, for instance, must not expect to find in all the immense treasure of Slavic love-songs, adapted to a variety of situations, a single trace of *romance*, that beautiful blossom of Christianity among the Teutonic races. The love expressed in the Slavic songs is the natural, heartfelt, overpowering sensation of the human breast, in all its different shades of tender affection and glowing sensuality; never elevating but always natural, always unsophisticated, and much deeper, much purer in the female heart, than in that of man. In their heroic songs, also, the reader must not expect to meet with the chivalry of the more western nations. Weak vestiges of this kind of exaltation, with a few exceptions, are to be found among those Slavic nations only, who, by frequent intercourse with other races, adopted in part their feelings. The gigantic heroism of the Slavic Woiwodes and Boyars is not the bravery of honor; it is the valor of manly strength, the valor of the heroes of Homer. The Servian hero, Marko Kralyewitch, was regarded by Goethe as the personification of *absolute* heroism; but even Marko does not think it beneath him to flee, when he meets one stronger than himself. These are the dictates of nature, which only an artificial point of honor can overcome.

"But, for the full enjoyment of Slavic popular poetry, we must exact still more from the reader. He must not only divest himself of his habitual ideas and views, but he must adopt foreign views and prejudices, in order to understand motives and actions; for the Oriental races are far from being more in a state of pure nature than ourselves. He will have to transport himself into a foreign clime, where the East and the West, the North and the South, blend in wonderful amalgamation. The suppleness of Asia and the energy of Europe, the passive fatalism of the Turk and the active religion of the Christian, the revengeful spirit of the oppressed, and the childlike resignation of him who cheerfully submits, — all these seeming contradictions find an expressive organ in Slavic popular poetry. Even in respect to his moral feelings, the reader will frequently have to adopt a different standard of right and wrong. Actions, which a Scotch ballad sometimes shields by a seductive excuse, — as for instance in the case of 'Lady Barnard and Little Musgrave,' where we become half reconciled to the violation of conjugal faith by the tragic end of the transgressors, — are detestable crimes in the eyes of the

Servian poet. On the other hand, he relates with applause deeds of vengeance and violence, which all feelings of Christianity teach us to condemn; and even atrocious barbarities, which chill our blood, he narrates with perfect composure. This latter remark refers, in fact, chiefly to the ancient epics of the Servians. Much less of barbarism and wild revenge meets us in their modern productions, namely, the epic poems relating to the war of deliverance in the beginning of the present century; although their oppressors had given them ample cause for a merciless retaliation. In the shorter and more lyric songs, of which a rich treasure is the property of most Slavic nations, and in which their common descent is most strikingly manifested, there prevails a still purer morality, and the most tender feelings of the human breast are displayed."

In describing the peculiarities of Slavic poetry, Talvi sketches with great fidelity the most prominent features of the character of the people. Their simplicity and purity are reflected in their songs. The poems express the quiet homeliness of Slavic popular life.

We take our leave of this book, so able and so full of information, by congratulating the American public on this valuable accession to their literature. If we have allowed ourselves to correct some statements of fact, to restore a few events to what we believed to be their proper point of view, and to offer some explanations differing slightly from those adopted by the author, we have done so under the belief that her candid mind is open to criticism which is intended to illustrate the truth, and assuredly without any desire to impair the public sense of the high merits of the work.

Art. IV. — *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, with Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros,* &c. By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

The race of fox-hunting English squires, for an intimate knowledge of whose characters and pursuits we are indebted

to Fielding and Scott, has fairly died out. Education has been the death of them; their hounds have long since howled their requiem, and except these four-footed favorites, no one has bewailed their loss. Squire Western and Squire Osbaldistone exist no longer but in the pages of fiction, where they are represented in quite as favorable a light as they deserve; for they were a rude, vulgar, and hard drinking set, whose only pretensions to be considered as gentlemen consisted in the length of their pedigrees and the amount of their rent-rolls. Even purity of blood was an advantage which the Squire shared with his horse, who often had a pedigree quite as long as his master's, and perhaps less liable to be questioned in some of its details. The game laws have been stripped of their most objectionable features and most fearful penalties, though they still form a code which is no monument either to the wisdom or the humanity of the English Parliament. Less than thirty years ago, Sidney Smith complained that there was "a perpetual and vehement desire on the part of the country gentlemen to push the provisions of these laws up to the highest point of tyrannical severity." This is no longer true; and the reason why it has ceased to be true is, that "the country gentlemen" of England have ceased to be the mere fox-hunting squires that they were only a century ago. The squire of the parish, or the lord of the manor, is now almost invariably a thorough-bred gentleman; and he is usually something more. He is, in most cases, "a university man," of cultivated tastes and humane feelings, tolerably well informed as to the literature and politics of the present time, and of the Greeks and Romans, though he may not know much about those of the intervening centuries. As to his opinions, he is usually a stout Conservative, or a very aristocratic Whig, willing to have a reform made in the constitution perhaps once in a hundred years. This is vastly better than being the stupid Jacobite that his great-grandfather was before him.

But with all these alterations and improvements, the country squire is still a keen sportsman, — a perfect Nimrod in ambition, if not in prowess. His position in life allows him only two occupations; his serious business is to hunt, fish, and shoot; his amusement is to be a member of Parliament. All the business of the nation could not keep Her Majesty's

faithful Commons together one week after the shooting season commences; at this important period, all minor engagements must give place to the great duty of life, and to the only things worth living for, — to horses and hounds, angling rods and double-barrelled guns, pheasants and partridges. With a brave and enterprising spirit, and an athletic frame, doomed by his hereditary rank and fortune to follow no occupation which ordinary mortals consider useful, the English country gentleman is fairly driven to field sports by the necessity of having some object of ambition, some employment. Existence to him would be mere vegetation without them. There is a fascination about these manly, out-of-door exercises which those only can understand who have had some experience in them, and which sufficiently accounts for the not infrequent sacrifice of fortune and happiness in their pursuit.

England alone, however, is fast losing its attractiveness as a country for sportsmen. The increase of population, the improvements of agriculture, and the building of innumerable railroads have scared away nearly all the wild tenants of the moor and the forest, who are the huntsman's legitimate prey. There is little excitement in chasing a poor fox or deer, which is turned out of the tail of a cart at the place of rendezvous, and after affording the party what is called "a fine run," is preserved, if possible, from the fangs of the dogs, and carted back to yield another day's amusement. Carefully preserved game is usually very tame game; and when one can bag pheasants by the hundred in a single morning, shooting becomes mere butchery. Stalking the red deer among the highlands of Scotland is a kind of sport requiring more skill, and involving more exposure and hardship, if not peril; and an opportunity to participate in this comparatively noble sport is therefore highly prized. Some of the aristocratic owners of vast estates in the north of Scotland have even been accused of adopting the barbarous example of William the Conqueror, and turning out the human inhabitants of many a square mile of rough land in order to make room for the princely game. Not even is a road allowed to be cut for many miles through these immense mountain parks, so that the deer in their antlered pride may never be disturbed except by the noble sportsman, who comes for a few weeks in the year to creep stealthily upon them with his rifle, under cover

of the rocks and furze. Hunting is indeed the great business of life to those who pursue it under such circumstances.

But as very few can have permission to follow the game over the vast estates of the half a dozen noble proprietors who own half of Scotland, and as the deer, even for the favored few, are scarce and difficult of access, many of the squirarchy, with whom sporting has become an appetite and a passion, are obliged to visit other lands to find exercise for their rifles and hounds. Not even the fervor of missionary zeal, nor the ardor of youthful devotion to science, has carried men farther into the trackless and perilous wilderness, or made them more familiar with the remote haunts of savage tribes, or more reckless of sickness and famine, than the Englishman's love of sport. The landed gentry of England at this moment have representatives hunting the buffalo among the passes of the Rocky Mountains, the tiger on the plains of India, the chamois among the Alps, the lion and elephant in South Africa, and, we believe, the kangaroo over the arid wastes of New Holland. Not even the *auri sacra fames* has urged men to greater effort, or made them peril more.

We must not compassionate this feeling as a sort of monomania, or regret the waste of so much energy and bravery. The English sportsman is generally a keen observer, and often writes as well as he shoots. Some of the most entertaining and valuable additions to our stock of geographical knowledge and our stores of natural history have been made by men whose primary object was amusement in the chase. An awkward attempt is occasionally made, by those who have a glimmering consciousness that shooting birds and hunting tigers is not exactly the most dignified occupation in which a gentleman and a scholar can be engaged, to cover up the waste of time with big words and scientific pretences. The huntsman is an ornithologist, or a zoölogist, forsooth, who is in search of specimens for a scientific museum at home. But the vanity of the sportsman usually peeps out sooner or later, and we learn that he is more proud of a fine shot with a double-barrelled gun, than he would be of easily bagging a specimen of the gigantic bird, now commonly considered extinct, of New Zealand. Let them follow the chase, then, with as much spirit and as little concealment as ever, provided that they write books as amusing and instructive as the volumes

by Captain Harris, or even as these by Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre, whose recent publication has suggested these remarks. The account which Mr. Cumming gives of himself in the Introduction to his book we shall now transfer to our pages, as the best illustration of that trait of character which we have been considering.

"The early portion of my life was spent in the county of Moray, where a love of natural history and of sport early engendered themselves, and became stronger and more deeply rooted with my years. Salmon-fishing and roe-stalking were my favorite amusements; and, during these early wanderings by wood and stream, the strong love of sport and admiration of Nature in her wildest and most attractive forms became with me an all-absorbing feeling, and my greatest possible enjoyment was to pass whole days and many a summer night in solitude, where undisturbed, I might contemplate the silent grandeur of the forest and the ever-varying beauty of the scenes around. Long before I proceeded to Eton, I took pride in the goodly array of hunting trophies which hung around my room.

"In 1839, I sailed for India, to join my regiment, the 4th Madras Light Cavalry. Touching at the Cape of Good Hope, I had an opportunity of hunting several of the smaller antelopes, and obtained a foretaste of the splendid sport I was in after years so abundantly to enjoy. In India, I procured a great number of specimens of natural history, and laid the foundation of a collection which has since swelled to gigantic proportions. Finding that the climate did not agree with me, I retired from the service and returned home, where, resuming my old hunting habits, I was enabled, through the kindness of a wide circle of friends, to follow my favorite pursuit of deer-stalking so successfully that I speedily found myself in possession of a fine collection of select heads from most of the Scottish deer-forests. Growing weary, however, of hunting in a country where the game was strictly preserved, and where the continual presence of keepers and foresters took away half the charm of the chase, and longing once more for the freedom of nature, and the life of the wild hunter — so far preferable to that of the mere sportsman — I resolved to visit the rolling prairies and rocky mountains of the Far West, where my nature would find congenial sport with the bison, the wapiti, and the elk. With this view I obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies. But I speedily discovered that the prospect of getting from the barrack-square would be small, and that I should have little chance of playing the Nimrod whilst attached to this corps. I accordingly effected

an exchange into the Cape Riflemen, and in 1843 found myself once more in the country upon whose frontiers dwelt those vast herds of game which had so often fired my imagination, and made me long to revisit it.

"Immediately upon landing I marched with my division of the army of occupation, under the command of Colonel Somerset, into the country of the Amaponda Caffres, where we lay for some time under canvas — where our principal amusements were quail-shooting and throwing the assagai. Being disappointed in my expectations, and there being at that time no prospect of fighting, I made up my mind to sell out of the army, and to penetrate into the interior farther than the foot of civilized man had yet trodden — to vast regions which would afford abundant food for the gratification of the passion of my youth — the collecting of hunting trophies and objects of interest in science and natural history. And in this I ultimately succeeded to my heart's desire."

Mr. Cumming's claims to be regarded as a person of family and consideration are sufficiently well vouched. The work is dedicated to "his kinsman," the Duke of Argyll, because his Grace takes a deep "interest in the sports of the field and in the habits of wild animals;" and the reader is introduced, in the true spirit of Scotch clanship, to "my cousin, Colonel Campbell of the 91st (one of the bravest and most distinguished officers in the late Kafir war, and withal about the best rifle shot and keenest sportsman then in the colony,) a brother of Captain Campbell of Skipness, the author of the 'Old Forest Ranger,' a work highly approved amongst Indian Nimrods." The style and breadth of Mr. Cumming's outfit and camp equipage also show that the enterprise on which he was engaged is suited only for people of fortune. Two or three enormous covered wagons, each drawn by six or eight pairs of stout oxen, attached to it by a long rope called the trek-tow, were stored with provisions, arms, articles of barter with the natives, and other necessaries, enough to suffice for a whole year. A whole stud of valuable horses, to be used only in the chase, accompanied the wagons; and four or five Hottentot cattle-drivers and after-riders, of whose laziness, cowardice, and drunkenness their master makes sufficient complaint, made up the *personnel* of the expedition. Only on the author's fifth and last trip into the far interior, was he accompanied by a companion of his own rank in life, and also a mighty Nimrod, who appears,

however, to have had enough of it in his first journey, as he had very ill luck in shooting elephants and hippopotami, and before many months had elapsed, he was himself attacked and nearly killed by an immense male leopard. Mr. Cumming's good luck, together with his great skill as a marksman, his fearlessness and remarkable powers of endurance, brought him off scatheless in many a desperate encounter with the wild tenants of the forest and the stream; and he lived to bring his hunting trophies home to England, and make a "South African Museum" of them in London.

We cannot say that these volumes add much to our knowledge of the country or of its human inhabitants. The writer is too deeply interested in his proper business as a sportsman to give any thing more than scattered and incidental notices of the peculiarities of the region that he traversed and the people whom he met. The tribes of natives with whom he came in contact were a feeble and ignoble set, with not even enough of savageness to render their squalor and misery somewhat fearful, and thereby a little dignified. Yet they had not been contaminated by intercourse with the whites, for our Nimrod boasts that he was the first white man who penetrated into the interior of the Bamangwato country, and that his axe and spade pioneered the way which others have since followed. His ire was a good deal excited by the cupidity of the natives, and by their slow but politic manner of driving a bargain; for in striving to turn an honest penny by buying elephants' tusks of them, he found, canny Scotchman as he was, that he could not make a profit out of them of more than a thousand per cent. They were very friendly, as they had reason to be, for his coming was a perfect godsend to them; the terrible havoc that he made among the elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami supplied them plentifully with meat, while at other times they were often in danger of starvation, their imperfect arms not enabling them to cope with the larger or swifter quadrupeds. For this reason, they resorted to many artifices to induce Mr. Cumming to prolong his stay among them, and not attempt to penetrate into the districts lying beyond. They would not supply him with guides, and they told him horrible lies about the want of water, and other difficulties in his way. But the hope of obtaining abundant and noble game is enough to embolden the

true sportsman to run all risks; Mr. Cumming persevered, and came out triumphantly.

His equipment, as we have described it, was seemingly too ponderous and slow-paced, to enable him to go far beyond the bounds of civilization. Oxen are not very fleet, and when in a difficult country or in want of water, they are not apt to be very tractable. But being content to move slowly, and taking care to follow the course of streams, or to send out scouts in advance in search of water, the party got along without much suffering or peril, except what the sportsman incurred voluntarily by bearding the lion in his wrath, or goading the wild elephant to fury. Starting from Graham's Town, he passed over twelve degrees of latitude towards the north, travelling through the heart of the country, and stopping only when the objects of the expedition were accomplished, and not because fresh difficulties environed the way. If geographical exploration had been his aim, he might, for all that appears, have penetrated the interior as many leagues farther, and thus have reached a point within eight or nine degrees of the equator, without encountering any greater hardship or peril, or being absent any longer time from the settlements. From all such natives as he met, a corporal's guard of white men would have been an ample protection, even if their intentions had been hostile; but they appeared perfectly inoffensive, and, as already observed, they esteemed the presence of the stranger a blessing.

Perhaps it is unwise to hanker after some definite information in regard to that vast tract in the centre of Africa, which is still designated on the maps by a blank. On the paths which lead to it are already whitening the bones of many a gallant explorer who has fallen a victim either to the pestilential climate, the wild beasts, or the savage natives, or who has died of thirst on those parched plains. Why, it may be asked, should more lives be sacrificed in expeditions which, even if successful, would only increase our geographical knowledge, and fill up certain lacunæ on the maps, without probably giving any extension to commerce, promoting civilization, or adding to the happiness of man? We cannot tell, except that the imagination is prone to dwell on what is unknown, to people it with marvellous creations, and thus to create an almost irresistible longing to explore its depths.

We now circumnavigate the globe with ease, and send out expeditions which skirt the immovable ice that seems to cover either pole. Yet we are barred out from any knowledge of the interior of a continent the centre of which is hardly a thousand miles distant from the oldest seat of civilization on the face of the globe, or from the shores of two navigable oceans. The exploration of Africa was begun by the Pharaohs and the Carthaginians, and after the lapse of five-and-twenty centuries, it is still unfinished. The source of the Nile is not yet discovered, and a magic circle seems to surround the mysterious Mountains of the Moon, which the foot of civilized man cannot pass. It is provoking to know something of a mighty river in the middle of its course, and yet be unable to lay down either its source or its outlet. But the problem cannot remain unsolved much longer. A belt of settlements by Europeans or civilized natives is forming all around the continent, many of which are making slow but sure progress, and pushing their scouts and pioneers farther into the interior. The Red Sea has once more become one of the grand routes of commerce; and our knowledge of Abyssinia on its western shore, through which lies the shortest and safest road into the heart of the unexplored region, is daily increasing. The line which bounds the African *terra incognita* is daily contracting, and probably before another century has elapsed, the interior will have been traversed in every direction by those who are competent to give a full account of it to the civilized world.

To this desirable consummation, if we may judge from past experience, the hunters of wild animals will contribute a large share. Africa is their favorite domain. The huge pachyderms and great cats abound over the southern part of the continent, and countless herds of antelopes, embracing no less than sixty distinct species, find rich pasture on its extensive plains. Most of these are so fleet and shy that the hunter's skill is taxed to the utmost before he can obtain specimens of them; but their flesh, which always exhales a pleasant odor from the grasses and scented herbs on which they feed, is so tempting to the palate, that the sportsman will not readily abandon their pursuit. The names which have been given to the several species are uncouth enough; there are springboks, rheboks, gemsboks, and blesboks, hartebeests and wildebeests, pallahs, elands, klipspringers, potaquaines,

and serolomootlooques. Mr. Cumming began by "jaging" a herd of them, as it is called, or chasing them on a fleet horse for many miles, firing with a good rifle from the saddle as fast as he could load; such a chase is very exhilarating, but not successful, for though he wounded many, he killed and secured but few. The Dutch Boors select a proper spot near a defile where a herd is wont to pass, and build a hiding place composed of flat stones; at morning and evening, the Boor lies ensconced in this shelter, armed with a tremendously long gun, appropriately called a "roer," and when the herd comes near, he fires with a sure aim. "The report made by these unwieldy guns of the Boors, charged with a large handful of coarse gunpowder, is to be heard at an amazing distance through the calm atmosphere of these high table lands; and during my stay on the flats adjoining Thebus mountain, scarcely an hour elapsed at morning, noon, or eve, but the distant booming of some Dutchman's gun saluted the ear."

Mr. Cumming at last tried stalking the game, sending out his Hottentots to drive the herds towards him, and in this way he was very successful. We give his account of one day's sport that he had in company with a Boor, who was even a better marksman than himself.

"As we rode along, a balmy freshness pervaded the morning air. We passed through herds of thousands of springboks, with small herds of wildebeest scattered amongst them. I fired two or three very long shots without success. Strydom, however, was more fortunate. He fired into a herd of about a hundred bucks at three hundred yards, and hit one fine old buck right in the middle of the forehead, the ball passing clean through his skull. We hid him in a hole in the ground, and covered him with bushes, and then rode on to our Hottentots, whom we found waiting beside a small fountain in a pass formed by a wide gap in a low range of hills, situated between two extensive plains which were thickly covered with game. I took up my position in a bush of rushes in the middle of the pass, and remained there for upwards of eight hours, during which our boys were supposed to be endeavoring to drive the game towards us.

"The Boer took up the best pass about a quarter of a mile to my right. Before we had been an hour at our passes, the boys drove up four beautiful ostriches, which came and stood within fifty yards of Strydom, but, alas! he was asleep. About this time I was busy trying to remember and practise a childish

amusement which once delighted me as much as rifle-shooting — namely, making a cap of rushes — when, on suddenly lifting up my eyes, I saw standing within eighty yards of me about a dozen beautiful springboks, which were coming up to the pass behind me. I snatched up my rifle, and, lying flat on my breast, I sent a bullet through the best buck in the troop, smashing his shoulder. He ran about fifty yards, and fell dead. I unfortunately left him lying exposed in the pass, the consequence of which was that three other troops of springboks, which were coming up as he had come, were turned to the right-about by his carcase.

"It was amusing to see the birds and beasts of prey assembling to dispute the carcase with me. First came the common black and white carrion-crow, then the vultures; the jackals knew the cry of the vultures, and they too came sneaking from their hiding-places in the rocks and holes of the ant-bear in the plains, to share in the feast, whilst I was obliged to remain a quiet spectator, not daring to move, as the game was now in herds on every side of me, and I expected to see ostriches every moment. Presently a herd of wildebeest came thundering down upon me, and passed within shot. I put a bullet into one of these, too far behind the shoulder, which, as is always the case with deer and antelopes, did not seem to affect him in the slightest degree. In the afternoon we altered our positions, and sent the boys to drive the plain beside which I had been sitting all day. The quantity of bucks which were now before our eyes beat all computation. The plain extended, without a break, until the eye could not discern any object smaller than a castle. Throughout the whole of this extent were herds of thousands and tens of thousands of springboks, interspersed with troops of wildebeest. The boys sent us one herd of about three hundred springboks, into which Strydom let fly at about three hundred yards, and turned them and all the rest.

It was now late in the day, so we made for home, taking up the buck which Strydom had shot in the morning. As we cantered along the flats, Strydom, tempted by a herd of springboks, which were drawn up together in a compact body, jumped off his horse, and, giving his ivory sight an elevation of several feet, let drive at them, the distance being about five hundred yards. As the troop bounded away, we could distinguish a light-colored object lying in the short heath, which he pronounced to be a springbok, and on going up we found one fine old doe lying dead, shot through the spine. This day, and every day since I arrived at these flats, I was astonished at the number of skeletons and well-bleached skulls with which the plains were covered. Thousands of skulls of springbok and wildebeest were strewed around

wherever the hunter turned his eye. The sun was extremely powerful all day, but, being intent on the sport, I did not feel it, until I found my legs burnt; my dress as usual was the kilt, with a grey stalking cap."

The springbok is so called from the extraordinary bounds that it makes when pursued. They leap to the height of ten or twelve feet, striking the ground with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, and clearing from twelve to fifteen feet of ground by each effort. Their extraordinary power in this way is best shown when a herd is chased by a dog. "On these occasions, away start the herd with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and at the same time elevating the snowy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairy-like appearance." They bound along in this manner for a short distance, and then fall into a light, elastic trot, arching their graceful necks and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sport. If a herd is forced to cross a path lately trodden by man, each animal clears it at a single leap, as if suspicious of the foot-print of their adversary; and they bound in like manner when passing to leeward of a lion or other animal of which they have an instinctive dread. At their annual migrations, they may be compared to a swarm of locusts, so vast are their numbers; like them, also, they consume every green thing in their course, laying waste a whole district in a few hours. The isolated farmer, therefore, wages war against them with good reason; but one cannot help wishing ill luck to the marksman who waylays and murders these graceful creatures only for sport.

"On the 28th, I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I had often heard the Boers allude to, namely, a 'trek-bokken,' or grand migration of springboks. This was, I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, that I have ever beheld. For about two hours before the day dawned I had been lying awake in my wagon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but on my rising when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks,

marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the northeast, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken, compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried 'Enough.' We then retraced our steps to secure from the ever-voracious vultures the venison which lay strewed along my gory track."

The eland is a much larger species of antelope, often exceeding an ox in size, and being much burdened with fat, while its flesh is very tender and savory, it is hunted with eagerness. On account of its great weight, it is not so swift as the other species, and by hard and judicious riding, it may be chased till it drops dead, owing to its plethoric habit. A hunter's heart knows no relenting, or we might suppose that it would be moved by such a sight as is here described.

"At length I observed an old bull eland standing under a tree. He was the first that I had seen, and was a noble specimen, standing about six feet high at the shoulder. Observing us, he made off at a gallop, springing over the trunks of decayed trees which lay across his path; but very soon he reduced his pace to a trot. Spurring my horse, another moment saw me riding hard behind him. Twice in the thickets I lost sight of him, and he very nearly escaped me; but at length, the ground improving, I came up with him, and rode within a few yards behind him. Long streaks of foam now streamed from his mouth, and a profuse perspiration had changed his sleek grey coat to an ashy blue. Tears trickled from his large dark eye, and it was plain that the eland's hours were numbered. Pitching my rifle to my shoulder, I let fly at the gallop, and mortally wounded him behind; then spurring my horse, I shot past him on his right side, and discharged my other barrel behind his shoulder, when the eland staggered for a moment and subsided in the dust."

As Mr. Cumming passed farther into the interior, and

crossed the Great Orange River, he encountered game more worthy of his rifle. His favorite mode of hunting was on horseback, followed by one or two Hottentot boys riding other horses, so that he could shift his saddle when his own steed became exhausted; these after-riders being "light-weights," and taking care merely to keep their master in sight, and to pass over as little ground for that purpose as possible, he was often enabled, in the midst of a long and hard run, to mount a horse comparatively fresh. Another mode, more fatal to the game, though less honorable to the huntsman, was to dig a hole about three feet deep by the side of a fountain or small stream, the banks of which showed that it was a common watering place for wild animals, and ensconce himself in it of a moonlight night to watch for the mighty game as they came to drink. Lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and the various kinds of antelope usually drink only at night, and often travel many miles to a favorite watering place, returning before dawn to the distant and thick coverts where they pass the day. Nimrod lies in wait for them in his hole at the water-side, and thus has an excellent chance to watch the habits of the animals when undisturbed, to pick out the noblest head among them, and to fire with a steady aim from a short distance. But he must have steady nerves who undertakes to "watch the water" in this fashion; all the monsters of the wilderness congregate growling and roaring around him, and the imperfect light, which is his only chance for concealment and safety, may prove his destruction, by causing some fierce beast to stumble upon him unawares.

In these nocturnal watchings, Mr. Cumming had frequent occasion to observe the proceedings of the wild dogs, which, like their domesticated brethren, are wont to hunt in packs, and by thus rendering mutual aid, as well as by their great powers of endurance, are able to overtake the swiftest, and conquer the most powerful antelopes. One night, having watched in vain for game, he had wrapped his blanket round him, and fallen asleep in his hole. He was suddenly roused by the tramp of a heavy animal galloping within six feet of him, and peeping out, he saw a large brindled gnoo dash into the water, and there stand at bay, followed by four savage dogs. On they came at an easy pace, as if sure of their prey, their muzzles already covered with blood. Just as they were

springing upon him, the crack of a rifle was heard, and the poor gnoo, after giving a single bound, sank quietly beneath the surface; in a twinkling, a shot from the other barrel stretched one of the dogs beside him, while the other three slowly withdrew, and seemed to be searching for the cause of their disappointment. A third shot, as soon as the rifle could be reloaded, sent them scampering away. "I could not help feeling very reluctant," remarks our thorough sportsman, "to fire at the jolly hounds. The whole affair reminded me so very forcibly of many gallant courses I had enjoyed in the Scottish deer forests with my own noble deer-hounds, that I could not divest myself of the idea, that those now before me deserved a better recompense for the masterly manner in which they were pursuing their desperate game." The sympathies of a common man would have been directly the other way, — with the gnoo rather than the dogs.

On another occasion, having carelessly fallen asleep without reloading his rifle, he got a fright from which he did not easily recover. One cannot help thinking that the fate which he so narrowly escaped would be no inappropriate punishment for those sportsmen whose tender mercies even are cruel to all the brute creation. There is a moral significance in the fable of Actæon and his dogs.

"I had not slept long when my light dreams were influenced by strange sounds. I dreamt that lions were rushing about in quest of me, and, the sounds increasing, I awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. I could not for several seconds remember in what part of the world I was, or any thing connected with my present position. I heard the rushing of light feet as of a pack of wolves close on every side of me, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. On raising my head, to my utter horror I saw on every side nothing but savage wild dogs, chattering and growling. On my right and on my left, and within a few paces of me, stood two lines of these ferocious-looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to have a look at me; while two large troops, in which there were at least forty of them, kept dashing backwards and forwards across my wind within a few yards of me, chattering and growling with the most extraordinary volubility. Another troop of wild dogs were fighting over the wildebeest I had shot, which they had begun to devour. On beholding them I expected no other fate than to be instantly torn to pieces and consumed. I felt my blood curdling along my cheeks

and my hair bristling on my head. However, I had presence of mind to consider that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them, and accordingly, springing to my feet, I stepped on to the little ledge surrounding the hole, where, drawing myself up to my full height, I waved my large blanket with both hands, at the same time addressing my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner. This had the desired effect: the wild dogs removed to a more respectful distance, barking at me something like collies. Upon this I snatched up my rifle and commenced loading, and before this was accomplished the entire pack had passed away and did not return."

Paulo majora canamus; let us hear what Nimrod can tell us about the lions. He has a right to speak, for he has probably killed more of these royal animals than any other living man, and has had numerous opportunities of watching them close at hand, when he did not attack them. He contradicts the common story that they refuse to eat venison which they have not killed themselves; — "I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcases of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle." They evince great sagacity in selecting a time and place for satisfying their appetites; they seldom visit the fountains with good moonlight, but choose an early or late hour for watering, according to the time of the moon's rising. Their tawny coats are quite invisible in the dark, and Mr. Cumming often heard them loudly lapping the water not twenty yards off, when he could not make out even the outline of their forms. He allows that lion-hunting is a very dangerous pursuit, though it may be followed with comparative safety by those who have sufficient nerve and skill. "A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession, an acquaintance with the disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts."

"One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or

fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard."

One bright evening in September, our sportsman "watched the fountain," having placed the carcase of a pallah which he had slain near to his hole, as a bait for the lions. He had scarcely lain down, when the terrible voice of a lion was heard a little to the east. He seemed afraid to show himself, though the jackals, hyænas, and wild dogs were crowding thick about the water, and feasting on the remains of a white rhinoceros shot the day before. Presently, a great clattering of hoofs was heard advancing up the valley, and an immense herd of blue wildebeests appeared and rushed into the fountain. A shot from Mr. Cumming's rifle dropped one of them, when the others retreated and stood at gaze on a rising ground just beyond. The jackals and hyænas then came up, and began feasting on the dead wildebeest, when their repast was stopped by an appalling roar from the lion, which was followed for a minute by a deathlike stillness; the wild animals seemed to know and do homage to the voice of their king.

"I had then only one shot in my four barrels, and I hastily loaded the other barrel of my Westley Richards, and with breath-

less attention I kept the strictest watch in front, expecting every moment to see the mighty and terrible king of beasts approaching; but he was too cunning. He saw all the other game fight shy of the water, so he made a circuit to leeward to get the wind off the fountain. Soon after he roared I heard a number of jackals bothering him, as if telling him to come across the vley to the wildebeest: he growled from side to side, as if playing with them, and after this all was still.

"I had listened with intense anxiety for about fifteen minutes longer, when I heard the hyænas and jackals give way on either side behind me from the carcase of the wildebeest, and, turning my head slowly round, I beheld a huge and majestic lion, with a black mane which nearly swept the ground, standing over the carcase. He seemed aware of my proximity, and lowering his head he at once laid hold of the wildebeest and dragged it some distance up the hill. He then halted to take breath, but did not expose a broadside, and in a quarter of a minute he again laid hold of the wildebeest and dragged it about twelve yards farther towards the cover, when he again raised his noble head and halted to take breath.

"I had not an instant to lose; he stood with his right side exposed to me in a very slanting position; I stretched my left arm across the grass, and, taking him rather low, I fired: the ball took effect, and the lion sank to the shot. All was still as death for many seconds, when he uttered a deep growl, and slowly gaining his feet he limped toward the cover, roaring mournfully as he went. When he got into the thorny bushes he stumbled through them as he moved along, and in half a minute I heard him halt and growl fearfully, as if dying."

Having obtained the dogs from the camp, search was made, and the body of the lion, a magnificent old blackmaned fellow, was found in the thicket to which he had retreated. No lover could expatiate on the beauties of his idolized mistress with more earnestness and passion than Mr. Cumming does over this token of his success as a sportsman. "No description," he says, "could give a correct idea of the surpassing beauty of this most majestic animal, as he lay still warm before me. I lighted a fire and gazed with delight upon his lovely mane, his massive arms, his sharp yellow nails, his hard and terrible head, his immense and powerful teeth, his perfect beauty and symmetry throughout; and I felt that I had won the noblest prize that this wide world could yield to a sportsman."

The two following nights, he watched at the same spot, attended by one of his Hottentots, and by two dogs, and had fine sport, besides an opportunity of beholding one of the grandest sights that ever tried the nerves of lion-hunting man. Early the first night, they succeeded in shooting three black rhinoceroses, and wounding a fourth, which escaped. The natives, many of whom were now following his party, cleared away the greater part of two of these huge creatures in the course of the following day, cutting the meat into strips and drying it for preservation; the third was left, according to orders, to serve as a bait for lions. It had the desired effect; an extraordinary congregation of wild animals greeted the eyes of the sportsman as soon as he came to his lurking place.

"I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyænas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcases of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyænas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcases, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission. The hyænas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off.

"At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me.

"I charged the unfortunate, pale, and panting Kleinboy to convert himself into a stone, and knowing, from old spoor, exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel, and placed

myself and gun in position. The six lions came steadily on along the stony ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down; the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking-place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to shove up his ugly head. I turned my head slowly to rebuke him, and again turning to the lions I found myself discovered.

"An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her: she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the cover, I found her lying dead within twenty yards of where the old lion had lain two nights before. This was a fine old lioness, with perfect teeth, and was certainly a noble prize; but I felt dissatisfied at not having rather shot a lion, which I had most certainly done if my Hottentot had not destroyed my contemplation."

The African elephant, unlike the lion, is gregarious in disposition, and is usually found in herds of considerable numbers. The calves remain for several years in company with their dams, and a troop is formed in this manner which sometimes contains over a hundred individuals. They are hunted chiefly for their tusks, which, in the case of the bull elephant, often attain an extraordinary size. Mr. Cumming boasts of possessing a pair, the larger of which measures ten feet and nine inches in length, and weighs one hundred and seventy-

three pounds. As the largest ivory is worth from five to six shillings to a pound in the English market, it is evident that the killing of one of these huge creatures is quite a handsome speculation. Even the female elephants have tusks, though they are not so large as those of the male. Our sportsman appears to have reaped a greater profit from hunting the elephant than is usually obtained by the followers of the chase. In the course of his five years' experience, he "bagged," to adopt his own phrase, no less than one hundred and five elephants, victims of his own rifle, and conveyed their spoils safe to Grahamstown. He drove a considerable traffic, also, in the way of buying ivory from the natives, the price paid being usually one "Brummagem" musket for a fine pair of tusks. Still, as a very respectable stud of horses were usually sacrificed in each annual expedition, and any number of oxen were lost, most of them dying from the bite of a poisonous fly, our Nimrod probably found that the balance of profit and loss, at the end of his five years' work, was altogether on the wrong side.

When much provoked, or driven to extremities, the elephant will fight desperately, and from his great strength and tenacity of life is apt to be an ugly customer; but he usually entertains a great dread of man, and a child can put a whole herd to flight by passing a quarter of a mile to windward of them. They act like timid creatures, choosing the thickest and most secluded coverts, in which they remain quiet during the day, and travel at night a considerable distance to their watering places. Our author avers, that when one troop has been attacked, all the other elephants frequenting the district seem to become aware of the fact within a few days, when they all forsake it and migrate to safer grounds. Their food consists of the branches, leaves, and roots of trees, and also of various sorts of bulbs, which they are enabled to find by their exquisite sense of smell. They consume a great deal of food, and appear quite capricious in selecting it, often breaking down a great number of trees, till the forest appears as if a tornado had passed over it, and yet devouring but little of what they have destroyed.

Our author's favorite mode of hunting them was by pursuing them on horseback, the flower of his stud being usually selected for that purpose, and the heaviest of his rifles, the

bullet being also hardened by pewter. Pushing the horse to his speed, he could usually keep close to the side of the gigantic game, or not far in its rear. Careering over what is usually a very broken and difficult country, at "a killing pace," the huntsman keeps up a running fire upon the huge brute as fast as he can load and discharge his weapon. Occasionally the wounded animal will turn, and "charge" furiously against his pursuer; but his unwieldy size prevents him from wheeling with quickness; and a good horse, directed by a brave and skilful rider, will easily keep out of his way. In this manner, after from six to forty shots have been expended by one who is bold enough to ride up sufficiently near to secure a good aim, and who knows where to place his bullets, the poor elephant usually falls, and renders up his tusks to his captor. Our Nimrod, in one of these exciting chases, usually wore the garb of old Gael, the philibeg barely covering his knees, and with naked legs rode stoutly through thorny coverts, often marking the bushes with his own blood, as well as with that of the elephant. His dress thus offered no impediment to his motions; and so confident in his prowess did he become, that he would often select the stateliest bull elephant from the herd, and by skilful riding contrive to separate him from his companions, and turn his head towards the camp; then, firing upon him as rapidly as possible, the exhausted animal generally dropped at a convenient distance, where the camp followers could easily come and obtain his spoils. Occasionally, for this prey also, the sportsman "watched the water," and bagged his elephant; though in this way he ran a greater risk of only wounding the animal and then losing him, as many shots are usually needed to kill.

The following extract gives a good idea of the coolness with which Mr. Cumming pursued the sport in the former method. It is also a tolerable specimen of the writer's descriptive power, a quality in which he falls far short of Captain Harris, though he has enough of it to make his book a very interesting one.

"It was a glorious day, with a cloudy sky, and the wind blew fresh off the Southern Ocean. Having ridden some miles in a northerly direction, we crossed the broad and gravelly bed of a periodical river, in which were abundance of holes excavated by

the elephants, containing delicious water. Having passed the river, we entered an extensive grove of picturesque cameel-dorn trees, clad in young foliage of the most delicious green. On gaining a gentle eminence about a mile beyond this grove, I looked forth upon an extensive hollow, where I beheld for the first time for many days a fine old cock ostrich, which quickly observed us and dashed away to our left. I had ceased to devote my attention to the ostrich, and was straining my eyes in an opposite direction, when Kleinboy called out to me, "Dar loup de ould carle;" and turning my eyes to the retreating ostrich, I beheld two first-rate old bull elephants, charging along at their utmost speed within a hundred yards of it. They seemed at first to be in great alarm, but, quickly discovering what it was that had caused their confusion, they at once reduced their pace to a slow and stately walk. This was a fine look-out, the country appeared to be favorable for an attack, and I was followed by Wolf and Bonteberg, both tried and serviceable dogs with elephants. Owing to the pace at which I had been riding, both dogs and horses were out of breath, so I resolved not to attack the elephants immediately, but to follow slowly, holding them in view.

"The elephants were proceeding right up the wind, and the distance betwixt us was about five hundred yards. I advanced quietly towards them, and had proceeded about half way, when, casting my eyes to my right, I beheld a whole herd of tearing bull elephants standing thick together on a wooded eminence within three hundred yards of me. These elephants were almost to leeward. Now the correct thing to do was to slay the best in each troop, which I accomplished in the following manner: — I gave the large herd my wind, upon which they instantly tossed their trunks aloft, 'a moment snuffed the tainted gale,' and, wheeling about, charged right down wind, crashing through the jungle in dire alarm. My object now was to endeavor to select the finest bull and hunt him to a distance from the other troop, before I should commence to play upon his hide. Stirring my steed, I galloped forward. Right in my path stood two rhinoceroses of the white variety, and to these the dogs instantly gave chase. I followed in the wake of the retreating elephants, tracing their course by the red dust which they raised and left in clouds behind them.

"Presently emerging into an open glade, I came full in sight of the mighty game; it was a truly glorious sight; there were nine or ten of them, which were, with one exception, full-grown, first-rate bulls, and all of them carried very long, heavy, and perfect tusks. Their first panic being over, they had reduced their

pace to a free, majestic walk, and they followed one leader in a long line, exhibiting an appearance so grand and striking that any description, however brilliant, must fail to convey to the mind of the reader an adequate idea of the reality. Increasing my pace, I shot alongside, at the same time riding well out from the elephants, the better to obtain an inspection of their tusks. It was a difficult matter to decide which of them I should select, for every elephant seemed better than his neighbor; but, on account of the extraordinary size and beauty of his tusks, I eventually pitched upon a patriarchal bull, which, as is usual with the heaviest, brought up the rear. I presently separated him from his comrades, and endeavored to drive him in a northerly direction.

. . . . . .

"At length closing with him, I dared him to charge, which he instantly did in fine style, and as he pulled up in his career I yelled to him a note of bold defiance, and, cantering alongside, I again defied him to the combat. It was thus the fight began, and, the ground being still favorable, I opened a sharp fire upon him, and in about a quarter of an hour twelve of my bullets were lodged in his forequarters. He now evinced strong symptoms of approaching dissolution, and stood catching up the dust with the point of his trunk and throwing it in clouds above and around him. At such a moment it is extremely dangerous to approach an elephant on foot, for I have remarked that, although nearly dead, he can muster strength to make a charge with great impetuosity. Being anxious to finish him, I dismounted from my steed, and, availing myself of the cover of a gigantic nwana-tree, whose diameter was not less than ten feet, I ran up within twenty yards, and gave it him sharp right and left behind the shoulder. These two shots wound up the proceeding; on receiving them he backed stern foremost into the cover, and then walked slowly away. I had loaded my rifle, and was putting on the caps, when I heard him fall over heavily; but, alas! the sound was accompanied by a sharp crack, which, I too well knew, denoted the destruction of one of his lovely tusks; and, on running forward, I found him lying dead, with the tusk, which lay under, snapped through the middle."

The sport with the rhinoceroses and crocodiles being comparatively ignoble, we pass over the record of contests with them, and come to an extraordinary story of a fight with a hippopotamus. When Mr. Waterton, the Yorkshire naturalist, was in South America, he had an encounter with an enormous cayman, or crocodile, his account of which afforded great amusement to Sidney Smith. He actually mounted

the unwounded animal in his native element, after the hook had been fastened in his jaws, and using his fore-legs as a bridle, in spite of all his flounderings, fairly rode him ashore. "Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer — I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox hounds." Mr. Waterton must hide his diminished head; his great rival, Mr. Cumming, made himself the rudder of a live hippopotamus, a monster six times as big as a crocodile, and skilfully steered her to the bank, without the aid of hook, rope, or six stout natives. Among all the illustrations of John Bull's love of daring sport, the preference must surely be given to this picture of a Scotch gentleman, of family and fortune, swimming a river in Africa by clinging tightly to the rump of a live hippopotamus.

"On the 18th, a dense mist hung over the river all the morning. Ordering the wagons to follow in an hour, I rode ahead to seek the sea-cow of the previous night, but after a long search I gave it up as a bad job, and, kindling a fire to warm myself, I awaited the wagons, which presently came up. Here I halted for two hours, and then once more rode ahead to seek hippopotami. The river became more promising for sea-cow. At every turn there occurred deep, still pools, with occasional sandy islands densely clad with lofty reeds, and with banks covered with reeds to a breadth of thirty yards. Above and beyond these reeds stood trees of immense age and gigantic size, beneath which grew a long and very rank description of grass on which the sea-cow delights to pasture.

"I soon found fresh spoor, and after holding on for several miles, just as the sun was going down, and as I entered a dense reed cover, I came upon the fresh lairs of four hippopotami. They had been lying sleeping on the margin of the river, and, on hearing me come crackling through the reeds, had plunged into the deep water. I at once ascertained that they were newly started, for the froth and bubbles were still on the spot where they had plunged in. Next moment I heard them blowing a little way down the river. I then headed them, and, with considerable difficulty, owing to the cover and the reeds, I at length came right down above where they were standing. It was a broad part of the river, with a sandy bottom, and the water came half-way up their sides. There were four of them, three cows and an old bull; they stood in the middle of the river, and, though alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger.

"I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower.

"As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rheim from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead."

After going through adventures so perilous, we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Cumming's external appearance, when he returned to the settlements after more than a year's

absence, was enough to frighten the children of the Dutch Boors.

"On the 21st, I left the Bushman to bring on the wagon, while I walked ahead under a most terrific sun to the farm where I had purchased Prince and Bonteberg, while *en route* to the far interior. My costume consisted of a dilapidated wide-awake hat, which had run the gauntlet with many a grove of wait-a-bits, a dusty-looking ragged shirt, and a pair of still more ragged-looking canvas trousers, which were, moreover, amputated above the knee, while my face was adorned with a shaggy red beard, which *tout ensemble* imparted to me the appearance of one escaped from Bedlam. As I drew near the farm its inmates took fright at my wild appearance, and two of the Boers, timidly projecting their heads from the half-closed door, loudly shouted to me to lay down my gun. I however pretended not to understand, and advancing boldly I wished them good morning. One of these was the owner of the farm, and the man from whom I had bought the dogs, yet nevertheless he failed to recognize me. He still appeared to be much alarmed, and evidently looked upon me as a dangerous character; but, commiserating the transparent texture of my continuations, he offered to lend me a pair of leather 'crackers.' Declining the proffered apparel, I entered the house without ceremony, and having come to an anchor I requested some milk. Here I was immediately recognized by the children as 'de carle wha heb vor Bonteberg haquoch,' namely, the man that bought Bonteberg."

As already intimated, we do not learn much about South Africa, from Mr. Cumming's volumes except in relation to the objects of his peculiar pursuit. The aspect of the country, however, as it appears from his accounts, is far more picturesque and smiling, and better adapted to the wants of civilized man, than one would expect of a land that is the home of so many ferocious animals, and of men who are but little higher in the scale of being than the brutes. Luxuriant grassy plains and well-watered valleys, noble streams and forests of magnificent trees, among which are many open spots which the sun may visit with full power, where immense herds of antelopes graze, and birds of beautiful plumage resort in vast flocks, seem to afford as tempting a habitation for civilized man as can be found in any other quarter of the globe. There are deserts and waterless plains, but they do not cover the whole face of the country. There is enough of cultivable ground to support a dense population,

and no property of the climate seems to forbid the colonizing of this great region by white men. The wild tenants of the country, whether brutes or blacks, would slowly retreat before them, or acknowledge the taming influence of their arts and arms, as they have already done in the immediate neighborhood of the colonists of the Cape. The missionaries are here the pioneers and heralds of civilization; beyond the farthest limits of the settlements they have made their homes, and the example of their way of life seems to have had more effect than their preaching upon the hearts of their converts. The pure doctrines of our religion cannot be successfully preached by uninspired lips to savages, until they have virtually ceased to be savages, or have submitted in some degree to the humanizing effects of civilized life. A missionary establishment, forming an oasis in the wilderness, with its cultivated fields, domesticated animals, and other means of comfort and securities against famine, is the most efficient means of disseminating the bread of life among the wild denizens of the forest. Such establishments are certainly doing a good work in South Africa.

The most remarkable natural object which attracted Mr. Cumming's attention was the gigantic nwana tree, which towers over the rest of the forest as a castle does over the hamlet at its base. They stand singly, or in rows, always at considerable distances from each other, as if disposed by art; and from their wonderful size and height, they appear like interlopers on the ground they occupy. In the Bamangwato country, the average circumference of these trees does not exceed thirty or forty feet; but farther to the north, on the banks of the Limpopo, Mr. Cumming says he daily found specimens which measured from sixty to a hundred feet in circumference, and maintained this thickness to the height of nearly thirty feet, where they diverge into numerous branches, which go off nearly horizontally from the trunk. The wood is soft and unfit for use; the leaf in shape resembles that of the sycamore, and the fruit is a nut about as big as a swan's egg.

We take leave of this book with thanks to the author for much entertainment and some instruction. Some of his stories reach the limits of credibility, but we find no reason to doubt their substantial truth. We hope, in any future

expeditions which he may undertake, that he will collect more abundant materials, and keep more copious notes. When he hunts in a region that has seldom, if ever, been visited by civilized man, the public have a right to expect something more of him than a mere list of the animals which he has killed, and the perils which he encountered in their pursuit.

ART. V. — *History of Greece.* By GEORGE GROTE, ESQ. Vol. II. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1849. 8vo.

MR. GROTE's work is a crowning achievement in the long series of triumphs of English scholarship in the field of Grecian history. His treatment of the Homeric question, in his second volume, is characterized by the candor and comprehensiveness of view, the profound scholarship, and vigor of thought and language, which he has brought to bear upon the whole of his extensive subject. We purpose to give a sketch of the history of the controversy in regard to the poems of Homer; confident that every thing relating to these works, — which, it is not too much to say, have exerted a greater influence over the human race than any other uninspired compositions, — possesses something more than a mere antiquarian interest, inasmuch as a knowledge of the literary, as well as the civil, history of the past is indispensable to a true appreciation of the spirit of the present.

For more than two thousand years, the world, with almost unquestioning faith, received the Iliad and the Odyssey as the productions of one man, — the Father of Poetry, the Prince of Epic Song. Obscure and imperfect traditions, it is true, were the only accounts of his personal history; but that such a bard had existed was regarded as an indisputable fact; and all agreed in representing him as a blind minstrel, who, born and bred in Asiatic Greece, travelled from island to island, and city to city, reciting, in the courts of the princes and before assemblages of his countrymen, those lines which, preserved through the countless mutations and storms of time,

have won for him the admiration and reverence of all succeeding ages, and the highest niche in the temple of poetic fame.

There were, indeed, from time to time, some who did not fully accept the general belief which regarded Homer as the sole author of both of these poems.* But the doubts of these few dissenters did little to weaken the faith of the world in the claims of Homer to the undivided authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey; and it is to Frederick Augustus Wolf that the distinction belongs of having given the first decided blow to the old faith, and commenced the great controversy in regard to the Homeric poems, which has attracted so much attention and called forth so much learning and ingenuity during the last half century. In his able and ingenious *Prolegomena ad Homerum*, published in 1795, Wolf, as is well known, maintained that these poems were not composed in their present form by any one man, but that they were made up of a number of short rhapsodies or songs, put together for the first time in the age of Pisistratus, and altered and amended by successive editors, until, under the hands of the Alexandrian critics, and particularly of Aristarchus, they took finally the form in which they have come down, with little alteration, to us. That the greater part of these rhapsodies are the productions of the same man, Wolf did not deny; but he maintained that they were not composed as parts of one great poem, but separate and distinct, by themselves.

---

* The Venetian scholia, discovered by Villoison in 1788, inform us of a school bearing the name of "Chorizontes," who, at an early period in the age of the Alexandrian critics, maintained the separate authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey. At the head of this school was a certain Xenon, and of his followers the name of Hellanicus alone is preserved. Aristarchus wrote a treatise against the Separatists, entitled *Πρὸς τὸ Ξένωνος παράδοξον*, and probably treated of the same subject in another work, *Περὶ τῆς Ἰλιάδος καὶ τῆς Ὀδυσσείας*. Seneca alludes to the disputes on this point, as among those discussions in which it is a waste of time to engage. *De Brevitate Vitæ*, xiii. 2. About the close of the 17th century, Hedelin, the Abbé d' Aubignac (who died in 1676) denied that Homer ever existed, and asserted that the poems which bear his name were composed of the songs of mendicant minstrels in the highways. This view was supported by Perrault, in his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, published in 1690; but it received no favor from the scholars of that day. Giambattista Vico, an Italian writer of marked boldness and originality, maintained, in his *Scienza Nuova* which appeared in 1728, that Homer is an ideal personage, and that the Iliad and Odyssey were constructed by the Pisistratidæ, and are the collected fragments of the poetry of the heroic ages, the Odyssey being composed of the songs of the West of Greece, and the Iliad of those of the East. And Bentley, in a remarkable passage incidentally introduced in a work of theological controversy published in 1743, (*Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*, p. 26,) advanced the opinion that Homer wrote "a sequel of songs," which "were not collected together in the form of an epic poem till Pisistratus's time, about 500 years after."

But no small share of the honor of commencing this controversy belongs to Heyne,* who in 1802 advanced, with great clearness, force, and ingenuity, a hypothesis very similar to that of Wolf; the chief point of difference being that, while Wolf admitted that Homer probably wrote the greater part of the short songs which were afterwards united in one poem, Heyne maintained that several rhapsodists originally composed the songs from which the Iliad was subsequently compiled.

A theory so new and so startling, advanced by so eminent scholars, at once attracted general attention in that age of critical inquiry. The skeptical tendency of the German scholars inclined them to receive the hypothesis of Wolf and Heyne with favor; and for thirty years they embraced, almost universally, the negative portion of this theory, differing from one another only in regard to the origin which should be ascribed to these poems, in contradiction to the old belief which they united in rejecting. In the other European countries, the Wolfian hypothesis found fewer advocates. In England, it was attacked with much spirit by Richard Payne Knight, and the French and Italian scholars generally condemned it as wild and absurd. The new theory, however, found so many able advocates that, in the generation immediately after the publication of Wolf's work, it was not only generally adopted in Germany, but its influence was gradually felt throughout Europe, and some scholars even in conservative England gave it their full assent.

But in the first stages of every such controversy, the skeptical view is more generally favored, and carried to greater lengths, than afterwards. Whenever investigation discovers errors in an old belief, and finds that the foundations on which it rests are in many cases uncertain and unstable, we are prone to conclude that, since a part is false, the whole is false also, and thus run from the extreme of credulity to the extreme of skepticism. That there must have been some truth at the bottom of the belief which has obtained general acceptance, the united voices of history and of reason declare to us; but this fact is often disregarded, and we do not, at first, hesitate to deny entirely the truth of a doctrine which we have

---

*Excursus annexed to his *Homeri Carmina*, vol. viii.

proved to be unsound in some respects. But a reaction soon follows; and the time comes when men begin to search for the elements of truth in the old faith, and to adopt a modified belief, retaining many of the features of the old, but purified from its corruptions and errors. To this, the second period in all such controversies, that on the poems of Homer has now arrived; and the general result to which the inquiries of scholars for the last ten or fifteen years have led, is the rejection of the extreme, skeptical views of Wolf and Heyne, and the adoption of a belief, more or less modified, in the original unity of the Homeric poems. The hypothesis of Wolf, indeed, has by no means been abandoned, and, as recently as 1841, it was supported with the greatest confidence, and with many new and original arguments, by Lachmann.* Its advocates, however, have been compelled to abandon many of the arguments on which it was originally founded, and have failed to bring forward others sufficient to establish it. The discussion has already gone far enough for us to discern some definite results; and we feel justified in saying that there are important conclusions which, — though the prejudices of education and of favorite opinions may prevent many of the scholars of this generation from acknowledging them, — posterity will regard as established by the investigations that have been already made. We hope to show that the truth of this proposition can no longer be doubted; that the Iliad and Odyssey, — whether both were written by the same poet or not, — are, each, essentially and in the main, the work of a single author, — the production of one mind, and not of many.

It should be kept in mind that there is a *presumption* in favor of this proposition. Here are two connected poems, each forming a regular and symmetrical whole, purporting to be the work of a single author, and universally regarded as such for twenty-five centuries. Even if it be proved that the same man is not the author of both, the presumption is not destroyed that either of them was composed by a single individual. The burden of proof, then, lies upon those who

---

* *Uber die ersten zehn Bücher der Ilias*, von Hermn Lachmann. (*Abhandlungen der Königlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin*, 1837.) *Fernere Betrachtungen über die Ilias*, von Hermn Lachmann. (*Abhandlungen*, &c., 1841.) Berlin. 1843.

dispute the ancient belief. They are bound to show, either that the old theory is disproved by certain and acknowledged facts, or that it is in itself incredible and absurd; and they are bound, at the same time, to advance a more probable supposition of their own. Moreover, it should be remembered that, to establish the single authorship of these poems, it is not necessary that we should bring forward demonstrative, mathematical evidence, or show that no objection whatever can be urged against it; but it is sufficient to prove that, though there may be some probabilities on both sides, the balance is in our favor. The evidence for many, indeed most, of the truths that we regard as unquestionable, is not properly demonstrative, but only probable. Even the truth of the Christian religion is established, so far as external evidence is concerned, by the preponderance of probabilities. We may allow, then, that many of the arguments of the opponents of the Homeric unity have considerable force, — that some of them can be answered with difficulty, and others not at all; and, at the same time, we may consider the arguments for it as of such weight, the probabilities as so greatly in its favor, as to feel a moral certainty of its truth.

The first proposition which Wolf attempted to prove in his *Prolegomena* is, that the art of writing and the use of manageable writing materials were unknown in the age when the Homeric poems were composed. He then urged that it would be impossible for a man to design and compose, unaided by the art of writing, connected poems of such length as the Iliad and Odyssey. He maintained, with the greatest earnestness, that this is an impossibility from the very nature of the case, resulting from the very constitution of our faculties; so that it is incredible that it should be surmounted, even by the most extraordinary and exalted genius. But the very proposition on which Wolf based his argument has been denied, — particularly by Kreuser in 1828, and by Nitzch afterwards; and, as Prof. Ritschl, of Bonn, declared in 1838, we can no longer take it for granted that the Iliad and Odyssey were not originally committed to writing. At the same time, however, the doctrine of the oral transmission of these poems still keeps its ground, though many reject the premises from which Wolf drew it, as well

as the conclusion to which it led him. The language of the poems is thought to show that they were recited for several centuries before they were committed to writing; and it is, perhaps, the prevailing (though not the universal) belief of scholars at the present day, that the digamma was pronounced by the poet, and his works not written out till that prefix had been laid aside. The oral transmission, however, of these poems has ceased to be regarded as an insuperable objection to the theory of their having a single author. We know that other poems, of even greater length, have been preserved by memory alone.* Plato speaks of the invention of letters as the great enfeebler of memory. But, even where the use of writing has been introduced, and the cultivation of the memory thus rendered less necessary, there have been extraordinary manifestations of this faculty so numerous as to make us easily believe that, in earlier ages, it attained a surprising perfection. We are ready to say, then, with Payne Knight, that there is nothing wonderful, — or, at least, with Mr. Grote, that there is nothing improbable, in the supposition that the Homeric poems were preserved entire for several centuries before they were committed to writing, since they were handed down by a class of men who, hired at a liberal price by all the kings and states of Greece, gave their undivided attention to learn, retain, and correctly recite them. Indeed, Wolf himself says that he considers the capacity of memory which could retain the whole of Homer as by no means extraordinary, and thinks that good rhapsodists could sometimes remember much more than this. He has been misunderstood on this point by some writers, who have represented him as resting his theory partly on the ground of the impossibility of the preservation of these poems in an age when no use was made of writing materials, and charged him with inconsistency in devoting several pages to show the wonderful powers of memory of the rhapsodists. But Wolf's arguments are directed against the possibility of the composition of such poems, not that of

* Calmuc and Indian epics, — longer than the Homeric Poems, though greatly inferior in beauty, and which have been said to bear about the same proportion to the Iliad and Odyssey as the Pyramids to the Parthenon, — have been thus preserved. The songs of the Icelandic Skalds were transmitted orally for a period longer than two centuries. Many similar instances might be cited.

their preservation; we will now see to how much weight they are entitled.

That a poet could conceive the design of a work like the Iliad or Odyssey, before the art of writing was known, we think there is no reason to doubt. It has never been denied that short rhapsodies were composed without the aid of this art; and why is it incredible, that the poet who could form the plan of a number of short poems, should be able also to design a long one? Even if the conception of a long, continuous poem was beyond the powers of most rhapsodists, why might not an extraordinary genius arise, equal to the task? Heyne says it is improbable that the Iliad was composed by one author, because we cannot suppose that a man in the Homeric age should write by rules; — as if a man of genius like Homer would compose by rules, and never be able to go beyond former models! The rules of such a man are the promptings of his own mind; his genius is not confined within prescribed limits. Again, the plan of the Iliad is not so artificial as some have supposed. From the very nature of the early heroic poetry, and the manner of its recitation, we cannot expect to find in the poems of Homer those indications of artifice and of a plan elaborated with minute exactness, which we find in modern epics. It is a certain consistency of character and connection of story, exciting a sustained and uniform interest throughout the poem, that we discover in the Iliad; and that a rhapsodist could conceive the plan of a connected poem of this kind is neither incredible nor improbable, though it were in an age when he could receive no assistance from writing materials. The human mind was the same then as now; it had the same wonderful capacities, and could entertain the same lofty conceptions. Indeed, it seems to us hardly possible that a bard of genius, who could compose separate songs like those said to be embodied in the Iliad, should pass his life without forming the plan of some large, continuous poem, of sufficient extent to afford a field for the exertion of his powers in the consistent development of his characters and the production of a complete and symmetrical work.

Nor do we see any thing to prevent the composition of such a work at that period. We have seen that other poems, of even greater length, have been produced without

the aid of writing. And, in an age when the memory was cultivated to such an extent, why could not a rhapsodist remember his own songs, as well as those of others? And why could not the Homer, who, as Wolf admits, could compose and remember a number of short lays, compose and remember likewise a long poem, — a series of connected lays? There is nothing improbable in the supposition, that Homer was assisted in the composition of his works by the memory of others, and taught the successive portions of his poems to his pupils or followers.

In confirmation of his doctrine on this point, Wolf asserts that all former poems were very much shorter than those which we ascribe to Homer. Admitting this to be the fact, why is it impossible that a bard of great genius should conceive and execute a work on a grander scale than any of his predecessors? But Wolf assumed too hastily that the transition was thus abrupt from the earlier bards; and Welcker, in his learned work on the "Epic Cycle," thinks he has good ground for saying that, before the date of the Iliad and Odyssey, longer poems than they had been composed. Wolf urged, in further confirmation of his theory, that these poems are too long for recitation; but here, also, he assumes too much; because he cannot show that there were not festivals of several days in duration, as many suppose, in which they were recited.

It is now generally admitted, and we may consider it as established, that these, the chief objections of Wolf and his immediate followers to the single authorship of these poems, have been satisfactorily answered; and that the natural impossibility, — the "*plane ineluctabilis vis naturæ*," — which is said to preclude the idea of such works being composed by one man, does not exist.

But it has been maintained, further, that there is direct historical evidence by which the theory of Wolf and Heyne is confirmed and established; and Montbel, — in his able *Histoire des Poésies Homeriques*, published in Paris in 1831, in which he avows himself a follower of Wolf, — charges his opponents with belonging to the "æsthetic" instead of the "historic" school, and "taking for their point of departure a sort of internal conviction," instead of looking for the facts history furnishes, and then drawing their infer-

ences from them. Wolf asserts that "the unanimous voice of all antiquity testifies that Pisistratus first committed the poems of Homer to writing, and reduced them to that order in which they are now read;" and that it was at this time that the separate songs, of which the Iliad and Odyssey are composed, were first blended together. In proof of this proposition he cites various passages from old historians and scholiasts. These our limits do not permit us to give; but we have no hesitation in saying that not a passage has been cited by which such conclusions are warranted, or which necessarily implies any thing more than that Pisistratus made a new edition of poems which had already existed in a complete form. Indeed, several ancient writers distinctly state that the work of Pisistratus was merely to re-collect the scattered fragments of Homer, and restore them to their primitive shape. Not only is the theory which assigns to Pisistratus the uniting of the detached songs of the Homeric bards into two connected poems unsupported by historical evidence, but there are many insuperable objections to it, arising from its incredibility in itself, and its inconsistency with Grecian habits and opinions. Mr. Grote presents these objections so fully, clearly, and forcibly, that we need only refer our readers to the masterly statement of them in his pages, (Vol. II. pp. 203–216.) We will only state here, that many of the most distinguished scholars who have examined this question concur in the opinion he expresses, that "the Iliad and Odyssey were entire poems long anterior to Pisistratus."

We have seen that the chief arguments of Wolf and Heyne and their early followers have been satisfactorily answered. There are other grounds, however, on which their theory is still maintained with the greatest confidence and earnestness. The internal evidence afforded by the poems themselves is that to which both parties now appeal with most confidence; and this attention to the internal evidence particularly characterizes the present state of the controversy. It is acknowledged on both sides, that all the arguments that can be brought from facts extraneous to the poems themselves, whatever force they may be thought to have in corroboration of the results to which the evidence furnished by an examination of the poems may lead, are insufficient, without such evidence, to establish any certain

conclusion. But the theory of the single authorship of these poems has not been shaken by any arguments from internal evidence. On the contrary, it is from such that it derives its strongest confirmation.

Although arguments of this kind have but recently taken the most prominent place in this discussion, they have, from the very commencement of the controversy, been urged with great earnestness by both parties. Wolf himself thought that he found, on an examination of the poems, indications confirming his hypothesis. He discovered, he said, traces of the hands of the joiners; and found not only single passages, but whole rhapsodies, both in the Iliad and the Odyssey, which he considered as bearing internal evidence that they are not the work of Homer, — that is, of the rhapsodist by whom the greater part of the separate songs were composed. But since the opponents of the doctrine of the single authorship of the Iliad have been driven to the argument from internal evidence as their last refuge, it has been presented with much greater minuteness and particularity than ever before. Lachmann stands at the head of those who have attacked the theory of Homeric unity with it. In his papers read before the Royal Academy of Berlin, in 1837 and 1841, he has very closely and minutely examined the Iliad, and divided the first twenty-two books into sixteen portions, which, he maintains, are each separate and unconnected lays, in some cases, perhaps, the production of the same, in others, certainly of different authors. Thus this bold inquirer not only asserts that the Iliad is an aggregate of independent songs composed by different bards, but even goes so far as to point out the different lays, and separate them from the collection in which they are incorporated. He attempts to establish his theory by pointing out defects and inequalities in the Iliad, inconsistencies in the action, time, and characters, and variations of grammatical form and metrical structure. But in his observations, though advanced with the most comfortable complacency, it is easy to detect an extravagant spirit of microcriticism, and the merest *captatio argutiarum.* Notwithstanding the great ability and ingenuity which his papers on many points display, they have not had a favorable reception among scholars. Mr. Grote, who treats them with the respect due to the eminent

scholarship of their author, says he finds himself "constantly dissenting from that critical feeling, on the strength of which Lachmann cuts out parts as interpolations, and discovers traces of the hand of distinct poets; that his objections against the continuity of the narrative are often founded upon lines which the ancient scholiasts and Mr. Payne Knight had already pronounced to be interpolations; and that such of his objections as are founded upon lines undisputed, admit in many cases of a complete and satisfactory reply." Many of the objections of this German critic, which seem entitled to the most weight, may be easily explained, as Bishop Thirlwall suggests, on Prof. Ritschl's hypothesis, that Homer made free use of former materials.

Indeed, we are persuaded that it is impossible to discover in the poems themselves proofs sufficient to establish the position that they were composed by various authors. For to do this it is not enough to point out particular omissions, inconsistencies, and contradictions; but it is necessary to show that the proofs of separate authorship outweigh in force the proofs of unity and design exhibited throughout the poem. It is not by finding little imperfections and incongruities in a work that its genuineness can be impeached. If it were so, the authenticity of not a single work of genius would be secure. Suppose, for instance, that in future ages the authorship of Milton's Paradise Lost, or of one of the plays of Shakspeare, should be as unsettled as is that of the Homeric Poems; — we fear they would be as unmercifully mangled under the knife of a Lachmann as the Iliad has been. Dr. Johnson, in his criticisms on Shakspeare, often complains of "absurdities," "incongruities," and "inconsistencies" in his dramas; in one play, he finds many passages which he pronounces "mean, childish, and vulgar;" in another, he says "the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience." Now, it is on precisely such inconsistencies and defects as these that Lachmann disputes the single authorship of the Iliad. We can hardly find a work of genius in which similar incongruities are not discoverable. Any one reading the chapters on Cervantes, in Mr. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, will be struck with the great resemblance between the very numerous contradictions and

inconsistencies in Don Quixote, and those in the Iliad and Odyssey.* The most highly esteemed works we possess have, in many cases, been censured for imperfection of plan and inconsistencies of action; and, indeed, it is demanding something beyond the reach of human faculties, to expect that a work should be free from inequalities of style and inadvertences of composition. An author may realize his intention incompletely, and may be attentive only to his general plan, neglecting the details of his work; and indeed there are a thousand ways in which such inconsistencies in written productions may be occasioned. Nor are such inconsistencies, within certain limits, to be considered as defects. "Faultless precision of detail, is the attribute of mediocrity."† Nature herself produces her symmetry by a beautiful irregularity; and never makes the two sides of the same human face exactly similar.

But, though these allegations of inconsistencies and incongruities are of little weight as arguments against the single authorship of the Homeric poems, the general symmetry of structure, and the uniformity of tone and sentiment that each exhibits, are of great force to prove that it is the production of one mind; for although it is not improbable that the greatest work of any one author may have defects and inconsistencies, it is in the highest degree improbable that a number of men should write a quantity of separate songs, which should so correspond in style, subject, and character as to be capable of being united in one aggregate, which should have the appearance of a uniform, regular, and connected poem, and be accepted as such, for ages, by the world. Now it is maintained that each of the poems of Homer exhibits a unity of action and sentiment which can be accounted for on no other supposition than that it is the work of one mind; that we cannot conceive that the productions of different, independent authors should be collected together so as to form a whole of such uniformity of style and sentiment; that the consistent development and por-

* Mr. Mure, in his History of Greek Literature, points out similar incoherencies in the works of Virgil, Dante, Milton, and Scott. The same writer, speaking of the self-contradictions of Wolf, says: "Were the principles of his school of commentary to be enforced against his own Prolegomena, that essay could not possibly, in its integrity, be the work of the same author." Vol. i. p. 198.

† Longinus *De Sublimitate*, xxxiii., quoted by Mr. Mure.

traiture of the characters, and the manner in which their individuality is preserved throughout, bear witness to the genius of one master-mind.

In the Odyssey, the unity of plan and sustained progress of the story are so striking as to be almost sufficient of themselves to preclude the possibility of a doubt as to its single authorship. The very few and inconsiderable marks of incoherence that it exhibits are such as we cannot at all wonder at, especially when we consider for what hearers it was composed. Mr. Grote says that, if we had the Odyssey alone, the question of Homeric unity would never have been raised; and he brings with great force an argument from the impossibility of disproving the authenticity of this poem, to prove that the Iliad might have been composed, like it, before the use of writing, and preserved entire to this day.

The Iliad, it is true, exhibits some incoherencies. These, however, are easily accounted for; and there are sufficient indications that the poem is, in the main, the composition of one bard. As we have before remarked, we are not to expect to find the early heroic poems perfectly symmetrical and regularly developed works. We think that some of the advocates of the Homeric unity have insisted too strongly on the perfect regularity of structure in the Iliad. Because Aristotle drew it from his rules of epical composition, and subsequent writers of epics have bound themselves down to it as a model, we wrongly infer that its author elaborated his plan with all the artifice and scrupulous regularity of modern poets. When we speak of the plan of a poem composed in the age of Homer, we must use the word in a more general sense than when speaking of modern productions. All that we can look for in such a work intended for public recitation, and not for the private perusal of the closet, is a certain consistency of the characters, and harmony of the parts, sufficient to keep up the interest of the hearers throughout the poem by the continued development of the same subject. There is a certain unity and consistency, indeed, that would necessarily exist in a composition produced by a single mind; and such we find in the Iliad, so marked and conspicuous as to make us unwilling to believe that it is the work of several authors. Heyne admits and praises the general unity, harmony, and completeness of the Iliad. We copy his sketch of the plan,

as being clear, concise, and complete, and giving such an explanation of the scheme of the poem as to answer entirely the objection sometimes urged against its unity, on account of the large space occupied in the account of the contests of the Greeks and Trojans, while the hero, Achilles, is kept out of sight. "The proper subject of the Iliad," he says, "is the various fortunes of the Greeks and of the Trojans in consequence of the wrath of Achilles and his subsequent valor; these fortunes, however, are not recounted for their own sake, but with this design, that, through them, the valor of Achilles may be made conspicuous, — without his aid the Greeks being vanquished, but with it, victorious." Wolf, also, makes a striking admission of the effect produced upon his own mind by the harmony and consistency of the Homeric poems; and confesses that, as often as, withdrawing himself from the historical arguments, he confines his attention to the poems themselves, he is so struck with their uniformity of tone and coloring, and the many seeming indications of their being the productions of the same mind, that he is almost induced to believe that his researches have misled him, and that he ought to abandon his theory. The admissions of these, the greatest of the assailants of the Homer of old faith and tradition, can be urged with great force against the Lachmanns of our times, who pretend to find, in the poems which bear his name, nothing but aggregations of the works of various authors.

It should be borne in mind, moreover, that the most strenuous advocates of the Homeric unity do not deny that there are numerous interpolations in the Iliad and Odyssey; and this fact is sufficient to account for many inequalities of the style, and inconsistencies of the action. It would be strange, indeed, if such interpolations were not found in a work orally transmitted for several centuries, and exposed to constant changes at the hands of successive rhapsodists and editors. But the uniformity of texture of the poems is sufficient proof that the whole web is, in the main, the work of one author, whatever threads may have been woven in by other hands. Mr. Mure, after a masterly analysis of the different characters in the Iliad, declares that it is impossible that "a series of such singularly delicate portraits, individualized by so subtle a unity of mechanism, not only in their broader features of

peculiarity, but in the nicest turns of sentiment and phraseology, can be the produce of the medley of artists to which the Wolfian school assigns them." "It were about as probable," he adds, "that some ten or twenty sculptors of the age of Pericles, undertaking each a different part or limb of a statue of Jupiter, should have produced the Olympian Jove of Phidias, as that a number of ballad singers should succeed, by a similar process of patchwork, in producing the Achilles, or the Agamemnon, the Priam, the Hector, or the Helen of Homer." *

The harmony of the parts and consistency of the characters, then, so manifest in the Iliad and Odyssey, satisfy us that each is the production of one mind. It is, we think, a spirit of hypercriticism that has dictated the attacks which have been made on the unity and symmetry of these poems; and we may well call in question the qualifications to judge of the poetical beauties and consistency of a work, possessed by a man who has grown one-sided by his exclusive attention to grammatical and verbal criticism, and who is accustomed to regard the minutiæ of the details more than the general effect of the whole.

To us it appears a supposition the most extravagant and incredible, that the songs of a great number of bards should be collected together and moulded into a single poem of such unity of action and such uniformity of tone and coloring, as to be received for ages, without suspicion, by critics and scholars, as the production of one author. That must, as it has been truly said, have been a fruitful age that brought forth such a flock of poets in a few centuries, all of such transcendent excellence as to have been unrivalled for three thousand years. Indeed, that each of the Homeric poems is, in the main, the production of one bard, we should be forced to believe, even if we adopted a great part of the conclusions of Wolf or of Heyne in regard to the manner in which they were composed. So in regard to Dr. Strauss's attempt to overthrow a more important belief, Coquerel says, "In the midst of his infidelity, Strauss is forced to leave erect a sufficient number of the parts of the Christian edifice to enable us to rebuild it in its entireness." We could never give our

* *History of Greek Literature*, vol. i. p. 361.

assent to Wolf's hypothesis so far as not to consider that that one rhapsodist who, as he says, composed the greater part of the lays now united in the Iliad, composed them with reference to each other, — as parts of one work or series of rhapsodies, — and in accordance with a plan as regular and as definite as a man of genius would be likely to form of any work in that age; and we should have no hesitation in pronouncing that the successive songs in which the same characters are consistently developed, and the same action carried on, form together a complete poem, even if the parts were recited at different places, and the author, though having a general plan in his mind, was not able to exhibit it to the multitude. And still more, if we accepted most of the conclusions of Heyne, should we say that the one man, who, according to his theory, skilfully combined the lays of various former rhapsodists into one great poem, was, in fact, and in all essential particulars, the real, the original author of that poem. We cannot conceive of one man's patching together a number of different songs into the form of a connected and consistent poem, without remodelling and recasting them in his own mind; he who combined preëxisting rhapsodies into one comprehensive whole must have gone far to rewrite the whole poem; the crude materials of the work must have passed through "the glowing crucible of one assimilating, informing, and transfusing mind." Heyne himself seems to have perceived this fact in part. "Now let that noble genius," he says, "to whom we are indebted for this union with so admirable skill, be our Homer. I grant him inspiration, in common with the old ἀοιδοί."

Thus is the single authorship of the Homeric poems established, and thus signally have all the attempts to disprove it failed. We cannot but think its opponents chargeable sometimes with one-sided views and with illogical reasoning; and we often discover in them the fault which has been attributed to many German critics, that they allow evidences slight in strength, or inferior in kind, to tell when pointing to negative conclusions, while more cogent and commanding considerations are passed lightly by, if they tend to sustain the affirmative side of an inquiry.

Homer, then, still remains; and, as we read the immortal poems which bear his name, we may still feel the assurance

that, though both may not be the work of the same author, each is, in the main, the production of one master-mind, — the creation of one and the same transcendent genius. Additions may have been made to the original structure, and portions fallen to decay; but we can still trace many of its original proportions, and enjoy the general effect designed by the architect. The author of the Iliad, at least, — the greater of the two poems, — is no fictitious personage, the offspring of blind tradition and credulous faith; and it is not an empty, counterfeit name, that the world has venerated as Homer for twenty-five hundred years.

So much, we may say with confidence, has been established. But when we push our inquiries farther, and endeavor to ascertain the particulars of the composition of these poems, the circumstances of Homer's life, and the manner in which he first published his songs to the world, our path is beset with insuperable difficulties, and we are forced to admit that it is impossible to come to certain conclusions on many of these points without the light of more historical evidence than has yet been discovered. We are here obliged to content ourselves with the suppositions which appear most probable; and the preponderance of probabilities, though in some cases decided, is often almost imperceptible.

Mr. Grote suggests that the name "Homer" was not that of any individual man, but represents the "divine or heroic father of the Homeridæ," a poetical *gens* in the island of Chios, whose existence is established by indisputable historical evidence. The various works of the different rhapsodists of this *gens*, were all styled the works of Homer; and thus it was that the Thebais, the Epigoni, the Cyprian Verses, the Hymns, and various other poems, as well as the Iliad and the Odyssey, were, in ancient times, ascribed to Homer. "But this disallowance of the historical personality of Homer," Mr. Grote remarks, "is quite distinct from the question, with which it has been often confounded, whether the Iliad and Odyssey are originally entire poems, and whether by one author or otherwise. To us, the name of Homer means these two poems, and little else." This supposition has the merit of accounting satisfactorily for the fact that so many poems were attributed to Homer by the ancients, which, as it is now universally admitted, are not by the author of the Iliad.

In regard to the Odyssey, the prevailing belief of scholars assigns to it a different author from that of the Iliad, although some men of learning and ability still hold the opposite opinion.* There are many marked points of difference between the two poems. The manners of the Odyssey indicate a more advanced state of society than those of the Iliad, and similar differences are discernible in the mythology and language. Hence, many critics at the present day are led to pronounce the two poems to be the productions of different authors and different periods. Payne Knight places the Iliad one hundred years before the Odyssey; Mr. Grote, however, thinks it probable that the two poems were composed in the same age, though not by the same author. Some, who still cling to the ancient belief that they are both the productions of the same bard, endeavor to meet the objections by calling the Iliad the work of his youth and the Odyssey of his old age; but this is hardly a sufficient answer, — and we are inclined to adopt the opinion sanctioned by the majority of scholars, that they are the productions of different poets.

Various opinions are held with respect to the manner in which these poems were composed. Welcke, Lange, Nitzch, and Ritzchl maintain that there are two periods into which the history of the composition of the heroic poetry of the Greeks may be divided; the first, that of short narrative songs, recited by the ἀοιδοί; and the second, that of constructive minds, who recast and blended together many of these songs into a larger and regular aggregate, conceived upon some scheme of their own. To the second period they assign Homer; and they suppose that he made liberal use of the materials of preceding rhapsodists, but recast them in his own mind, and adapted them, by his genius, to his own plan. Another theory has been advanced by Hermann, who maintains that Homer composed two short poems, the germs of the present Iliad and Odyssey; and that successive rhapsodists, for several centuries, confined their labors to the enlargement and perfection of these works. And an opinion

* Mr. Mure, in whose very able dissertation on the Homeric Question the reaction against the skeptical views of the Wolfian school seems to have reached its culminating point, maintains confidently the identity of authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey. The fact cannot yet be regarded as settled. Some eminent scholars who once held the Separatist doctrine, are now inclined to return to the old belief.

nearly coinciding with that expressed by Bentley is held by some, who still look upon the Iliad as the production, in the main, of a single author, but believe that the "sequel of songs" he wrote on the same subject were not put together in the form of an epic poem till long after his death.

The theory of Hermann we feel justified in rejecting; for, as Bishop Thirlwall says, it is absurd to suppose that all the poetical genius of Greece was, during several centuries, entirely devoted to the task of enlarging, remodelling, polishing, and perfecting these two poems. The supposition to which we incline as the most probable is, that Homer availed himself of the incidents related in the songs of his predecessors, and took for the personages of his poems the characters they had sung and developed; and that, perhaps, he sometimes incorporated parts of these lays into his poems. This manner of composition is somewhat analogous to that which Shakspeare followed, in drawing many of his plots from former plays and tales, and weaving into his text passages from the works of former dramatists. Indeed, in many respects, the parallel between the Grecian and the English bard is very striking. The memorials left of the history of both are surprisingly scanty, and neither made any allusion to himself or his own feelings in his works;* both wrote for the present amusement of those who should hear them, and probably with equal indifference as to the future oblivion or fame of their productions; corruption and interpolation have crept into the text of both; and each seems, by the native strength of his genius, to have placed himself necessarily and of course, — and not by aspiring, ambitious exertion, — in a station in his department of composition unapproached and unapproachable. But we believe that Homer, like Shakspeare, made whatever he took from others his own; that he added the master touches, and, like the skilful sculptor, uniting the beauties culled from other productions with those which his own mind conceived, blended the whole into one form of perfect proportions and matchless grace. While, however, we have no doubt that Homer had in his mind the general scheme of a connected poem, the conception of a beautiful whole, we think it is not improbable that, as he

* Unless Shakspeare's Sonnets are to be considered as an exception.

composed the different portions of his work, he recited them separately, and as he journeyed from place to place. But we cannot assent to any theory which denies the claims of the Iliad to be considered as a uniform and connected poem, — as such, at least, in the author's mind, in whatever order he composed it, and even if it be possible that he did not so publish it to the world.

Mr. Grote thinks that the original work of Homer was designed on a less extended plan than that of our Iliad, and that it grew, by subsequent additions, to its present shape. "The first book, together with the eighth, and the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive," he says, "seem to form the primary organization of the poem, then properly an Achillêis; the twenty-third and twenty-fourth books are additions at the tail of this primitive poem, which still leave it nothing more than an enlarged Achillêis; but the books from the second to the seventh inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an Achillêis into an Iliad." The parts added, he thinks, "are not more recent in date than the original. Strictly speaking, they must be a little more recent, but they belong to the same generation and state of society as the primitive Achillêis." He gives his opinion, further, that it is certainly not impossible that the author of the original Achillêis may himself have composed the parts superadded. Mr. Grote has brought forward some very plausible and striking arguments in favor of this supposition; an examination of them, however, has not convinced us that it is probable, but only that it is possible, that his theory is correct. The generally received scheme of the Iliad, which we have given in the words of Heyne, gives a satisfactory explanation of the absence of Achilles in a great part of the poem, and the wide range the poet takes when his hero is kept out of sight.

Though the theory of Wolf and his followers has not been sustained, it cannot be denied that their inquiries have permanently modified the belief of the world on this question. We should err perhaps equally, in accepting their hypothesis, or in giving our full adherence to the ancient faith. None of the vast labor which scholars have bestowed upon the investigation of this subject has been thrown away. In a question

of literary history like this, the dryest details and the most minute particulars have their interest and their use. We cannot but rejoice that the same laborious research, which has been so often employed in the investigation of the history of deeds of violence and blood, has, in this instance, been directed to the examination of the composition and preservation of the works of mind, — the history of the triumphs of intellect, not of force. And, however imperfect may be the records of his life, — though we know nothing of his personal experience, his joys, his sorrows, his hopes, his fears, or his loves, — the author of the Iliad has gained an immortality such as few of the great names of earth can boast. His magnificent conceptions, after the lapse of nearly three thousand years, still live in their original freshness and beauty ; the scenes his magic pencil painted are still before our eyes ;

> "Still in our ears Andromache complains,
> And still in sight the fate of Troy remains ;
> Still Ajax fights ; still Hector's dragged along ;
> Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song ! "

And, had it been vouchsafed the bard to know that his works were thus destined to bid defiance to time and change, — to enjoy a fame and exert an influence coextensive with civilization, — to form the character of his countrymen, and mould the minds of men in every land and in every age, how had his fondest desires been more than satisfied, and with what utter indifference would he have heard that the circumstances of his life, the poor accidents of his mortal pilgrimage, were doomed to be hidden in impenetrable oblivion !

Art. VI. — *The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States : with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations*, by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vol. II. Boston : Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1850. 8vo. pp. 542.

The first volume of this publication is probably reserved for the proposed Life of President John Adams. The vol-

ume before us, numbered the second, is the first which issues from the press. It introduces to us a highly important literary enterprise. The various political works of the elder President Adams, published during his lifetime, have been long out of print, and are, for the most part, to be found only in libraries formed in the last generation. They exercised a very powerful influence over public opinion at the time when they appeared. No thorough knowledge of our constitutional history can be acquired without a careful perusal of them. In addition to the works published by him while he lived, it was generally understood that Mr. Adams had left behind him manuscripts of great interest and value. It was at one time expected that these would have found an editor in the late President John Quincy Adams, who had, indeed, formed the design of writing the history of his father's life and times; — an intended accompaniment, no doubt, of a complete edition of the works. Had he continued in private life, after his retirement from the Presidency in 1829, Mr. J. Q. Adams would probably have devoted his leisure to this most dignified and praiseworthy occupation. We learn from the prospectus that he made a beginning upon the history of his father's life, and that it will find a place in the present publication. He was, however, as is well known, very soon called again into active political service, in which he continued for the residue of his life; leaving to his son, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the performance of this pious duty to the memory of his grandfather.

We are confident, from the present specimen, that the duty thus devolved upon Mr. C. F. Adams, will be performed in a satisfactory manner, and so as to reflect honor upon the great man, who fills so important a space in the revolutionary and constitutional history of the country. It is for many reasons desirable that important family papers should be prepared for publication by a person who brings a family interest to the task. He alone is likely to engage in the work with sufficient earnestness and zeal. He alone is likely, by aid of the family traditions, thoroughly to understand the subject in all its bearings; — to perform the duty with delicacy and intelligence. If it were necessary to choose between a son and a grandson, as the biographer of a great public man and

the editor of his works, we might, perhaps, in most cases, prefer the latter. The relation of father and son, especially when both have been together on the active stage of life, might sometimes prove too intimate for that degree of impartiality, which is so requisite when the biography of the individual is part of the history of the country.

Besides this, the next succeeding generation is generally too near the events for accurate judgment. We are too apt to see contemporary characters and transactions, as infants do surrounding objects, — all on the same plane. It is well if we do not, under the influence of contemporary prejudices, commit the other error of infants, and see every thing inverted. The great man of the day sometimes turns out afterwards to have been only a great man for the day. The passing event, — the debate, the Act of Congress, the expedition, the battle, the treaty, the election, the non-election, the revolution, — can seldom be understood by the most sagacious contemporary. The importance of almost every thing is nearly sure at the time to be underrated or overrated. When Cæsar gained the battle of Pharsalia, he probably seemed to himself and to others to have done nothing more than gain a great battle, which he had done twenty times before in the course of his life. He could not tell that Pompey would not yet live to raise Asia, Africa, and Italy itself against him. When Cæsar fell at Rome, it was probably regarded by the astonished citizens as the most momentous event which had happened for ages. But the battle of Pharsalia was the era in human history; — the death of Cæsar was an event in the Julian family. It hastened for a few years the succession of Octavius to the dictatorship.

We learn from the prospectus to the present publication, that it is intended to embrace the hitherto published works of President Adams, — including, of course, the political tracts, and essays on government, and official papers and correspondence, — and a selection from a mass of manuscripts which have never seen the light. The collection, as we have stated, is to be made and edited by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the depositary of all the papers alike of his grandfather and father. It is intended as the first of two great publications, devoted respectively to the literary remains of

the two Presidents Adams, and elucidating the history of the rise and progress of the United States from the year 1761, when the revolutionary movement began, down to the year 1848, when the younger President Adams died.

The materials for the first of these works, — that which is now commenced, — appear to be more ample than had generally been supposed. The elder President Adams, during nearly all his life, scrupulously preserved his papers. He was led to form this habit from having, on some occasion in the course of his legal practice, experienced the great importance of the possession of a paper, insignificant in itself, as the means of fixing a date. Among his papers thus preserved, are many of a curious and highly interesting character. Prominent among these is a diary commenced as early as 1755, the year of his graduation at college, carried on for thirty years, and covering the larger part of his political life. It fills the greater part of the present volume. That portion of it which relates to the revolutionary Congress at Philadelphia, is accompanied with some notes of the debates in 1774, 1775, and 1776. Though fragmentary, they are highly valuable, in the want of any full reports of those eventful days. An autobiographical fragment has also been discovered among the papers of the elder President Adams, extracts from which are introduced in the present volume to fill the chasms of the diary.

The following extract from the prospectus will more distinctly indicate the contents and proposed arrangement of the publication : —

" The works will be brought out from time to time, commencing during the autumn of 1849, and completed within a reasonable period, consistently with proper attention to the high character designed to be given to them, and in the following order.

1. Diary, Autobiography, and Notes of Debates in 1774, '75, and '76.
2. Political Papers, including Controversial Publications of the Revolution.
3. Messages and Public Papers.
4. Works on Government.
5. Private Letters on Public Subjects, 1774 to 1801.
6. Private Letters from 1756 to 1826.
7. Life, by John Quincy Adams, continued by the Editor.

8. Original unpublished Letters of Franklin, Jefferson, Jay, Izard, the Lees, Laurens, Gerry, Dana, and other eminent Patriots of the Revolution.

It might seem not unnatural, to introduce our account of the present volume with some notice of the life of its distinguished author. It strikes us, however, that a mere sketch would be of little interest in reference to a person so well known; and that any attempt which we might be disposed to make, toward a full survey of his career and a careful analysis of his character, may be appropriately and advantageously reserved, till it can be made with the assistance of the materials contained in the future volumes of the work, and under the guidance of the biographical memoir to be furnished by its editor.

The first portion of the work consists of the Diary, commencing in 1755, and continued with frequent interruptions for about thirty years. It is impossible to take up a relic of this kind from an individual like President Adams, without raising the question as to what may be called the *morals* of a diary; that is, how far it is right for an individual to record the events of the day, and his own speculations upon them, with a probable view to posthumous publication, or at least taking the risk of such publication. It has been contended that there is a degree of unfairness and consequent injustice in such a course. It tends to give a permanence to the impressions of the day, which are often erroneous. It perpetuates those unfounded and uncharitable judgments, which we are apt to form of our contemporaries, under the excitements of the moment, and hands them down to posterity, to be reproduced, perhaps, when the person whose character is at stake can no longer defend himself against the imputation. It holds out a temptation to violate the confidence of private life, inasmuch as the conversations of the table, the club-room, the social meeting of every kind, are among the most obvious, and at the same time most inviting, materials for the daily record. On grounds like these, it is not unusual to hear the practice of keeping a diary impugned as contrary in its spirit to Christian equity and charity. But we think there is a fallacy in the reasoning.

It is certainly wrong to form uncharitable judgments of our neighbors, and still more so to express them. Even where

no malice is implied in forming and expressing these uncharitable judgments, we should be greatly on our guard in the opinions we entertain and express of the character and conduct of others. No one doubts the soundness of these trite principles ; — few, perhaps, pass a day without violating them to some extent.

There is some danger of violating them in a diary, against which those who keep diaries would do well to be on their guard. As the injury we may do our neighbor is likely to remain for a long time unknown, we commit the injustice under a low degree of effective responsibility for the consequences, and are therefore in danger of using less circumspection. This reflection shows the propriety, — or rather imposes the duty, — of giving double heed to avoid all unfounded statements and injurious insinuations, which, if published to the world at all, are not likely to be so till they are beyond the reach of scrutiny and refutation. As far as these considerations teach a lesson of caution and charity to journalizers, they should have their full weight.

But it seems to us that it would be giving them more than their due weight, to deduce from them an objection to keeping a diary at all. If the argument proves this, it proves too much. It would prove that you must not, in the social circle, express your opinion freely, under any circumstances, to the disadvantage of the absent. They are not there to defend themselves ; — you may do them an irremediable wrong. It is true, you may ; therefore you ought to be charitable and guarded in what you think and say about the absent ; but positively to forbid the use of their names, except for eulogy, would be a pedantic rigor. One of the objections against diaries is, that they tend to check the freedom of social converse, by the fear of having every unguarded word caught up by the journalist. But why should the license of the talker be respected and protected more than that of the *diarist?* Perhaps, in the great system of compensations in which we live, the latter is intended as a check on the former. The journalizer says in effect to the conversationist, " my irresponsible record shall sit in judgment on your irresponsible talk."

Again, it is a grievous wrong, — common, alas ! as it is grievous, — to assail the characters of men, — public as they

are called, or private, — in anonymous newspaper paragraphs. The injury is much of the same kind, as that which is inflicted in the uncharitable comments of a diary. The power of replying is but a nominal protection, available only against heinous slanders and distinct and atrocious imputations. There is no shield against the warfare that stops short of these, however bitter, malicious, and injurious ; — the staple of the party press. If nothing could be admitted into its columns but with the responsibility of a name, this warfare would be brought within much narrower limits ; — and yet no such system of restraint is practicable ; — we will add, is desirable. The influence of the press, we are disposed to think, is in this respect salutary. It is grossly abused ; but its suppression would be a greater evil. There is none too much truth told. With all the license of the press, we live in a world of *seems* and *delusions* as to the passing events of the hour. If the caucus room, the exchange, and the halls of Congress were like Madame de Genlis's *castle of truth*, where each person involuntarily uttered the thought actually passing in his mind, a very different face would be put on public affairs. Anonymous writing makes some approach to this sincerity, and with all its scandals could not well be spared.

Lastly, the argument we are considering against diaries holds equally against writing private letters, in which the character and conduct of others are freely dealt with. The letter is no more likely to see the light than the diary ; and is consequently written in the same absence of actual responsibility. Moreover, every one writes privates letters, some more, some less — but not one man in a hundred keeps a diary ; — so that the evil, if it be one, exists to an extent a hundred-fold greater in the one shape than the other. Here, again, the designed unfairness is to be denounced, not the reasonable usage, with all its liability to abuse, proscribed. No one, we think, has ever ventured on a paradox so extravagant, as to question the importance and interest of private letters as a source of historical information in after times. It has often been said, on the contrary, that a knowledge of the history of a period, — that is, a refined, scrupulous, discriminating knowledge, — can only be derived from this source. In all the points which make them valuable materials for history, diaries and letters seem to bear

a very close resemblance to each other; and there is no general argument against the former which does not weigh equally against the latter.

It must not be inferred from this somewhat elaborate defence of diaries, — which, by the way, might be greatly expanded, by dwelling on their positive utility, — that the diary of President Adams stands in especial need of vindication, in reference to the usual faults of similar records. The first portion is characterized by his son, in a preliminary observation bearing the initials J. Q. A., in the following terms, which fairly indicate the nature and tone of the whole: —

"These are loose fragments of Journal, in the handwriting of John Adams, upon scraps of paper, scarcely legible, from 18 November, 1755, to 20 November, 1761. They were effusions of mind, committed from time to time to paper, probably without the design of preserving them; self-examinations at once severe and stimulative; reflections upon others, sometimes, not less severe upon his friends; thoughts, such as occur to all, some of which no other than an unsullied soul would commit to writing, mingled with conceptions at once comprehensive and profound. J. Q. A."

The first entry in the diary is dated 18 November, 1755. The writer was then twenty years old. He had been graduated at Harvard College, at the preceding Commencement, and immediately engaged himself as a teacher of the school at Worcester; but, at the date mentioned, was on a visit at his father's, in Braintree. This entry records the "Great Earthquake," as it is still sometimes called, of New England, being the severest that had happened in this part of the continent, which character it still maintains. "We had," says the diary, "a very severe shock of an earthquake. It continued near four minutes. I then was at my father's, in Braintree, and awoke out of my sleep in the midst of it. The house seemed to rock, and reel, and crack, as if it would fall in ruins about us. Chimneys were shattered by it, about one mile of my father's house."

The duration of this earthquake was ascertained by an occurrence of so peculiar a nature, that it may be worth mentioning. Professor Winthrop, at Cambridge, some time before, having used a pretty long glass tube, in a particular

experiment, shut it up in his clock case, for security. This tube, standing nearly perpendicular, was overset, and, no doubt, by the first shock. It fell against the pendulum, and stopped its movement. The hands of the clock, at the moment when it stopped, pointed to 4h. 11m. 35s. It was a very good clock, and had been adjusted by a meridian line the preceding noon. Professor Williams was awaked by the earthquake, and, looking at his watch, found it to be fifteen minutes after four, and the vibrations of the earth's surface continued for about a minute.* The great earthquake at Lisbon was upon the first day of the same month and year. The shocks were traced on the continent of America, and in the West Indies, over a length of a thousand miles. An event so memorable appears to have suggested to Mr. Adams the idea of keeping a diary, and the entry was probably made some little time afterwards, and when he had returned to Worcester.

The practice of keeping school for a year or two after leaving college appears to have prevailed among young men of narrow means in New England, from a very early period. It forms, certainly, no bad preparation for the active duties of life. Mr. Adams's residence in Worcester, as the teacher of the town school, fell upon an important period in the history of the country, and was attended with incidents personally important to himself. His preference, at this time of life, was for the profession of divinity. His reading, during the first months of his residence, was with this object in view, and the occasional reflections in his diary are generally of a religious cast. Before the conclusion of the first year, and when he had nearly attained his majority, he finally decided upon the profession of the law. He alludes to the motives of this decision in the following terms : —

" Necessity drove me to this determination ; but my inclination, I think, was to preach ; however, that would not do. But I set out with firm resolutions, I think, never to commit any meanness or injustice, in the practice of the law. The study and practice of law, I am sure, does not dissolve the obligations of morality or of religion ; and although the reason of my quitting

* See Professor Williams's Essay on the Earthquakes of New England, in the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, vol. i. p. 271.

divinity was my opinion concerning some disputed points, I hope I shall not give reason of offence to any in that profession, by imprudent warmth."

The father of Mr. Adams, a substantial yeoman of Braintree, "had fondly cherished the hope that he was raising, by the education of his son, a monumental pillar of the Calvinistic Church."* Having, by the perusal of the works of Tillotson and Butler, been led to question the soundness of the theology of the Calvinistic school, there can be little doubt that an unwillingness to disappoint his father was prominent among the inducements which led to the change of profession. Mr. John Quincy Adams adds, in the memoir just cited, that "the philosophical works of Bolingbroke, then a dazzling novelty in the literary world, although wholly successless in their tendency to shake his faith in the sublime and eternal truths of the gospel, contributed effectually to wean him from the creed of the Genevan reformer."*

It is correctly observed by the editor of this volume, in an early note, that "religious opinions had been for a long time the principal subject of difference among the people of Worcester, as indeed they were everywhere in Massachusetts." Great activity, not to say bitterness, had been given to religious discussions, by the repeated visits and preaching of Whitefield. The controversy between this extraordinary person and the faculty at Cambridge had taken place about ten years before the graduation of Mr. Adams; it was freshly remembered; in fact, it is not yet forgotten. Several portions of the diary afford proof of the extent to which religious controversy had penetrated New England. It is an important feature in the intellectual character of the times. Burke, in his admirable sketch of the causes of the love of freedom in the American Colonies, alludes to their religious character, and especially to the prevalence, in the Northern Colonies, of dissent from the Established Church of the mother country.† The circumstance, however, to which we now allude, — namely, the prevalence of religious discussion and controversy between different parties among

* Memoir of John Adams, by John Quincy Adams, *National Portrait Gallery*, vol. iv. pp. 4, 5.

† Speech on Conciliation with America, *Works*, vol. i. p. 187.

the dissidents from the church, — had escaped his penetration. It had, no doubt, contributed materially to sharpen the public mind, and strengthen the existing predisposition of the people to canvass with acuteness, alike for the purposes of defence and opposition, important propositions on which they were called to make up their minds. We do not mean that there was any connection, logically speaking, between the political controversies which preceded the Revolution, and the religious discussions now referred to. But it is quite obvious that these last had acted powerfully on the general mind of the northern Colonies. They had formed, in almost every town and village, two antagonist schools of acute reasoners, whose faculties were trained in a never ending encounter of wits. Neither of the parties arrayed against each other, mainly under the influence of the preaching of Whitefield, allied itself with the government in the political struggle; and the entire force of the excitement of intellect and controversial skill, produced by these controversies, was, between the years 1761 and 1775, turned upon the discussion of the right of Parliament to tax America.

It was altogether a very marked epoch. Mr. Adams's diary, as we have seen, begins at the close of 1755. The Seven Years' War, not yet formally declared, had just commenced. Braddock's defeat took place the preceding summer, and from that time forward, the country was filled with the rumors of war. A few weeks before the first entry in the diary, namely, on the 12th October, 1755, Mr. Adams wrote the remarkable letter to his relative Webb, in which he alludes to the future greatness of America. He there says, "Do not be surprised that I am turned politician. The whole town is immersed in politics. The interests of nations and all the *dira* of war, make the subject of every conversation. I sit and hear, and after having been led through a maze of sage observations, I sometimes retire, and laying things together, form some reflections pleasing to myself. The produce of one of these reveries you have read above."

This often quoted letter, though not included in the present volume, having fallen in our way, is too important to be passed over without a word of comment. The following is the passage to which we more immediately refer: —

"Soon after the Reformation, a few people came over into this new world for conscience' sake. Perhaps this apparently trivial circumstance may transfer the great seat of empire into America. It looks likely to me; for if we can remove the turbulent Gallics, our people, according to the exactest computations, will in another century become more numerous than England itself. Should this be the case, since we have, I may say, all the naval stores of the nation in our hands, it will be easy to obtain the mastery of the seas; and then the united force of all Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us."

It is justly observed by Mr. Webster,* that this letter is a proof of very comprehensive views and uncommon depth of reflection in a young man not yet quite twenty.

What was the precise idea intended to be conveyed by the expression of transferring "the great seat of empire into America" may admit of doubt. It might seem at first, that it looked forward to the removal of the capital of the British empire from Europe to America; — as the capital of the Roman empire was transferred from Italy to Constantinople. It is possible that Mr. Adams anticipated some such event, as that which resulted from the migration of the royal family of Portugal from Europe to Brazil. He may have caught a glimpse of the successful revolution which severed the British dominion and established a new seat of empire on this continent. It may well be that the vision had not assumed a definite form in the youthful seer's mind. His sanguine temperament deems it a light matter "to remove the turbulent Gallics," at the close of a campaign which had been signalized by the defeat of Braddock, and yielded no important success besides the deportation of the Acadians. He is familiar with the ratio which is to give us, in 1855, a population more numerous than that of England herself, — an estimate which will be very nearly realized five years hence, — and he sees, in the abundance of our naval stores, applied by the energy of this rapidly growing population, the means of acquiring the mastery of the seas; which done, "the united force of Europe will not be able to subdue us." Then follows the great mys-

---

* *Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Works*, vol. i. p. 76.

tery of State, the law of our after prosperity as of our original growth and independence: — "*the only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us.*"

Some portion of the actual movements of war were brought within the immediate observation of the youthful and unconscious statesman in his quiet retreat at Worcester. It was by incidents of this kind, that the Seven Years' War familiarized the minds of the colonists with military combinations. While he was living at Worcester, Lord Loudon, the hopeless procrastinator; the youthful Lord Howe, to whom the Assembly of Massachusetts raised a monument in Westminster Abbey; and Sir Geoffrey, afterwards Lord, Amherst passed through Worcester, the latter with an army of four thousand men. They encamped on the hill behind the court house.

"Here," says Mr. Adams, "we had an opportunity of seeing him, [Sir Geoffrey,] his officers and army. The officers were social, spent their evenings and took their suppers with such of the inhabitants as were able to invite them, and entertained us with their music and their dances. Many of them were Scotchmen in their plaids, and their music was delightful; even the bagpipe was not disagreeable. The General lodged with Colonel Chandler the elder, and was very inquisitive concerning his farm, insisting on rambling over the whole of it. The excellent order and discipline observed by these troops, revived the hopes of the country, which were ultimately fully satisfied by the entire conquest of Canada, with the help of the militia of the country, which were sent on to their assistance with great confidence."

The early portions of this diary show by curious illustrations how entirely our notions of improvement and culture are relative. The European traveller, at the present day, looks upon almost every part of our continent as lying in a state of nature. Our cities have a recent air, are destitute of time-honored edifices; — our fresh white villages look like pasteboard scenery; — the interior seems covered with the primeval forest. To us, as we look around us and compare what we behold with the well preserved and not very ancient traditions of our forefathers, the present condition of the country seems one of high culture, while our grandfathers, we think, were surrounded with the barbarism of an aboriginal wilderness. When Mr. Adams lived at Worcester, it could not, says his grandson, have contained above fifteen hundred

inhabitants, and the journey from Braintree to Worcester took him, on one occasion, five days. He seems, however, to have felt himself to be living at a period of wonderful improvement.

"Consider for one minute the changes produced in this country within the space of two hundred years. Then the whole continent was one continued dismal wilderness, the haunt of wolves and bears and more savage men. Now the forests are removed, the land covered with fields of corn, orchards bending with fruit, and the magnificent habitations of rational and civilized people. Then, our rivers flowed through gloomy deserts and offensive swamps. Now, the same rivers glide smoothly on, through rich countries fraught with every delightful object, and through meadows painted with the most beautiful scenery of nature and of art. The narrow huts of the Indians have been removed, and in their room have arisen fair and lofty edifices, large and well compacted cities." p. 23.

Having concluded to devote himself to the study of the law, Mr. Adams entered the office of Mr. John Putnam, a respectable lawyer at Worcester, and agreeably to the custom of the day, became an inmate in his family. "I made a visit to Mr. Putnam," says Mr. Adams in the autobiography, "and offered myself to him; he received me with politeness and even kindness; took a few days to consider of it, and then informed me that Mrs. Putnam had consented that I should board in his house; that I should pay no more than the sum allowed for my lodgings, and that I should pay him a hundred dollars when I should find it convenient. I agreed to his proposals, without hesitation, and immediately took possession of his office." In this situation he remained for two years, and till he had completed his legal studies, when, resisting the urgent solicitations of many respectable persons in Worcester to establish himself in that town, he removed to his native village of Braintree, and there commenced the practice of his profession. To show the spirit with which he engaged in his career, and the generous purpose which he had formed to lay deep the foundations of his legal attainments, we may mention that he took home with him from the college library the Institutes of Justinian with the Commentary of Vinnius, and immediately addressed himself to the study of this venerable compend of the Roman jurisprudence.

"I shall now," says he, "have an opportunity of judging of a Dutch commentator, whom the dedicator calls 'celeberrimus suâ ætate in hâc academiâ doctor.' Let me read with attention, deliberation, distinction. Let me admire with knowledge. It is low to admire a Dutch commentator merely because he uses Latin and Greek phraseology. Let me be able to draw the true character both of the text of Justinian and of the notes of his commentator, when I have finished the book. Few of my contemporary beginners in the study of the law have the resolution to aim at much knowledge in the civil law; let me, therefore, distinguish myself from them by the study of the civil law in its native languages, those of Greece and Rome. I shall gain the consideration, and perhaps favor, of Mr. Gridley and Mr. Pratt by this means. As a stimulus, let me insert in this place Justinian's 'adhortationem ad studium juris: — Summâ itaque ope et alacri studio has leges nostras accipite; et vosmetipsos sic eruditos ostendite, ut spes vos pulcherrima foveat, toto legitimo opere perfecto, posse etiam nostram Rempublicam in partibus ejus vobis credendis gubernari.' Data Constantinopoli XI. Kalendas Decembris, Domino Justiniano perpetuo Augusto, tertiùm Consule. — *Cicero* 1 *de Orat.* 'Pergite, ut facitis, adolescentes; atque in id studium, in quo estis, incumbite, ut et vobis honori, et amicis utilitati, et reipublicæ emolumento esse possitis.' Arnoldus Vinnius in Academiâ Leydensi Juris Professor fuit celeberrimus."

The law, both as a study and in its practice, was on a very different footing, in the middle of the last century from what it is now. "The name of Blackstone," says Mr. Adams in the Autobiography, "had not yet been heard, whose Commentaries, together with Sullivan's Lectures and Reeves's History of the Law, have smoothed the path of the student, while the long career of Lord Mansfield, his many investigations and decisions, the number of modern reporters in his time, and a great number of writers on particular branches of the science, have greatly facilitated the acquisition of it." He adds, "I was desirous of seeking the law as well as I could in its fountains, and I obtained as much knowledge as I could of Bracton, Britton, Fleta, and Glanville; but I suffered very much for want of books, which determined me to furnish myself at any sacrifice with a proper library; and accordingly, by degrees, I procured the best library of law in the State."

This condition of things contrasts widely with Dane Hall, its four professorships and lectureships, and the well filled

shelves of its library. But when Mr. Adams applied to J. Gridley, — then head of the bar, — for his advice how to gain an entrance into the profession, he was informed by the veteran, that it was a light matter *then* to master the law compared with old times. "You must conquer the Institutes (Coke's); the road of science is much easier now than it was when I set out; — I began with Coke-Littleton, and broke through." Calling the same evening on Oxenbridge Thacher, another of the legal luminaries of the day, to ask his concurrence on the question of admission to the bar, he tells us that "Thacher thinks this county full!" There may at that time have been ten or twelve counsellors at law at the Suffolk bar. The youthful aspirant and the accomplished veteran drank tea, "and spent the whole evening upon original sin, origin of evil, the plan of the universe, and at last upon law."

At page 52, we have an amusing account of Mr. Adams's debut in the practice of his profession, by drawing a declaration in trespass for a rescue of an impounded horse. The case was of the most paltry kind, springing, apparently, from the litigious and unneighborly spirit, which often infests a rural vicinage for a generation, stimulated by low practitioners of the law, and at that time, apparently, very rife in Braintree. He was obliged to draw the unlucky declaration in haste, and compelled to finish it without sufficient examination. What if it should be abated; — his first writ; — a large bill of costs thrown on his client; — his competence doubted; — his character assailed? Alas! the writ was abated, and then what lively apprehensions for the consequences. "Let me see if Bob Paine don't pick up this story to laugh at." "Lambert," — the opposite party, — "will laugh, no doubt, and tell the story to every man he sees, and will squib me whenever he sees me."

"Let me note," continues the inexperienced jurist, in his diary, "the fatal consequences of precipitation. My first determination, what to do in this affair, was right; I determined not to meddle, but, by the cruel reproaches of my mother, by the importunities of Field, and by the fear of having it thought I was incapable of drawing the writ, I was seduced from that determination; and what is the consequence? the writ is defective. It will be said I undertook the case, but was unable to manage it;

this nonsuit will be in the mouth of everybody; Lambert will proclaim it. Let me never undertake to draw a writ, without sufficient time to examine and digest in my mind all the doubts, queries, objections, that may arise. But nobody will know of any abatement, except this omission of the county. An opinion will spread among the people, that I have not cunning enough to cope with Lambert. I should endeavor, at my first setting out, to possess the people with an opinion of my subtlety and cunning. But this affair certainly looks like a strong proof of the contrary."

It may console the youthful Mansfields of the present day, whose first declaration in trespass for the rescue of a horse is abated, to recollect that, in ten or twelve years from this time, Mr. Adams stood nearly, if not quite, at the head of the Boston bar, *primus inter pares* among many able men.

A great deal of curious information, relative to the state of the legal profession at this time, may be found in these pages, for which the limits of the present article afford no space. Not the least curious glimpse of the state of practice is the fact, that the celebrated Timothy Ruggles, a person who, as the editor observes, with the exception of Hutchinson, probably staked more of influence and property on the event of the struggle, than anybody in Massachusetts, the President of the Congress held at New York, in 1765, whose Address he refused to sign, — was at this time (1759) "*keeping a tavern and practising the law* at Sandwich, dividing the business of that section of the Colony with the elder Otis." Nay, the following extract shows a still more extraordinary combination of pursuits. The practice of filling writs by sheriffs and their deputies, alluded to in the passage we are about to quote, was one of the grievances of the day: —

"H. is very near to beggary and imprisonment. His oxen are attached, and his cows, and pew; and a number of writs and executions are out against him, not yet extended. He owes more than his estate can pay, I believe; and I told him that, by neglecting his own proper business and meddling with law, which he did not understand, he had ruined himself — and it is true; for, if he had diligently followed his trade of making shoes, and lived prudently, he might at this day have been clear of debt and worth an handsome estate. But shoemaking, I suppose, was too

mean and diminutive an occupation for Mr. T. H., as wigmaking was to Mr. N. G., or housebuilding to Mr. Daniel W.; and he, like them, in order to rise in the world, procured deputations from the sheriff, and, after serving long enough in that office to get a few copies of common writs and a most litigious disposition, left the sheriff and commenced the writ-drawer. But poor H. is like to be stripped of all he has, if he should escape the jail, which D. W. was obliged to enter, and if he should not be forced to fly like N. G. These sudden transitions from shoemaking, wigmaking, and housebuilding, to the deputy sheriffwick, and from thence to the practice of law, commonly hurry men rapidly to destruction, beggary, and jails." pp. 88, 89.

Mr. Adams did not confine himself to the censure of this crying evil in his private note-book. He perceived it to be a great source of public demoralization, sapping the foundations of good neighborhood, and turning rural life into a never ending wrangle. Young as he was, (24) just starting in life, without fortune or powerful connections, and with a predisposition to take sides against prerogative, and therefore sure to meet with coldness in high places, he determined to wage war with this domestic hydra. The following extract from his diary contains, no doubt, the peroration of one of his arguments before the county court, and may be quoted, at this day, as a noble exhibition of moral courage. It displays all the lineaments of the village Hampden, throwing down the gauntlet, not to one petty tyrant of the fields, but to the whole brood which at that time oppressed the country: —

"19. Thursday. I have been the longer in the argument of this cause, not for the importance of the cause itself, for in itself it is infinitely little and contemptible, but for the importance of its consequences. These dirty and ridiculous litigations have been multiplied, in this town, till the very earth groans and the stones cry out. The town is become infamous for them throughout the county. I have absolutely heard it used as a proverb in several parts of the province, — 'As litigious as Braintree.' This multiplicity is owing to the multiplicity of pettifoggers, among whom Captain H. is one, who has given out that he is a sworn attorney, till nine tenths of this town really believe it. But I take this opportunity, publicly, to confront him and undeceive the town. He knows, in his conscience, that he never took the oath of an attorney, and that he dare not assume the impudence to ask to be admitted. He knows that the notion of his being a sworn

attorney is an imposture, is an imposition upon this town. And I take this opportunity, publicly, to declare that I will take all legal advantages against every action brought by him, or by Captain T., or by any other pettifogger in this town. For I am determined, if I live in this town, to break up this scene of strife, vexation, and immorality. (Such suits as this, and most others that ever I have seen before a justice in this town, have a tendency to vex and embitter the minds of the people, to propagate an idle, brawling, wrangling temper; in short, such suits are an inlet to all manner of evils.)

"And one of these suit managers, when I first came to this town, hearing that I had been through a regular course of study with a regular practitioner, and that I was recommended to the court in Boston by one of the greatest lawyers in America, concluded, that I should be enabled by these advantages, and prompted by my own interest, if by no higher motive, to put an end to the illegal course of dirty, quacking practice in this town which he had been in, and thereby enslaved the minds and bodies and estates of his neighbors. And, to prevent this, he set himself to work to destroy my reputation, and prevent my getting business, by such stratagems as no honest mind can think of without horror; such stratagems as I always will resent, and never will forgive till he has made atonement by his future repentance and reformation. I thank God his malice has been defeated; he has not been able to enslave me, nor to drive me out of town. But people's eyes begin to open, and I hope they will open wider and wider, till they can see like other towns. Happy shall I be if I can rescue the souls and bodies and estates of this town from that thraldom and slavery to which these pettifoggers have contributed to depress them; and if I can revive in them a generous love of liberty and sense of honor. After this long digresssion, Your Honor will let me return to this cause; and I rely upon it, it is a vexatious one; I rely upon it, that many of these articles were borrowed, and not bought, and that, therefore, this action cannot be maintained for them; I rely upon it, that the affair of the hat is a litigious thing; that it was a mere piece of tavern amusement, and, if there was any thing like bargain and sale in it, the bargain was completed, the hat delivered, and the money paid; and, with regard to the other articles, we have filed an account that more than balances them, and therefore I pray Your Honor's judgment for costs." pp. 90, 91.

But we must pass on to higher topics. In 1761, the great case of Writs of Assistance was argued in the Council Chamber in Boston, for and against the Crown. Adams was present, a greedy listener; and from his notes, taken at

the time, and his subsequent recollection, is derived nearly all that we know of this very important argument. The account of it must be read in the fifth and sixth chapters of Mr. Tudor's interesting and valuable Life of James Otis. It is a somewhat noticeable fact, that beyond a passing and very slight reference, (p. 124,) the diary contains no allusion to this famous discussion. It appears to have made the deepest impression on Mr. Adams's mind. The brief notes taken by him evince the most lively interest in the discussion; and in reading the more elaborate accounts given by Mr. Adams, in after life, of this memorable forensic effort, and of its influence on the public mind in the Province, it is not easy to repress the belief, that, as in the Socratic colloquies of Plato, the riper meditations of the pupil were unconsciously mingled up with the primary conceptions of the teacher. "American Independence," he remarks in his Letters,* "was then and there born. Every man, of an immense crowded audience, appeared to me to go away as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, that is, in 1776, he grew up and declared himself free." One thing, at least, is beyond doubt, that this impassioned harangue of Otis, if nowhere else, had sowed the seeds of independence in Mr. Adams's own mind.

While these stirring events were in progress, Mr. Adams, though contemplating them with lively interest, had as yet taken no part in politics. He devoted his active hours to the practice of his profession; gave a good deal of time to rural labors, for which he manifests, from the first, a decided taste; and pursued, with unrelaxing assiduity, the study of the law. In an entry in the diary, toward the end of 1760, we read, "Finished the History of the Common Law (Hale's) the second time. Ten days are now elapsed since I began it the second time; and all the law I have read for ten days is that book once through. I read Wood's Institute through the first time with Mr. Putnam, in twice that time, that is, in three weeks, and kept a school every day. *My present inat-*

* Tudor's *Life of Otis*, p. 61.

tention to law is intolerable and ruinous." On this thesis succeeds the following commentary : —

" Night before Thanksgiving. I have read a multitude of law books ; mastered but few. Wood, Coke, two volumes Lilly's Abridgment, two volumes Salkeld's Reports, Swinburne, Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown, Fortescue, Fitz-Gibbon, ten volumes in folio I read, at Worcester, quite through, besides octavos and lesser volumes, and many others of all sizes that I consulted occasionally, without reading in course, as dictionaries, reporters, entries, and abridgments, &c.

" I cannot give so good an account of the improvement of my two last years spent in Braintree. However, I have read no small number of volumes upon the law the last two years ; — Justinian's Institutes I have read through in Latin, with Vinnius's perpetual notes ; Van Muyden's Tractatio Institutionum Justiniani I read through and translated mostly into English, from the same language. Wood's Institute of the Civil Law, I read through. These on the Civil Law. On the Law of England I read Cowell's Institute of the Laws of England, in imitation of Justinian, Doctor and Student, Finch's Discourse of Law, Hale's History, and some Reporters, Cases in Chancery, Andrews, &c., besides occasional searches for business ; also a General Treatise of Naval Trade and Commerce, as founded on the laws and statutes. All this series of reading has left but faint impressions and a very imperfect system of law in my head. I must form a serious resolution of beginning and pursuing, quite through, the plans of my Lords Hale and Reeve. Wood's Institutes of Common Law I never read but once, and my Lord Coke's Commentary on Littleton I never read but once ; these two authors I must get and read over and over again, and I will get them, too, and break through, as Mr. Gridley expressed it, all obstructions.

" Besides, I am but a novice in natural law and civil law. There are multitudes of excellent authors on natural law that I have never read ; indeed, I never read any part of the best authors, Puffendorf and Grotius. In the civil law there are Hoppius and Vinnius, commentators on Justinian, Domat, &c., beside Institutes of Canon and Feudal Law that I have to read. Much may be done in two years, I have found already ; and let it be my care that at the end of the next two years I be better able to show that no time has been lost, than I ever have been yet.

" Let me practise the rule of Pythagoras : —

> ' Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι προσδέξασθαι,
> Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἔργων τρὶς ἕκαστον ἐπελθεῖν ·
> Πῆ παρέβην ; τί δ' ἔρεξα ; τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη ; '

"Thus let me every night before I go to bed write down in this book what book of law I have read."

The year 1764 is memorable as that in which the right to tax America was declared by Parliament, and carried into effect in the Sugar or Molasses Act. These intimations of a purpose to raise a revenue by taxation, in America, were met with a prompt and resolute protest from the legislature of Massachusetts. In the early part of this year, a small, very small, association was formed by J. Gridley, consisting of himself, Fitch, and Adams, — "Dudley, if he pleased, might come," — for the purpose of professional improvement. The project was first communicated by Mr. Fitch to Adams, at January court, "in sacred confidence." At a private interview between Gridley and Adams, the former stated to his youthful associate, that "he and Mr. Fitch had proposed a law club, — a private association for the study of law and oratory. As to the bar, he thought of them, as he did think of them, — Otis, Thacher, Auchmuty, [somewhat oracular this,] — he was considering who was for the future to support the honor and dignity of the bar; and he was determined to bring me into practice, and the first practice, too. He could easily do it by recommending."

This was certainly very agreeable language to be addressed by a man past sixty, at the head of the Boston bar, to a country lawyer under thirty, struggling into practice. The specific mode by which the desirable end was to be accomplished did not appear, to be sure, of the most dazzling kind. The small sodality which he proposed to form, — consisting, at the most, of four, — was "to read, in concert, the Feudal Law and Tully's Orations." For this purpose, at the very first interview above alluded to, the legal veteran put into the hands of his gratified *protégé* Gothofredus's edition of the *Corpus Juris*, at the end of which are to be found "*Feudorum Consuetudines, partim ex editione vulgatâ, partim ex Cujacianâ vulgatâ, appositæ;*" — and (to make the matter surer,) "*Epitome Feudorum Dionysio Gothofredo authore*" subjoined. It was agreed, before parting, "to meet, the next evening, in one of Ballard's back chambers, and determine upon times, places, and studies."

They met accordingly, Gridley, Fitch, and Adams, and

passed the whole evening together. Proposals were made "to read a reign and the statutes of that reign," a very fair method of bringing the light of history, — the times, the occasions, and the men, — to illustrate the genius of the law. It was also proposed, doubtless by one of the juniors recoiling, with human weakness, from the "*Feudorum Consuetudines*," to read "Hurd's Dialogues and any new pieces." But what have moral and political dialogues, what have new pieces, to do with the law? *Quid hæc ad edictum prætoris?* "At last we determined to read the Feudal Law and Cicero only, *lest we should lose sight of our main object by attending to too many.*" Thursday nights were agreed on, and to "meet first at Mr. Gridley's office."

The diary minutes with particularity the proceedings of a few of these meetings; and at the close of one of the earliest we find this enthusiastic remark, "I expect the greatest pleasure from this sodality that I ever had in my life, and a pleasure, too, that will not be painful to my reflection." They appear to have adhered to this severe regimen till they had finished the *Feudorum Consuetudines*, and then some relaxation was judged not unbecoming.

"Our plan must be," said the master, "when we have finished the Feudal Law, to read Coke-Littleton, and after him a reign and the statutes of that reign. It should also be a part of our plan to improve ourselves in writing, by reading carefully the best English writers and by using ourselves to writing. For it should be a part of our plan to publish pieces now and then. Let us form our style upon the ancients and the best English authors. I hope, and expect to see, at the bar, in consequence of this sodality, a purity, an elegance, and a spirit surpassing any thing that ever appeared in America."

The career of the law, as we have hinted above, is a flowery path at the present day compared with what it was in the middle of the last century. We suppose that it is thought necessary at no bar in the United States, at the present time, for the veterans of the profession to meet their junior brethren in confidential sodality to read Godfrey's Epitome of the Feuds, and review Coke-Littleton, with exercises in oratory and composition by way of *délassement.* But such was Gridley's notion of his duty to his young brethren in the profession. We wish we knew more of this eminent

man. The biographical dictionaries tell us but little of him. The period in which he flourished is the least distinguished in our New England annals, but he was evidently a great man. Sabine puts him in the catalogue of loyalists, but as it seems to us, erroneously. It is true he argued the question of writs of assistance for the Crown in 1761, but this he did, as Attorney-General. Otis, later than that, admitted an unlimited right of Parliament to tax America. In 1765, Gridley was, by a vote of the people in town meeting, together with James Otis and John Adams, retained as counsel to appear on behalf of the town before the Governor and Council, in support of the memorial of the town praying that the courts of law might be opened and business proceeded in, without stamps. In the year 1767, he died. Eliot, who places him among the whigs, pronounces his eulogy in one eloquent line; "He died poor, because he despised wealth."

We have dwelt the longer on this sodality, because it furnished the occasion for the first political publication of John Adams. The celebrated "Essay on the Canon and Feudal Law" was the fruit of the association projected in one of "Ballard's back rooms." At page 149 of the diary, we read, "This sodality has given rise to the following speculation of my own, which I commit to writing as hints for future inquiries, rather than as a satisfactory theory." A note upon this entry by the editor informs us, that it was followed by the first draft of three papers published in the Boston Gazette, and afterwards collected and republished in London, under the title of "A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law." These papers were widely read and greatly admired on both sides of the water. The republication by Almon in London, in 1768, took place at the instance of Thomas Hollis. On the title-page of the London edition, the work is ascribed to Jeremy Gridley; and it is pronounced in a manuscript note of Mr. Hollis, in a copy sent by him to this country, to be "one of the very finest productions ever seen from America."*

* This opinion is expressed by Mr. Hollis, in a note signed with his initials and transcribed in the handwriting of Dr. Andrew Eliot, on the title-page of a copy of the Essay which lies before us. The note further says, "By a letter from Boston, N. E., signed SUI JURIS, inserted in that valuable newspaper, the London Chronicle, July 19, 1768, it should appear the writer of it happily yet lives!"

This remark was made, no doubt, in reference to the statement on the title-page, that Gridley, the reputed author, had died the year before. The real author was not only then living, but died FIFTY-EIGHT years afterwards.

That Mr. Hollis should have ascribed this essay to Gridley, a year after his decease, is a sufficient voucher for the repute in which the latter was held by the friends of American liberty.

The year 1765 is memorable for the Stamp Act. It kindled the combustible materials already diffused so abundantly throughout the Colonies. Mr. Adams drew the instructions which the town of Braintree addressed upon this subject to its representative in the General Court. This was his first public act as an American statesman and politician. His instructions "were decided and spirited enough. They rang through the State, and were adopted in so many words by forty towns as instructions to their representatives."

We have already observed that it happens, in most cases, — we might say, perhaps, in all cases, — that the full consequences of incipient political movements of great importance are beyond the foresight of the most sagacious contemporary actors and observers. Few, however, in the American Colonies, saw farther into futurity at this time than Mr. Adams. This is plain enough from his diary: —

"The year 1765 has been the most remarkable year of my life. That enormous engine, fabricated by the British Parliament, for battering down all the rights and liberties of America, I mean the Stamp Act, has raised and spread through the whole continent a spirit that will be recorded to our honor with all future generations. In every colony, from Georgia to New Hampshire inclusively, the stamp distributers and inspectors have been compelled by the unconquerable rage of the people to renounce their offices. Such and so universal has been the resentment of the people, that every man who has dared to speak in favor of the stamps, or to soften the detestation in which they are held, how great soever his abilities and virtues had been esteemed before, or whatever his fortune, connections, and influence had been, has been seen to sink into universal contempt and ignominy.

"The people, even to the lowest ranks, have become more attentive to their liberties, more inquisitive about them, and more determined to defend them, than they were ever before known or had occasion to be; innumerable have been the monuments of wit, humor, sense, learning, spirit, patriotism, and heroism, erected in the several colonies and provinces in the course of this year. Our presses have groaned, our pulpits have thundered, our legislatures have resolved, our towns have voted; the crown officers have everywhere trembled, and all their little

tools and creatures been afraid to speak and ashamed to be seen.

"This spirit, however, has not yet been sufficient to banish from persons in authority that timidity which they have discovered from the beginning. The executive courts have not yet dared to adjudge the Stamp Act void, nor to proceed with business as usual, though it should seem that necessity alone would be sufficient to justify business at present, though the act should be allowed to be obligatory. The stamps are in the castle. Mr. Oliver has no commission. The Governor has no authority to distribute or even to unpack the bales; the Act has never been proclaimed nor read in the Province; yet the probate office is shut, the custom-house is shut, the courts of justice are shut, and all business seems at a stand. Yesterday and the day before, the two last days of service for January Term, only one man asked me for a writ, and he was soon determined to wave his request. I have not drawn a writ since the first of November.

"How long we are to remain in this languid condition, this passive obedience to the Stamp Act, is not certain. But such a pause cannot be lasting. Debtors grow insolent; creditors grow angry; and it is to be expected that the public offices will very soon be forced open, unless such favorable accounts should be received from England as to draw away the fears of the great, or unless a greater dread of the multitude should drive away the fear of censure from Great Britain."

These remarks were made by Mr. Adams, in his diary, on the 18th of December, 1765. On the same day, the town of Boston passed the vote to which we have already alluded, by which Gridley, Otis, and Adams were retained as counsel for the town, to support the town's memorial to the Governor and Council, praying that the courts might be opened, notwithstanding the non-distribution of the stamps. He was not, at this time, an inhabitant of Boston, and the coincidence of his appointment to such a duty with his speculations on the momentous character of the crisis, remind him of Lord Bacon's observation "about secret invisible laws of nature, and communications and influences between places that are not discoverable by sense." There are few persons, we imagine, who have not experienced coincidences of this kind.

The counsel, thus appointed, appear to have had their hearing at a late hour on the 20th of December, the day after Mr. Adams was made acquainted with the abovemen-

tioned vote of the town, and, as junior counsel, it was his place to speak first. "Then," says he, "it fell upon me, without one moment's opportunity to consult my authorities, to open an argument upon a question that was never made before, and I wish I could hope it never would be made again, that is, whether the courts of law should be open or not." An abstract remaining of his argument proves, that, whether as to the principles, or the authorities by which they were supported, he could not be taken unawares. These were, indeed, the times, and the trials, by which great men were both made and shown.

Among the most interesting parts of the diary are the sketches of character, by which the leaders in these eventful scenes are placed before us with a vividness never before equalled. Three days after the argument, Mr. Adams attends a meeting of the Monday-night Club, at which most of the celebrities of the day were present. Harrison Gray, Cushing, Samuel Adams, and Otis, are admirably sketched. A few master touches are enough to give us a discriminating acquaintance with them.

"Gray has a very tender mind, is extremely timid. He says when he meets a man of the other side, he talks against him; when he meets a man of our side, he opposes him; so that he fears he shall be thought against everybody, and so everybody will be against him. But he hopes to prepare the way for his escape, at next May, from an employment that neither his abilities, nor circumstances, nor turn of mind, are fit for.

"Cushing is steady, and constant, and busy in the interest of liberty and the opposition, is famed for secrecy and his talent at procuring intelligence.

"Adams is zealous, ardent, and keen in the cause, is always for softness, and delicacy, and prudence, where they will do, but is staunch and stiff and strict and rigid and inflexible in the cause.

"Otis is fiery and feverous; his imagination flames, his passions blaze; he is liable to great inequalities of temper; sometimes in despondency, sometimes in a rage. The rashnesses and imprudencies into which his excess of zeal have formerly transported him, have made him enemies, whose malicious watch over him occasions more caution, and more cunning, and more inexplicable passages in his conduct than formerly; and, perhaps, views at the chair or the board, or possibly more expanded views beyond the Atlantic, may mingle now with his patriotism.

"*The Il Penseroso, however, is discernible on the faces of all four.*

"Adams, I believe, has the most thorough understanding of liberty, and her resources in the temper and character of the people, though not in the law and constitution; as well as the most habitual, radical love of it, of any of them, as well as the most correct, genteel, and artful pen. He is a man of refined policy, steadfast integrity, exquisite humanity, genteel erudition, obliging, engaging manners, real as well as professed piety, and a universal good character, unless it should be admitted that he is too attentive to the public, and not enough so to himself and his family."

In the year 1766, we find the following entry: —

"Attended court, [at Salem] heard the trial of an action of trespass brought by a mulatto woman, for damages, for restraining her of her liberty. This is called suing for liberty; the first action I ever knew of the sort, though I have heard there have been many."

Dr. Belknap, in his valuable reply to Judge Tucker's Queries on the Subject of Slavery and Emancipation in the United States,* observes, that "the first trial of this kind was in 1770;" and he ascribes the movement which was made at that time, to obtain the emancipation of slaves by suits at law, to the reprint of a pamphlet which contained the case of a negro who had accompanied his master from the West Indies to England, and there sued for and obtained his freedom, by a judgment of court. This remark is erroneous, if reference is had to the case of Sommersett. That case occurred in 1772, and his master was a Virginian. It would seem, from the entry in Mr. Adams's diary, that suits of this kind commenced earlier, and had their origin, no doubt, in the political discussions of the day.

In the year 1767, on the 11th of July, John Quincy Adams was born at Braintree, in that part of it which now forms the town of Quincy. In the beginning of the following year, John Adams removed to the town of Boston, and took up his residence in Brattle Square. In the course of the year, the firmness of his principles was put to a severe test. Through the channel of his friend, Jonathan Sewall,

* *Mass. Historical Collections*, first series, vol. iv. p. 202.

the place of Advocate-General in the Court of Admiralty was offered to him, and even urged upon his acceptance. Having declined it, on the ground that he could not approve the ministerial system and policy, he was told that the Governor knew his political sentiments very well, but they should be no objection to him. He should be at full liberty to entertain his own opinions, which it was not wished to influence by this office. It was offered to him, because he was believed by the Governor to be best qualified for it, and because his integrity was relied on. This offer was promptly declined by Mr. Adams. He was asked to take it into consideration, but his refusal was peremptory. This was the turning point in Mr. Adams's career. Had he accepted this appointment, in 1768, when the lines between the party of the government and the party of the people had been distinctly drawn, no reservations of his personal independence would have satisfied either himself or his fellow-citizens that he had not abandoned their cause. His course would, no doubt, have been that of his most intimate friend, Sewall, through whom the offer was made to him, and who had himself, a short time before, accepted the office of Attorney-General. A brave and pure spirit would have been lost to the Revolution.

It is not easy for us, at the present day, fully to understand the force of the temptation. We look back to the position of the friends of America from a very different point of view from that on which they stood. Could John Adams have foreseen, that, in 1778, he would be an Envoy of the American Congress to the Court of Versailles; that, in 1788, he would be returning from the Mission to London, to be elected Vice-President of the United States; that, in 1798, he would be the successor of Washington, as President; it would have certainly required no self-denial, in 1768, to decline an office in a Provincial Court of Vice-Admiralty. Could he have foreseen that, after having filled himself the highest honors of the yet unborn republican confederacy, he should live to see them descend to his infant son, not yet a twelvemonth old, it would have been a small thing to set at nought the favors of a colonial Governor. But although vague fancies of a future career of fame and influence seem, at times, to have flitted through his mind, yet no sober calcu-

lation, in 1768, could have anticipated, from a line of resolute political opposition to the government, any thing but a life of chilling neglect, obloquy, and conflict. Nor was this prospect without its natural influence upon those who had most at stake in society. A large proportion of the men of education and wealth ranged themselves on the government side. Of ten individuals, enumerated about this time in the diary, as having been present on some occasion, — being those who stood at the head of the bar, — three only adhered steadily to the popular side.

But though Mr. Adams's part was taken from the first, he was probably regarded with a degree of confidence, in reference to personal integrity, by the community generally of all parties, beyond most, perhaps beyond any, of the popular leaders. The diary furnishes ample proof that this confidence was merited; and that his political course was the dictate of a profound conviction of duty to his country. Nor is it less apparent that he was sensible of the tendency of great popular excitements to be pushed to extravagance, and of the bounden duty of popular leaders to hold the reins with a firm hand.

The following year (1770) brought a memorable opportunity for putting his firmness, in this respect, to the test, and for exhibiting a noble example of professional courage and independence. We allude to the fatal event of the 5th of March, 1770. To this tragedy there is no allusion in the diary, but the autobiography supplies the omission with a narrative so interesting, that our readers, we are persuaded, will welcome a considerable extract: —

"The year 1770 was memorable enough in these little annals of my pilgrimage. The evening of the 5th of March I spent at Mr. Henderson Inches's house, at the south end of Boston, in company with a club with whom I had been associated for several years. About nine o'clock we were alarmed with the ringing of bells, and, supposing it to be the signal of fire, we snatched our hats and cloaks, broke up the club, and went out to assist in quenching the fire, or aiding our friends who might be in danger. In the street we were informed that the British soldiers had fired on the inhabitants, killed some and wounded others, near the town-house. A crowd of people was flowing down the street to the scene of action. When we arrived, we saw nothing but some

field-pieces, placed before the south door of the town-house, and some engineers and grenadiers drawn up to protect them. Mrs. Adams was then in circumstances to make me apprehensive of the effect of the surprise upon her, who was alone, excepting her maids and a boy, in the house. Having therefore surveyed round the town-house, and seeing all quiet, I walked down Boylston Alley into Brattle Square, where a company or two of regular soldiers were drawn up in front of Dr. Cooper's old church, with their muskets all shouldered, and their bayonets all fixed. I had no other way to proceed but along the whole front in a very narrow space which they had left for foot passengers. Pursuing my way, without taking the least notice of them, or they of me, any more than if they had been marble statues, I went directly home to Cole Lane.

"My wife having heard that the town was still, and likely to continue so, had recovered from her first apprehensions, and we had nothing but our reflections to interrupt our repose. These reflections were to me disquieting enough. Endeavors had been systematically pursued for many months, by certain busy characters, to excite quarrels, rencounters, and combats, single or compound, in the night, between the inhabitants of the lower class and the soldiers, and at all risks to enkindle an immortal hatred between them. I suspected that this was the explosion which had been intentionally wrought up by designing men, who knew what they were aiming at better than the instruments employed. If these poor tools should be prosecuted for any of their illegal conduct, they must be punished. If the soldiers in self-defence should kill any of them, they must be tried, and, if truth was respected and the law prevailed, must be acquitted. To depend upon the perversion of law, and the corruption or partiality of juries, would insensibly disgrace the jurisprudence of the country, and corrupt the morals of the people. It would be better for the whole people to rise in their majesty and insist on the removal of the army, and take upon themselves the consequences, than to excite such passions between the people and the soldiers as would expose both to continual prosecution, civil or criminal, and keep the town boiling in a continual fermentation. The real and full intentions of the British government and nation were not yet developed; and we knew not whether the town would be supported by the country; whether the Province would be supported by even our neighboring States of New England; nor whether New England would be supported by the continent. These were my meditations in the night.

"The next morning, I think it was, sitting in my office, near the steps of the town-house stairs, Mr. Forrest came in, who was

then called the Irish Infant. I had some acquaintance with him. With tears streaming from his eyes, he said, 'I am come with a very solemn message from a very unfortunate man, Captain Preston, in prison. He wishes for counsel, and can get none. I have waited on Mr. Quincy, who says he will engage, if you will give him your assistance; without it, he positively will not. Even Mr. Auchmuty declines, unless you will engage.' I had no hesitation in answering, that counsel ought to be the very last thing that an accused person should want in a free country; that the bar ought, in my opinion, to be independent and impartial, at all times and in every circumstance, and that persons whose lives were at stake ought to have the counsel they preferred. But he must be sensible this would be as important a cause as was ever tried in any court or country of the world; and that every lawyer must hold himself responsible not only to his country, but to the highest and most infallible of all tribunals, for the part he should act. He must, therefore, expect from me no art or address, no sophistry or prevarication, in such a cause, nor any thing more than fact, evidence, and law would justify. 'Captain Preston,' he said, 'requested and desired no more; and that he had such an opinion from all he had heard from all parties of me, that he could cheerfully trust his life with me upon those principles.' 'And,' said Forrest, 'as God Almighty is my judge, I believe him an innocent man.' I replied, 'that must be ascertained by his trial, and if he thinks he cannot have a fair trial of that issue without my assistance, without hesitation, he shall have it.'

"Upon this, Forrest offered me a single guinea as a retaining fee, and I readily accepted it. From first to last I never said a word about fees, in any of those cases, and I should have said nothing about them here, if calumnies and insinuations had not been propagated that I was tempted by great fees and enormous sums of money. Before or after the trial, Preston sent me ten guineas, and at the trial of the soldiers afterwards, eight guineas more, which were all the fees I ever received or were offered to me, and I should not have said any thing on the subject to my clients if they had never offered me any thing. This was all the pecuniary reward I ever had for fourteen or fifteen days' labor in the most exhausting and fatiguing causes I ever tried, for hazarding a popularity very general and very hardly earned, and for incurring a clamor, popular suspicions and prejudices, which are not yet worn out, and never will be forgotten as long as the history of this period is read."

The trial of Captain Preston and his men was continued for one term, and, in the mean time, an election came on for

a Representative of Boston. Mr. Otis had resigned, and Mr. Bowdoin had been chosen in his stead. At the general election, Mr. Bowdoin was elected to the Council, and a town meeting was called for the choice of his successor. A place on the Boston seat, then consisting of four members, was an object of greater importance then than now. Mr. Ruddock, a master shipwright of great respectability and a justice of the peace, *which Mr. Adams was not*, was set up in opposition to Mr. Adams; but, notwithstanding the clamor against him for engaging in the defence of the soldiers, secretly fomented by the government, he was chosen by a large majority. He had never been in a Boston town meeting, till he was sent for to make his acknowledgments for this election. The Journals of the House, of which the editor of the present volume has furnished an abstract, will show in how large a portion of the public business of this critical period his venerable ancestor bore an active part. The following amusing anecdote throws a light upon his position in the House and the country: —

"I immediately attended the General Court at Cambridge, to which place the Governor had removed it, to punish the town of Boston; in obedience, however, as he said, I suppose truly, to an instruction he had received from the King. The proceedings of the legislature, at that time and place, may be seen in their Journals, if they are not lost. Among other things will be found a labored controversy between the House and the Governor, concerning these words: 'In General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same.' I mention this merely on account of an anecdote, which the friends of government circulated with diligence, of Governor Shirley, who then lived in retirement at his seat in Roxbury. Having read this dispute, in the public prints, he asked, 'Who has revived those old words? They were expunged during my administration.' He was answered, 'The Boston seat.' 'And who are the Boston seat?' 'Mr. Cushing, Mr. Hancock, Mr. Samuel Adams, and Mr. John Adams.' 'Mr. Cushing I knew, and Mr. Hancock I knew,' replied the old Governor; 'but where the devil this brace of Adamses came from, I know not.' This was archly circulated by the ministerialists, to impress the people with the obscurity of the original of the *par nobile fratrum*, as the friends of the country used to call us, by way of retaliation."

Not long after the adjournment of the General Court,

came on the trials of Captain Preston and the soldiers. The diary is still silent on this subject. Mr. John Quincy Adams, in his Memoir,* says, "The writer of this article has often heard from individuals who were present, among the crowd of spectators at the trials, the electrical effect produced upon the jury, and upon the immense and excited auditory, by the first sentence with which he opened his defence; which was the following citation from the then recently published work of Beccaria: — 'May it please your Honors, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, I am for the prisoners at the bar, and shall apologize for it only in the words of the Marquis Beccaria: "If I can be but the instrument of preserving one life, his blessing and tears of transport shall be a sufficient consolation to me for the contempt of all mankind."'

Mr. John Adams himself, in the autobiography, alludes to this trial in the following manner: —

"Preston's trial was taken down, in short hand, and sent to England, but was never printed here. I told the court and jury, in both causes, that, as I was no authority, I would propose to them no law from my own memory, but would read to them all I had to say of that nature from books, which the court knew, and the counsel on the other side must acknowledge, to be indisputable authorities. This rule was carefully observed, but the authorities were so clear and full, that no question of law was made. The juries in both cases, in my opinion, gave correct verdicts. It appeared to me, that the greatest service which could be rendered to the people of the town, was to lay before them the law as it stood, that they might be fully apprized of the dangers of various kinds which must arise from intemperate heats and irregular commotions. Although the clamor was very loud among some sorts of people, it has been a great consolation to me, through life, that I acted in this business with steady impartiality, and conducted it to so happy an issue."

In the early part of 1771, his health having suffered from town life, and, as he thought, from the air of Boston, Mr. Adams removed to his paternal village; but after a residence there of about a year and a half, he returned to Boston with renovated strength. In the following year, though not a member of the General Court, he was, at the instance of

* *National Portrait Gallery*, vol. iv. p. 11.

Major Hawley, the well-remembered and highly influential member from Northampton, called to assist in the private deliberations of the committee of the House of Representatives, who were directed to prepare the answer of the House to the message of Governor Hutchinson, in which the sovereign right of Parliament was asserted to make laws binding the Colonies in all cases, and "to lay taxes on all things external as well as internal, on land as well as trade." The answer, as first drafted by Mr. Samuel Adams, contained the usual popular views of the subject. But on its revision by the committee, the discussion was placed upon its legal and constitutional principles, and this state paper, "the most celebrated of the revolutionary controversy in Massachusetts," was thus, by the coöperation of Mr. John Adams, brought to the form in which it now stands on record. It has usually been ascribed to Mr. Samuel Adams, from the circumstance that it is preserved among his papers in his handwriting. It is probable, in the opinion of the editor of the present volume, in which we concur, that Mr. Samuel Adams incorporated all the legal and constitutional reasoning furnished by his namesake into the fair draft of the report. But in addition to the internal evidence, which shows that this portion, at least, of the document was the work of a jurist, — a character to which Mr. Samuel Adams laid no claim, — and to the evidence furnished by Mr. John Adams's account of the matter, the note of Samuel to John Adams, (of which a fac simile accompanies the present volume,) seems to put the matter beyond dispute.

In 1773, Mr. Adams was again chosen one of the Boston representatives, and having been elected to the Council, was negatived by Governor Hutchinson, for "the very conspicuous part which he had taken in opposition." * His feelings, during the pendency of these events, as recorded in the diary, throw light upon the sentiments of reflecting men at that time on the general state of affairs, and its relation with the prospects of prominent individuals.

"May 24. Tuesday. To-morrow is our general election. The plots, plans, schemes, and machinations of this evening and night will be very numerous. By the number of ministerial, govern-

* *Hutchinson's History*, vol. iii. (posthumous) p. 396.

mental people returned, and by the secrecy of the friends of liberty relating to the grand discovery of the complete evidence of the whole mystery of iniquity,* I much fear the elections will go unhappily. For myself, I own, I tremble at the thought of an election. What will be expected of me? What will be required of me? What duties and obligations will result to me from an election? What duties to my God, my king, my country, my family, my friends, myself? What perplexities, and intricacies, and difficulties shall I be exposed to? What snares and temptations will be thrown in my way? What self-denials and mortifications shall I be obliged to bear.

"If I should be called in the course of providence to take a part in public life, I shall act a fearless, intrepid, undaunted part at all hazards, though it shall be my endeavor likewise, to act a prudent, cautious, and considerate part. But if I should be excused by a non-election, or by the exertions of prerogative from engaging in public business, I shall enjoy a sweet tranquillity in the pursuit of my private business, in the education of my children, and in a constant attention to the preservation of my health. This last is the most selfish and pleasant system, the first, the more generous, though arduous and disagreeable. But I was not sent into this world to spend my days in sports, diversions, and pleasures; I was born for business, for both activity and study. I have little appetite or relish for any thing else." p. 320.

On the 17th of December, 1773, the memorable destruction of the tea took place, by a party disguised as Mohawk Indians. This occurrence, which contributed materially to accelerate the crisis of affairs, is mentioned in the diary in the following terms: —

"Last night, three cargoes of Bohea tea were emptied into the sea. This morning, a man-of-war sails. This is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots, that I greatly admire. The people should never rise without doing something to be remembered, something notable and striking. This destruction of the tea is so bold, so daring, so firm, intrepid, and inflexible, and it must have so important consequences, and so lasting, that I cannot but consider it as an epocha in history. This, however, is but an attack upon property. Another similar exertion of popular power may produce the destruction of lives. Many per-

* The reference is to the letters of Governor Hutchinson and others, forwarded by Dr. Franklin from England.

sons wish that as many dead carcasses were floating in the harbor, as there are chests of tea. A much less number of lives, however, would remove the causes of all our calamities. The malicious pleasure with which Hutchinson the Governor, the consignees of the tea, and the officers of the customs, have stood and looked upon the distresses of the people and their struggles to get the tea back to London, and at last the destruction of it, is amazing. 'Tis hard to believe persons so hardened and abandoned." p. 324.

But greater events are in train. The General Court had been prorogued to Salem by Governor Gage, as a place where its members were less likely to be under popular influence. Here, *on the 17th of June*, 1774, and whilst the Secretary stood on the outside of the locked doors, with a proclamation dissolving the assembly, a vote was passed by that body, appointing a committee of its members, five in number, to meet committees of the other colonies at Philadelphia, on the first day of September following. This resolution was adopted by twelve dissenting voices out of one hundred and twenty-nine present. The five persons designated were Bowdoin, Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and Robert Treat Paine, by the last four of whom the appointment was accepted. The following is the entry in the diary of this important event: —

"There is a new and a grand scene open before me; a Congress. This will be an assembly of the wisest men upon the continent, who are Americans in principle, that is, against the taxation of Americans by authority of Parliament. I feel myself unequal to this business. A more extensive knowledge of the realm, the colonies, and of commerce, as well as of law and policy, is necessary, than I am master of. What can be done? Will it be expedient to propose an annual congress of committees? to petition? Will it do to petition at all? — to the King? to the Lords? to the Commons? What will such consultations avail? Deliberations alone will not do. We must petition or recommend to the Assemblies to petition, or —

"The ideas of the people are as various as their faces. One thinks, no more petitions, — former having been neglected and despised; some are for resolves, spirited resolves, and some are for bolder counsels. I will keep an exact diary of my journey, as well as journal of the proceedings of Congress.

"25. Saturday. Since the Court adjourned without day this afternoon, I have taken a long walk through the Neck, as they

call it, a fine tract of land in a general field. Corn, rye, grass, interspersed in great perfection this fine season. I wander alone and ponder. I muse, I mope, I ruminate. I am often in reveries and brown studies. The objects before me are too grand and multifarious for my comprehension. We have not men fit for the times. We are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in every thing. I feel unutterable anxiety. God grant us wisdom and fortitude! Should the opposition be suppressed, should this country submit, what infamy and ruin! God forbid. Death in any form is less terrible!" p. 339.

On the 10th of August, the delegates of Massachusetts set out for Philadelphia. The diary is full in reference to the journey; the passage of the party through the principal towns, where they were received with enthusiasm; the arrival at Philadelphia; the organization and proceedings of the Congress. It is accompanied, as we have intimated above, with brief notes of some of the earlier debates. It would be difficult to overstate the interest of these sketches of the political history of the country, in the most important part of its heroic age; but this is a theme on which our limits now forbid us to enter. We have accomplished the main object of this article if we have conveyed to our readers some not inadequate idea of the character of the volume before us, as a specimen of the great work which it introduces to the public. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that we have been able to extract but a very small portion of its interesting contents. It will be found to contain, on almost every page, facts of great interest for the history of the important period which it covers. We are acquainted with no work which brings the reader so near to the scene and the events of the important interval, which elapsed between the year 1761 and the opening of the Revolution. Nor is less light thrown on the manners of the day, the state of society among the educated classes, and the general condition of this part of the country.

It would be unjust to close our article without bearing witness to the ability with which the volume is edited. Much labor and time have evidently been bestowed in preparing it for the press. The text, to all appearance, is presented in its original integrity. The Editor assures us in the preface, that nothing has been omitted because it bore hard either upon the writer of the diary, or those mentioned by him. A

sufficient explanation, generally a brief one, is given of every important transaction alluded to. Suitable biographical notices are given of the public characters introduced, and a commendable impartiality observed in remarking upon their conduct. The editor is imbued with the principles of the Revolution, without being inflamed by the heats of temporary controversies. There is no adulation lavished upon the eminent individual, to whose memory the work is consecrated. He is left to speak for himself, in his own record of the crowded scenes of his life. Regarding the present volume as a fair specimen of the work, we are confident that it will prove a contribution to the materials of American history, not second in importance and interest to any of the great publications with which it is most obviously to be compared.

ART. VII. — *Orations and Speeches on various Occasions.* By EDWARD EVERETT. Boston: Little & Brown. 1850. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE experience of the world has shown pretty conclusively, that eloquence and political liberty go hand in hand, flourish under similar favoring influences, and, dying together, are buried in the same grave. To discourse upon the marvellous effects produced by the great orators of Greece and Rome were to talk upon a hackneyed theme, with scarce a possibility of saying any thing at once new and true. But the eloquence of the ancients, it cannot be denied, acquires in republican America a fresh interest, from the numerous coincidences of circumstance, occasion, topics of popular appeal, and links of electric sympathy between the patriot speaker and the tumultuous assemblages of free and sovereign citizens, gathered to consider questions of moment to the public weal, or to celebrate, with the pomp of solemn processions, religious rites, and commemorative orations, the illustrious achievements of the mighty dead, to call up the famous days which have been turning points in the history of national greatness. In truth, we are living over again the

classic times of Athenian and Roman eloquence, on a broader stage, in larger proportions, with elements of excitement, hopes of progress, and principles of duration, which never cheered and strengthened the souls of Demosthenes and Cicero. Our "mass meetings" are the counterpart of the multitudinous gathering in the Pnyx and the Forum; and the great political questions we discuss in them are of the same vital importance to our national prosperity, though not, perhaps, to our national existence, as were the topics debated by Phocion and Demosthenes.

From the battle fields of the American Revolution, we repeat the same lessons of heroic resistance to the enemies of our country, and of the duty and glory of dying in defence of our hearths and homes and native city, that the Greeks drew from the soil which the Persian invader had drenched with his barbarian blood. Bunker Hill, and Lexington, and Concord are our Marathon, Platæa, and Thermopylæ; but God forbid that the parallel should be carried farther! God forbid that our great statesmen and famous orators should be called upon to commemorate the virtues of those who have fallen in civil strife, the victims of a quarrel springing from jealousies among rival but kindred States, living under different institutions, but bound together by every tie of interest, every memory of the illustrious past, every hope of a more illustrious future. God forbid that we, too, should plunge into a Peloponnesian War, of uncertain duration, but leading to certain ruin, even should the eloquence of a Pericles urge us into the fatal struggle. Rather let the counsels of a wise moderation lead these sister States back to the common ground of magnanimous forbearance, which, while it saves the honor of each, shall rescue the endangered fortunes and happiness of both.

These two superb volumes, containing Mr. Everett's Orations and Speeches, could not have come out in a better time, or more seasonably for the state of the public mind. The discourses cover a period of six-and-twenty years, beginning with 1824, and extending to the present time. Though this long series of years have been passed in profound peace, with the single and brief exception of the Mexican War, yet it has been crowded with events deeply affecting the present condition and future prospects of our country.

As we look back upon the long train of these thick-crowding events, we seem to have lived a life of ages ; and even now, the form and pressure of the times show us, that we have as yet been spectators of the overture only of the great action on the stage of national affairs, which is about to open before us with more than dramatic intensity of interest. Through the whole period to which we refer, the influence of Mr. Everett's genius and eloquence has been steadily and powerfully felt. His life and labors belong to the history of the times ; and though his name and his praise have been in all men's mouths throughout the land, we doubt whether the extent and variety and brilliancy of his achievements have been fully appreciated until the publication of the present volumes. The early training of Mr. Everett, by which he placed himself foremost among the scholars of America ; his rich opportunities, employed with admirable industry and success, at home and abroad, after the period of college and professional studies had passed ; the amplitude of classical learning, and the memorable eloquence by which he adorned for five or six years the Professor's chair in the University ; the vigorous national spirit which he breathed into the leading American Review, while he was its editor, — had gradually fixed the regards of the public upon his career, and singled him out as one destined to take a leading part in the councils of the nation. From the Professor's chair he passed, by a strong popular vote, to the House of Representatives in Congress ; and he represented an enlightened constituency in such a manner as almost to put an end to party divisions for a time, by the satisfaction and pride all felt in his fidelity to the public trust, his industry in the exact performance of every duty belonging to the station, his profound knowledge of every subject, in details and principles, that came up for the consideration of Congress, and the never-failing readiness and skill with which he poured out the light of his knowledge upon whatever subject he was called upon to discuss in the debates of the House. We well remember hearing a distinguished leader of the opposite party to that to which Mr. Everett belonged, during the administration of Mr. Adams, — a gentleman afterwards raised to a seat on the supreme bench of the United States, — say, that when he wanted information upon any matter of public business, no

matter what, he always had recourse to his political opponent, Mr. Everett, and that he always obtained, to the fullest extent, what he asked for; — so deep was the impression made, at that early day, by Mr. Everett's acquirements, and unwearied industry and prompt liberality in imparting to others the treasures with which his capacious mind was stored.

Mr. Everett's public services, as Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and, later still, in the more conspicuous position of Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, are so freshly in the memories of all, that any thing more than the briefest passing allusion is quite superfluous. These labors for the public good, in political stations of high rank and trust, were not inappropriately followed by his election, with singular unanimity among the appointing and confirming boards, to the office of President of Harvard College. During the three years, at the close of which the state of his health compelled him to lay aside the onerous responsibilities of that office, Mr. Everett performed its duties, always difficult and frequently trying, with an unsparing and unsurpassed devotion to the highest interests of the institution, and to the moral and intellectual welfare of the students who resorted to its learned halls to prepare themselves for the struggles and conflicts of life.

The labors, to which allusion has been made, are enough to fill up, of themselves, a busy life. Professional labors, among which may be mentioned an important and learned volume, the Defence of Christianity; academical lectures on Greek Literature; elaborate contributions to the North American Review, for a long series of years; lighter contributions to other journals and periodicals; Congressional duties, often involving the work of the most important committees in the House; the duties and responsibilities of the Executive Chair of the State; the diplomatic labors belonging to the embassy to the first European court, for a period of four years; and the incessant and exhausting variety of work connected with the office of President of the College, — these constitute the basis of Mr. Everett's great and national reputation and influence, and are enough for any man to rest his fame upon. The studies, embodied in the volumes before us, constitute a sort of running accom-

paniment to the weighty cares and toils with which Mr. Everett's official years have been crowded; they give a graceful and completing touch to the grave discharge of the responsibilities of public life. But they do more than this. They are not only the finishing ornaments of solid labors performed in the service of the State; they constitute, if taken independently and alone, a series of literary works, of such number and magnitude, that the country might well accept them as the lasting memorials of rich scholarship and patriotic genius, conscientiously applied to the noblest objects which a man of letters can ever hope to compass.

Mr. Everett's fame, as a scholar, runs back "even to his boyish days." It was, however, the first Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered at Cambridge in 1824, that placed him before the public, as one of the greatest and most accomplished orators who had ever appeared in America. The occasion was a singularly happy one. The visit of General Lafayette, in his old age, to the country whose liberties he had bravely fought for in the chivalrous days of his youth; the ardent, enthusiastic, and unanimous welcome which rang from city to city, and from state to state, as the noble and heroic old man moved on through the successive stages of his great ovation; the excitement of the thronging multitudes of the descendants from his companions in arms, who poured out from hamlet and village and town and city to meet him, to follow him, to listen to his words, to gaze upon his friendly and venerable countenance, and to bless him with the warm benedictions of full and grateful hearts; — all these auspicious circumstances had spread a festal joy, unexampled in the history of the country, preparing the minds of men to respond to the inspired voices of eloquent speakers, to beat in full accordance with the thrilling memories of the past, to swell with the exulting anticipations of the future. The immense multitude who were present in Cambridge on that anniversary, will never forget the deep interest of the occasion, — the plaudits and congratulations, as they received among them the beloved guest of the nation, and the breathless and absorbed attention with which they listened to the discourse of Mr. Everett, as it reached, with its rich harmonies, the remotest parts of the old church, crowded to its utmost capacity with eager and expectant throngs. The old-fashioned square pews were filled, and every inch of space

on the top of the narrow railing which enclosed them was occupied by persons, who, unable to find seats or standing-places, remained perched upon these sharp edges, hour after hour, wholly unconscious of the discomfort of their uncertain elevation. Mr. Everett's subject was fortunately chosen for such an assembly of lettered men, and fell in admirably with the joyous and triumphant spirit of the occasion. It was redolent of the most refined scholarship, — the most exquisite learning drawn from the highest fountains of knowledge. It was the earnest plea of a republican scholar, in defence of republican institutions, in their bearings upon the cultivation of letters and science. The argument was conducted with consummate ability and taste; none left that assembly without having their confidence in the intellectual destinies of the country increased by its close reasoning and glowing appeals. The orator was then in his early manhood, with the fresh dews of youth still lingering about him. Most of the audience had never listened to his voice or looked upon his countenance before, though his literary renown had already filled the land; and the music of his speech came upon them with the effect of a delicious novelty. To many of them was given, on that day, the first conception they had ever formed of the great triumphs of classical oratory; those triumphs achieved by the combination of the gifts of genius with matured and profound studies, and with a thorough knowledge of the principles and a careful training in the practice of the art; employed upon subjects of deep and immediate concern to the hearers, and holding undivided possession of the soul, while tasking all the mental energies of the speaker. So Demosthenes moved the passions and swayed the minds of the Athenian assemblies, as he addressed to them, from the Bema, those carefully meditated orations, by which, year after year, he guided and controlled the policy of the Athenian commonwealth; so Cicero compelled the feelings of the surging multitudes of the Roman Forum to obey the movements of his eloquence, as the mighty ocean tides follow the path of the serene orb of heaven, whose attraction nature forbids them to resist.

In reading these volumes, we cannot but be astonished at the number and variety of subjects which Mr. Everett has discussed in his public discourses. We have alluded to some points of comparison between the public speaking in our country and in the ancient republics. While the comparison

holds good in several very striking particulars, it is, in others, a very inadequate one. If we look over the extant orations of the Attic orators, and add to them the semi-historical speeches put into the mouths of statesmen and generals by historical writers, we shall see that the number of topics, compared with those which present themselves in our day and country, was somewhat limited. In the popular assemblies, the general political subjects were pretty much the same; and some of the themes of popular address, most effective then, are even now equally powerful over the eternal passions of the human breast. This point has been well illustrated by Lord Brougham, in his Essay on the Eloquence of the Ancients, where he shows that many passages of Demosthenes would have commanded the same attention in the House of Commons that they did in the Athenian Ecclesia. But, with the exception of judicial arguments, the popular eloquence of the ancients was not very extensive nor comprehensive in its topics. Private suits, indeed, were numerous; and the rhetoric of the courts was distinguished, in Athens at least, from a very early period, by its logical acuteness in the application of the rules and principles of law, as well as by able arguments drawn from natural right, common sense reasoning, and the unalterable rules of equity. The demonstrative, or epideictic style, as their technical writers designated it, corresponded, with tolerable exactness, to the occasional orations in which our countrymen delight. In these, for the most part panegyrical, discourses, the formal and standing subjects were eulogies upon an illustrious ancestry, in which the speakers, not confining themselves within the limits of established historical truth, ranged at will among the shadowy forms of a mythical and mysterious and unmeasured past; they recounted the visits and benefactions of gods and goddesses to the favored city, and the exploits of demigods, with whom the poets had peopled the primeval land; then the Scythians, Thracians, and Amazons figured in their sounding periods, and the wars of god-descended kings, by which these fabulous hordes of fighting men and fighting women were defeated or annihilated. The legendary strifes of Thebes and Troy furnished abundant materials for declamation; and the autocthonous glory of immemorial possession of the soil rounded many a patriotic descant. After

these ambiguous claims had received their due attention, the orator generally came down to matters within the scope of acknowledged history, and the illustrious deeds of his countrymen in the Persian invasion furnished the theme of eulogy.

Now these *obligato* topics strike the modern reader as being somewhat monotonous, to say the least; and however interesting the gods, demigods, heroes, Amazons, Thracians, and Scythians were to those whose national vanity was pleased by the association of ancestral names with these dim but gigantic figures, they appear to us like the cold inventions of frigid and somewhat childish rhetoricians, playing at eloquence, rather than rousing the passions of an excited audience. The truth of these remarks will be felt, we think, if we read in succession the elegant epideictic discourses of Lysias and Isocrates. It should be added, however, that the deliberative orations of the ancients are generally free from these inartificial devices. When Pericles exhorts his countrymen not to yield to the overbearing insolence of a rival state, he passes with consummate judgment, after two or three sentences of introduction, to the practical consideration of the real questions at issue in the coming contest; points out the insulting nature of the Lacedæmonian requirements; describes vividly the advantages, physical and moral, they possess over the enemy; and traces a line of action by which these natural and acquired superiorities may be maintained; and so, in a speech of masterly vigor, occupying at most half an hour in the delivery, he brings the minds of his countrymen to the point of conviction, at which they are willing to risk their fortunes and lives on the doubtful hazards of war. The same great orator and statesman, in his famous funeral oration, avoids with fine tact the prosy details of mythical times, though the nature of the occasion made it fitting, if not necessary, to touch upon the virtues of the autocthonous ancestors. "The same race, always inhabiting the same country," said he, "transmitted it, through a succession of generations, free; they are worthy of praise, but still more so are *your fathers;* for they added to what they received, and handed down to us, of the present day, the extended empire which we now possess." After this skilful opening, he delineates with a power never sufficiently to be admired the character of the Athenian institutions,

analyzes with deep practical insight the principles lying at their foundation, contrasting them, for the most part silently, with the austere and repulsive features of the Spartan polity; and having pressed upon his hearers with an art and depth of genius which Demosthenes himself never surpassed, every consideration that could rouse in the hearts of the mourning assembly, as they stood around the bones of their friends and countrymen gathered from the field of battle, an unquenchable pride in the position achieved by the country; and having fixed in the minds an august image of her as the "mother of arts and arms, native to famous wits," not needing even the poetry of Homer to celebrate her praises, — he makes them feel that for such a country it is a duty and a joy to die; that the field of their death was the scene of their happiness and of their brightest glory; that their example should be cheerfully imitated, by men inspired with a just sense of their country's greatness; that the thoughts of the past should console the short remaining future of the aged parents bereaved of noble and patriotic sons; and having announced that the children of the departed are to be the objects of the fostering care of the state, he dismisses the people, mourning, but excited, consoled, and resolute to maintain the glory of Athens at every hazard of life and fortune. Such was the magnificent style in which the great statesman broke away from the rhetoric of the schools, and, guided by an exquisite art or a divine instinct, appealed at once to the profoundest feelings of the human heart.

At a later period, the kindred genius of Demosthenes handled with a like force the living interests and realities around him. In the long-drawn, but unequal, struggle against the Macedonian kings, when he needed every topic which could exercise a power over his countrymen as he strove to rally them to assert their ancient prerogatives against the encroachments of despotism, and when the mighty memories of the past came thronging around him, he, too, never dwelt upon the unreal boasts of a cloud-encompassed age of intercourse with the gods, but with passing allusions to these things, he swept on, in the storm of his eloquence, to the questions that a popular vote must decide; and summoning to his aid the historical glories of the peerless city whose destiny his almost single arm was upholding, like Pericles, he appealed to the

pride of Athenian supremacy; and with a vivid appreciation of the present that even Pericles did not attain, he pointed to the evidences of Athenian greatness, — the docks, the navies, the courts of law, the Propylæa, the temples and images of the gods, and especially the majestic statue of protecting Athena, who seemed to overshadow with her ægis the Acropolis itself, while she defended her beloved city with her menacing spear.

We have barely alluded to these traits of antiquity for the purpose of showing that, although such men as Pericles and Demosthenes addressed their contemporaries with almost superhuman power, yet, in modern times and in our republican communities, the sources of eloquence are quite as deep, and the topics more various; and this brings us back again to Mr. Everett's noble volumes. The first discourse, delivered on the occasion to which we have briefly referred, is worthy of careful study quite independently of the particular circumstances that gave opportunity to more than one burst of eloquence, like the apostrophe to Gen. La Fayette, whose effect was equal perhaps to any thing of the kind in ancient or modern oratory. The oration is, indeed, as we have said, a most beautiful and scholarly plea in behalf of letters in republican states. Between this and the speech on the Bible, which forms a fitting close of religious solemnity, to the manifold strains that fill the interval with their rich enchantments, we have a series of orations, discourses, speeches, and addresses, on a wonderful variety of occasions and topics, for a wonderful variety of objects, in different countries and almost numberless places. We have elaborate literary orations, delivered before college and other societies; discourses in commemoration of the founding of our New England communities; orations prepared for anniversary celebrations of the great battles in the revolutionary war; fourth of July orations; eulogies on illustrious patriots, as Adams and Jefferson, La Fayette, and John Quincy Adams; lyceum lectures; speeches at public dinners and other festivals; temperance addresses; addresses before charitable societies; before learned associations, agricultural and scientific societies; at cattle shows, and before legislative committees; — amounting in all to the astonishing number of eighty-one; a third more than Demosthenes wrote in his whole life, and nearly as many as are extant of Demosthenes and Cicero together.

Next to the great variety of occasions for which these discourses were prepared, we are struck by the number of important subjects which are treated in them. The extent of knowledge and the depth of study required for the management of these can only be appreciated by one who has carefully read and analyzed them. And when we consider that, with the exception of the earlier and scholastic period of his life, Mr. Everett has been charged almost constantly with weighty public duties, we must needs wonder at and envy the extraordinary powers of acquisition which have enabled him to conquer so many provinces of learning. For the subjects which Mr. Everett handles are not discussed in the fluent language but superficial thought by which so many of our public speakers are characterized. On the contrary, he searches, with curious art and marvellous success, for the fundamental principle, develops it with unerring logic to its great practical conclusions, and concentrates upon the argument, with a taste as faultless as his conception of the subject is profound, all the connected and auxiliary learning which the topic and the occasion admit or require.

Another and equally striking characteristic of these volumes is the national tone which sounds through them. We feel the patriotic American spirit animating them and communicating its glow to our hearts, as we dwell upon the page. And while we recognize this nationality of sentiment, we feel also that it is the result of no narrowness of mind or exclusive temper towards the distant and the foreign. No man has a more intimate acquaintance with the ancient and the modern world, or a more catholic appreciation of all there is of good in governments and institutions differing from our own; no man has made more extensive comparisons, no reasoner has a broader or more solid basis of facts for his conclusions; and yet, with these rich funds of study and experience, Mr. Everett, combining the ardors of youth, with the wisdom of long experience, still discourses to his countrymen in those strains of temperate enthusiasm for the principles of American liberty, of devotion to the constitution our fathers bequeathed, of sagacious forecast and earnest warning for the future, which led his hearers captive a quarter of a century ago. The importance of knowledge, the necessity of popular education, the value of public improvements, and of inventions in the arts, the practical applications of science, the obligations of charity, the

duties of an enlarged love of country, and more than all, and above all, the indispensable necessity of enlightened Christian faith; — in short, all the vital themes connected with the peculiarities of American existence, and naturally forcing themselves upon the consideration of the thoughtful American citizen, whether old or new, whether worn thread-bare by the speculations of other times, or brought first prominently into notice by the urgency of the passing hour, have received new, intenser, and brighter illumination from his pen. Our national life, comparatively speaking, is of yesterday. We have, fortunately in most respects, it seems to us, no legendary past. Our heroic age is not mythical, but historical; and our great orators linger, of necessity, upon themes like those which Pericles and Demosthenes took by choice. But it requires the living power of genius to shed an original interest, as Mr. Everett has done, over the familiar and the known; to strike out new thoughts from old facts; to draw unsuspected conclusions from ancient premises; to point out, from the trodden highways of life, vast and illimitable vistas of progress which had not before opened upon the common eye.

It is this Americanism of feeling, this pervading patriotic purpose, which brings a delightful unity out of this endless variety. We seem almost to be reading an epic poem, as we advance from the prelude, adorned by every charm of finished speech and admirable learning, through the orderly representation of the greater themes and the lesser episodes of the successive periods of Mr. Everett's literary life, set forth with accurate logic, clothed in the forms of an exquisitely cultured imagination, and finally ending with a strain of religious eloquence worthy of the Christian orator and scholar. At every step we take, we behold on all sides the spectacle of order, and arrangement, and beauty; and when we reach the conclusion, our souls are filled with a pervading sense of harmony.

We should have no hesitation, therefore, in placing in the hands of young American citizens these volumes, as containing the best developments of the genius of free institutions; the noblest expositions of the lofty duties by which the citizen of a free state is bound; the most spirit-stirring representations of the greatness of the illustrious founders of our commonwealths, now living immortal in the monuments of genius and patriotic wisdom they have left behind them.

After speaking of these graver qualities, it may seem like descending to touch upon merely literary excellence. But this is so capital a characteristic of all of Mr. Everett's writings that the outline here attempted would be more incomplete than we should be willing to leave it, if something is not said with special reference to this point. In all that Mr. Everett does, there is a singular completeness in the execution, as well as the conception. It seems to be the natural tendency of his mind to do whatever he undertakes in the best possible manner, as a matter, not only of taste, but of conscience. As a moral duty admits of no half compliance with its requirements, or a religious obligation feebly discharged is not discharged at all, so an intellectual task, if executed in a superficial manner, is not to be considered as a task performed ; and conscience, lending aid to taste, lays a moral law upon the operations of the intellect, and imparts a species of sanctity to the highest possible finish of its work. We suppose Mr. Everett labors in a spirit like this. He leaves no thought ill comprehended, no sentence badly expressed. Whatever is worth thinking is worth thinking clearly ; whatever is worth uttering at all, is worth uttering well ; whatever is worth writing at all, is worth writing in the best manner. The studies of his youth, made the productions of antique genius familiar to him as household words, and the fragrance of their amaranthine flowers breathes from every sentence that drops from his pen. His style combines purity and great richness of phrase, with that numerous rhythm which belongs to the higher forms of prose eloquence. The delicate perception by which the artist shades and tints his pictures, until the eye rests upon them with a conscious, but unspeakable and inexplicable, delight, is analogous to that well-trained sense of the beauties and proprieties and harmonies of speech, which guides a writer like Mr. Everett in the choice of his words, the combination of his clauses, and the moulding of his periods into forms that dwell in the mind of the hearer forever. The fine contrasts between simplicity of expression in narrative or unimpassioned passages, and the more elevated and embellished manner into which the harmoniously attuned spirit naturally rises in moments of inspiration, form one of the highest charms of a finished literary style. This charm everywhere casts its spell

over the writings of Mr. Everett. Moving and noble passages of his orations are found in all our school books, committed to memory by young men for declamation, read aloud in the evening circle, repeated in quotations, and dwelt upon as we muse in our solitary walks. There is no such power as that of the poet and the fine prose writer. The sentences they utter in their higher and happier moods, blend, as we revolve them, with the sights and sounds of nature flowing into and taking possession of our souls. So subtile and delicate, so gentle yet so powerful, so penetrating and all-pervading is the influence of an author whose knowledge is varied, elegant, and profound; whose imagination is vivid, strong, and creative; whose taste is pure, according to the last requirements of classic art; whose language is fastidiously chosen, yet copious; whose sentiments are national, but disinterested and humane; whose aspirations rise from the country to mankind, from mankind to God.

We had intended to quote a portion of the graceful and very interesting preface to the second edition. But we have scarcely left ourselves space for more than one or two passages, and those from the less known portions of the second volume. Most of the discourses that occupy the first have been long before the public, and have entered into the standard literature of our age. All will in a short time become so; they will be studied hereafter as we now study the classics, to train the mind in habits of accurate reasoning, to form the taste by models of classic beauty, and to fill the memory with noble and exalting ideas.

Three discourses in the second volume are now published for the first time. From the second of them, — an oration delivered at a few days' notice in Lowell, July 5th, 1830, — we quote a characteristic passage.

"There is another point of importance, in reference to manufactures, which ought not to be omitted in this connection, and it is this, — that in addition to what may be called their direct operation and influence, manufactures are a great school for all the practical arts. As they are aided themselves, in the progress of inventive sagacity, by hints and materials from every art and every science, and every kingdom of nature, so, in their turn, they create the skill and furnish the instruments for carrying on almost all the other pursuits. Whatever pertains to machinery,

in all the great branches of industry, will probably be found to have its origin, directly or indirectly, in that skill which can be acquired only in connection with manufactures. Let me mention two striking instances, the one connected with navigation, and the other with agriculture. The greatest improvement in navigation, since the invention of the mariner's compass, is the application of steam for propelling vessels. Now, by whom was this improvement made? Not by the merchant, or the mariner, fatigued by adverse winds and weary calms. The steam engine was the production of the machine shops of Birmingham where a breath of the sea breeze never penetrated; and its application as a motive power on the water, was a result wrought out by the sagacity of Fulton, from the science and skill of the mill-wright and the machinist. The first elements of such a mechanical system as the steam engine, in any of its applications, must be wanting in a purely commercial or agricultural community. Again, the great improvement in the agriculture of our Southern States, and, in its results, one of the greatest additions to the agricultural produce of the world, dates from the invention of the machine for separating the seed from the staple. This invention was not the growth of the region which enjoys its first benefits. The peculiar faculty of the mind, to which these wonderful mechanical contrivances of modern art owe their origin, is not likely to be developed in the routine of agricultural operations. These operations have their effects on the intellectual character, — salutary effects, — but they do not cultivate the principle of mechanical contrivance, which peoples your factories with their lifeless but almost reasoning tenants.

"I cannot but think that the loss and injury unavoidably accruing to a people, among whom a long-continued exclusive pursuit of other occupations has prevented the cultivation of the inventive faculty and the acquisition of mechanical skill, is greater, in reference to the general affairs and business of life, than in reference to the direct products of manufactures. The latter is a great economical loss, the nature and extent of which are described in the remarks which I have quoted from the great teacher of political economy; but a community in which the inventive and constructive principle is faintly developed, is deprived of one of the highest capacities of reasoning mind. Experience has shown that the natural germ of this principle — the inborn aptitude — is possessed by our countrymen in an eminent degree; but, like other natural endowments, it cannot attain a high degree of improvement without cultivation. In proportion as a person, endowed with an inventive mechanical capacity, is acquainted with what has been already achieved, his command is extended over the resources of art, and he is

more likely to enlarge its domain by new discoveries. Place a man, however intelligent, but destitute of all knowledge in this department, before one of the complicated machines in your factories, and he would gaze upon it with despairing admiration. It is much if he can be brought, by careful inspection and patient explanation, to comprehend its construction. A skilful artist, at the first sight of a new machine, comprehends, in a general way, the principles of its construction. It is only, therefore, in a community where this skill is widely diffused, and where a strong interest is constantly pressing for every practicable improvement, that new inventions are likely to be made, and more of those wonderful contrivances may be expected to be brought to light, which have changed the face of modern industry.

"These important practical truths have been fully confirmed by the experience of Lowell, where the most valuable improvements have been made in almost every part of the machinery by which its multifarious industry is carried on. But however interesting this result may be in an economical point of view, another lesson has been taught at Lowell, and our other well-conducted manufacturing establishments, which I deem vastly more important. It is well known that the degraded condition of the operatives in the old world had created a strong prejudice against the introduction of manufactures into this country. We were made acquainted, by sanitary and parliamentary reports, detailing the condition of the great manufacturing cities abroad, with a state of things revolting to humanity. It would seem that the industrial system of Europe required for its administration an amount of suffering, depravity, and brutalism, which formed one of the great scandals of the age. No form of serfdom or slavery could be worse. Reflecting persons, on this side of the ocean, contemplated with uneasiness the introduction, into this country, of a system which had disclosed such hideous features in Europe; but it must be frankly owned that these apprehensions have proved wholly unfounded. Were I addressing an audience in any other place, I could with truth say more to this effect than I will say on this occasion. But you will all bear me witness that I do not speak the words of adulation, when I say, that for physical comfort, moral conduct, general intelligence, and all the qualities of social character which make up an enlightened New England community, Lowell might safely enter into a comparison with any town or city in the land. Nowhere, I believe, for the same population, is there a greater number of schools and churches, and nowhere a greater number of persons whose habits and mode of life bear witness that they are influenced by a sense of character.

"In demonstrating to the world that such a state of things is

consistent with the profitable pursuit of manufacturing industry, you have made a discovery more important to humanity than all the wonderful machinery for weaving and spinning, — than all the miracles of water or steam. You have rolled off from the sacred cause of labor the mountain reproach of ignorance, vice, and suffering, under which it lay crushed. You have gained, for the skilled industry required to carry on these mighty establishments, a place of honor in the great dispensation by which Providence governs the world. You have shown that the home-bred virtues of the parental roof are not required to be left behind by those who resort for a few years to these crowded marts of social industry; and, in the fruits of your honest and successful labor, you are daily carrying gladness to the firesides where you were reared.

"The alliance which you have thus established between labor and capital (which is nothing but labor saved) may truly be called a *holy alliance.* It realizes, in a practical way, that vision of social life and action which has been started abroad, in forms, as it appears to me, inconsistent with the primary instincts of our nature, and wholly incapable of being ingrafted upon our modern civilization. That no farther progress can be made in this direction, I certainly would not say. It would be contrary to the great laws of human progress to suppose that, at one effort, this hard problem in social affairs had reached its perfect solution. But I think it may be truly said, that in no other way has so much been done, as in these establishments, to mingle up the interests of society; to confer upon labor, in all its degrees of cultivation, (from mere handiwork and strength up to inventive skill and adorning taste,) the advantages which result from previous accumulations. Without shaking that great principle, by which a man calls what he has *his own*, whether it is little or much, (the corner stone of civilized life,) these establishments form a mutually beneficial connection between those who have nothing but their muscular power and those who are able to bring into the partnership the masses of property requisite to carry on an extensive concern, — property which was itself, originally, the work of men's hands, but has been converted, by accumulation and thrift, from labor into capital. This I regard as one of the greatest triumphs of humanity, morals, and I will add, religion. The labor of a community is its great wealth, — its most vital concern. To elevate it in the social scale, to increase its rewards, to give it cultivation and self-respect, should be the constant aim of an enlightened patriotism. There can be no other basis of a progressive Christian civilization. Woe to the land where labor and intelligence are at war! Happy the land

whose various interests are united together by the bonds of mutual benefit and kind feeling!"

From the Discourse on Superior and Popular Education, we extract the following: —

"With respect to the first-named view of education, it is an inquiry well calculated to stir the curiosity of the thoughtful student of the nature of the human mind, whether it be possible, by the wisest system of education, most faithfully applied, to produce higher degrees of intellectual power and excellence than have ever been witnessed among men. We are accustomed to think that there have appeared individuals who have carried our common intellectual nature to the highest point of human perfection; and it may seem presumptuous to express the opinion, that it can be possible, by any agency of means which can be planned out and put in operation, to form minds superior to some of those which, from time to time, have commanded the admiration of the world. It may even seem idle, in connection with education, to speak at all of such minds, since, in tracing their personal history, it is often found that, so far from owing their eminence over the rest of mankind to superior advantages of instruction, they were born and reared in want, and became great by the power of genius, unaided by favorable circumstances. I do not now recollect one, among the master minds of our race, for whom a kind and judicious father would have prescribed, from first to last, that course of education and life which, as the event proved, was prescribed by Providence.

"Homer, the father of poetry, the one bard to whom all aftertimes have accorded the first place, was a wandering minstrel, in a semi-barbarous age, perhaps a blind mendicant. Who would have thought that the 'wisest of men' should have been a poor, bare-footed soldier; the standing butt, on the Athenian stage, of the most tremendous of satirists; the victim of an untamable shrew, sacrificed, at last, to a tyranny as base as it was cruel! Or who would have predicted that the prince of Grecian eloquence should have been found in a stammering orphan, of feeble lungs and ungainly carriage, deprived of education by avaricious guardians, and condemned to struggle for his life amidst the infuriated contests of rival political factions. The greatest minds of Rome, so far from being placed in circumstances seemingly favorable to their formation, lived, almost all of them, in exceedingly critical, perilous, and degenerate days; many of them under a despotism so frightful that one would think it must have produced a general intellectual catalepsy.

"If we look to the modern world, how few of the greatest

minds seem to have been trained under circumstances which would have been deemed, beforehand, friendly to the improvement of genius! Dante was tossed, by the stormy feuds of the Italian republics, from city to city, banished, and sentenced to be burned alive, if found in the land which he has immortalized by his fame. The madhouse of St. Anne was the conservatory in which Tasso's genius ripened. Columbus was, for years, an all but heart-broken suitor to royal stocks and stones. Luther, at the age when the permanent bias is usually given to the mind, was the shorn and sleek inmate of a monk's cell. Of the great men who form the glory of English literature, not one, I think, was so situated as to enjoy the best advantages for education which his country, at the time, afforded; least of all was this the case with the greatest of them, — Shakspeare. Not one of the most illustrious intellects, from Homer down, — the giant minds, who, in the language of Machiavelli, rise above the level of their fellow-men, and stretch out their hands to each other, across the interval of ages, transmitting to each succeeding generation the torch of science, poetry, and art, — not one of them, taking all things together, was placed even in as favorable circumstances as the times admitted, for the training of his faculties.

"I readily admit, that minds of the first order furnish no rule for the average of intellect; and I can well conceive, that they may, in the inscrutable connection of cause and effect, in some cases, have owed a part of their power and eminence to the operation of those seemingly untoward circumstances against which human prudence would, if possible, have guarded them. But I hope it will not be deemed rash to say, that I can imagine that each and all of these great men, to whom I have alluded, might, under more favorable influences, have been greater, wiser, and better. With a reverence as deep as honesty or manliness permits for the master geniuses of our race, — a reverence nourished by the fond and never intermitted study of their works, — I may say that I catch, from this very study of their writings and characters, a conception, that, high as they rose, they might have risen higher. I can sometimes behold the soil of the world upon their snow-white robes, and the rust of human passion upon the glittering edge of their wit. It was long ago said by Horace, that the good Homer sometimes nods; and Shakspeare, the most brilliant example, unquestionably, of a triumph over the defects of education, mental and moral, too often exhibits traces of both. As he floats, on eagle's wings, along what he nobly calls 'the brightest heaven of invention,' he is sometimes borne, by an unchastened taste, into a misty region, where the understanding endeavors in vain to follow him; and sometimes, as he skims

with the swallow's ease and swiftness along the ground, too confident of his power to soar, when he will, up to the rosy gates of the morning, he stoops, and stoops, and stoops, till the tips of his graceful pinions are sadly daggled in the mire."

With these passages, not selected as more than average specimens of Mr. Everett's manner, we close this notice, regretting the less the scantiness of our extracts, because the entire discourses ought to be studied to feel their power, and will be studied ere long by every well educated man in America.

ART. VIII. — *A History of Jesus.* By W. H. FURNESS. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 291.

To most minds, historical personages and events appear under two widely different aspects, as viewed through the medium of the judgment and of the imagination. The judgment contemplates them objectively, as through a colorless lens, and thus its conclusions must be virtually the same in the minds of all, who reason from the same data and have access to the same facts. But through the imagination, the objects of knowledge are conceived subjectively, as if seen through a many-colored lens, and are so variously modified by the idiosyncrasies of the individual, that similar pictures hang in no two "chambers of imagery." It is these paintings that constitute fictitious literature, while the judgment and the cognitive faculties are chiefly concerned in writing history. But there are persons, who seem to possess but one of these media of intellectual vision, and to be unaware of the existence of the other. Thus, there are some in whom the imagination has never come to life, — who see only outlines and diagrams, never pictures. There are others, in whom fancy usurps the office of reason and judgment, — who draw in colors and paint their diagrams. To this class belong those very ignorant persons, in whom the innate ideas which are the matrices of all accurate knowledge remain undeveloped, and whose imagination, in caricaturing persons and events, uses for its pigments the commonest earths and coars-

est ochres. To this same class belong also some minds of the highest order as to capacity and culture, so exclusively introspective in their habits, that they can take no just cognizance of external facts, cannot extend belief beyond the limits of experience, and are incapable of discriminating between what may have taken place in the outward world and the accidental modes or limitations of their own consciousness. In the hands of such persons, history is fiction, or rather autobiography. Carlyle's *French Revolution* is a specimen of this style of writing. To his own mind it seemed an accurate chronicle of characters, motives, and events. It makes his readers well acquainted with the author; but it does not begin to open to them the momentous chapter of European history, from which it derives its name.

The book now under review is a work of this sort. The author is a man, whom to know is to love, who is deeply penetrated with the spirit of Christianity, and whose whole life and character have grown from intimate heart-communion with the objects of his religious faith. He is a man of a rich, active, and fruitful intellect, of the most liberal culture, of warm enthusiasm and glowing fancy. But he is neither a logician nor a critic. Æsthetic considerations weigh more with him than historical proofs, and vividness of conception than demonstration. So far is he from needing facts to verify his theories, that he is ready to reject the best authenticated facts, if they would not flow necessarily from his *a priori* reasonings. With no mind should we more desire to be conversant for the sake of its own native resources; on none should we less rely for the interpretation of the thoughts of others. In none should we expect to trace more manifest marks of the direct influence of the Supreme Being in the heart and character; on none should we less depend for a fair understanding of the records of a past revelation. Though one of the most modest and unpretending men, he cannot help covering all external themes of thought with the shadow of himself, and then portraying that shadow under the name of whatever lies beneath it.

"A History of Jesus" is a title worthy of the author's honesty. The definite article would have been sadly out of place; for the work is not an exposition of the Gospels as they are, but an original Gospel, embracing and endorsing

such portions of the record of the evangelists as accorded with his notions of what must and should have been, and telling the rest of the story as the evangelists would have told it had they belonged to his school of philosophy and theology. His theory is, we believe, entirely original and peculiar. It is naturalism in a form so irrational and untenable, that we can hardly conceive of its ever finding a second advocate. The position of the naturalist, who entirely rejects the miraculous narratives of the New Testament, is easily maintained, and plausibly, though sophistically, defended. The enlightened and virtuous Deist can hardly fail to recognize sincerity, earnestness, and wisdom in the teachings, purity, sanctity, benevolence, and devotedness in the life of Jesus. Indisposed to admit the supernatural element, he may account for its intrusion into the evangelic narrative by the disposition of the early Christians to assimilate the author of their faith to the demi-gods and heroes of classic mythology, and to appeal to the prevalent love of the marvellous in their labors of proselytism. This theory, indeed, encounters a seemingly fatal objection in the indubitable fact that the first preachers of Christianity endured obloquy, persecution, and martyrdom in attestation of whatever story of the life of Jesus they promulgated, and in the difficulty of conceiving that men should have thus suffered for what they knew to be in part a figment and an imposture. German ingenuity has obviated this objection by representing the Gospels as accretions rather than compositions, as the growth of the first three centuries, not as the original works of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Thus, the primitive confessors and martyrs may have reported only the acts of Jesus as a good man, and his sayings as a preacher of righteousness, while the miraculous portions of the narrative owe their origin to an appetite for the marvellous in subsequent generations. It is a sufficient refutation of this view, that the universal reception of the Gospels as the works of the men whose names they bear, and their diffusion through the then known world as the only authentic narratives of the life of Jesus, are of too ancient date to leave time for this process of accretion. We have, in behalf of their genuineness, the explicit testimony of Papias, who flourished early in the second century, and might have been acquainted in his youth with St. John in his old age; and from his time

downward we have an unbroken chain of attestations to our Gospels in their present form, as the never-disputed productions of the apostolic age.

But Dr. Furness's naturalism is of a different stamp. He admits the genuineness and the essential authenticity of the Gospels; but maintains that the laws of nature, (commonly so called,) are supreme, irreversible, and essential; that a miracle is an absurdity, and that no evidence whatever can substantiate a fact that cannot be made to harmonize with the sequence of natural events and phenomena. What then is to be done with the marvellous narratives of the Gospels? Such of them as cannot be tortured into harmony with the order of nature are to be set aside. The miraculous birth of the Saviour is intrinsically incredible. The circumstances attending that event rested on the testimony of his mother. She, filled with the then universal hope of a great deliverer, and with the natural longing of a daughter of the house of David to give birth to so illustrious a personage, had several remarkable dreams, which she interpreted as the visitings of angels. The imagination of his earliest disciples supplied the links that were wanting in her narrative, and Matthew and Luke were not sufficiently practised historical critics to detect the inadequate grounds of the current persuasion that one so godlike had been in a peculiar sense God-born. The appearances from the spiritual world, related in the Gospels, are disposed of in a similar manner. The voice from heaven at the baptism was an inward sense of the divine approval; and a dove hovering near was hailed by the self-consecrated, the Baptist, and favoring spectators, as a symbol of the spiritual influence that attended the outward rite. The angels that ministered to Jesus after the temptation were "his own thoughts," the conscious strength of his spirit, "the deep joy which flowed into his heart as through the ministry of angels." The sublime scene of the Transfiguration was a dream of Peter, broken at a critical moment by a peal of thunder. Of the angels of the resurrection, the appearance of the "young man in a long white garment" was that of Jesus himself, still wrapped in his grave-clothes, and not yet wishing to be recognized; while those sitting in the tomb, "the one at the head, the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain," were the grave-clothes which he had

then laid aside, and which eyes, filled with tears, magnified into celestial forms.

There remain, however, the marvellous works wrought by the Saviour in his own person, which Dr. Furness admits as facts, yet denies that they were miracles in the common sense of that term. There is among men an almost boundless diversity of natural endowments, both mental and moral. It could hardly be that, in the lapse of ages, there should not have been born a human being of peculiarly delicate spiritual organization and susceptibility, to whom the discernment of divine truth and prophetic insight into the hearts of men and the undeveloped future should be intuitive, whose propensities should all be pure and virtuous, whose tendencies should all be Godward and heavenward. A man thus organized would be endowed with an unprecedented command of the resources, and control over the agencies, of external nature, so that it should be as easy and natural for him to cure diseases with a word, or to awaken his fellow-mortals from the death-slumber, as for common men to perform the ordinary functions of daily life. Such a being was Jesus. His singular powers were not conferred, but innate, — exercised, not by divine commission, but by the necessity of his nature. Being what he was, he could not have done less or otherwise. He became conscious of his gifts only by having spontaneously exercised them. He made no account of them, laid no stress upon them, because they were the inevitable results of the inherent laws of his being. Yet there was another essential condition to their successful exertion. Even he could do nothing for the unbelieving. He could only place himself in a peculiar relation to souls already inspired with trust in him, and drawn to him by sincere sympathy of spirit. Those whom he cured of blindness, palsy, and leprosy, were restored by the joint energy of their own longing faith and his intense love. Even the maniacs had enough of method in their madness to know from rumor, or to divine from his benignant countenance, that it was no ordinary man in whose presence they stood. The centurion's son had caught his father's faith; "and we readily see how the expectation of seeing or hearing the wonder-worker must have acted on the susceptible mind of the youth. He must needs have got well."

We dare not abridge, we will not trust ourselves to give,

in our own words, our author's exposition of the resurrection of Lazarus, of Jairus's daughter, and of the widow's son. It is an unique instance of the honest and sanguine extravagance into which an otherwise sound mind may be betrayed, when it will neither gainsay undoubted facts, nor relax its hold on a theory with which they are incompatible.

"Lazarus had fallen asleep in Jesus, and with the image of his venerated friend cherished in the innermost shrine of his life. He had died with that living principle of faithful affection in his heart, which is out of the reach of all physical changes. He was in close and vital sympathy with Jesus. We know nothing of death, except in its effect on the body. We can mark the instant the physical functions cease. But we do not know at all how death affects the intellectual being; whether the connection of that with the body is severed irrevocably when the heart ceases to beat, or whether the interior life retires gradually from its fellowship with the physical frame.

"Believing the resurrection of Lazarus to be a fact, I infer from it that the connection of the body and the mind is not so entirely and instantaneously destroyed by what we pronounce death, but that, under such conditions as were fulfilled in the case of Jesus and Lazarus, the mind may be remanded, some days after death has occurred, to reanimate the lifeless body. Lazarus had sunk into the last sleep, with that confidence in his revered friend, by which Jesus himself had just said that, though he were dead, he should yet live again; and which caused the loud command of that beloved voice to reach Lazarus asleep in death, and be heard by him and obeyed. And it was on account of this faith in him, which Lazarus cherished, that Jesus thanked God that he had heard him. It certainly was not merely for the opportunity of raising a dead man that he gave thanks. If he had sought such an opportunity, he could have had it at any time. But, as I conceive, he rejoiced that, in God's good providence, the dead man was one who had died in faith, and whose faith rendered it possible for him to be heard and obeyed, even in the realms of death. Jesus was always praying for opportunities to manifest and deepen the force of Truth; and now an occasion had come, when the Truth could be illustrated by the power of a faith which had Truth for its object and end; and not mere power, but the power of faith, would be seen; and for this he thanked Heaven.

"It may be asked how this explanation meets the other cases of the raising of the dead. Jesus raised two others. There is no mention of any faith which they cherished in him. No, but

they were both young persons; one was a little girl of twelve years of age, and the other is represented as a young man. How young we do not know. But we know this, that Jesus spoke in a peculiar manner of the young; describing little children as the representatives of the kingdom of God; and his words were never without meaning. Between him and the young, then, there was a living sympathy. They were in the same sphere. They were related to one another by indestructible ties. And we may believe that the widow's son, whom he recalled to life, was neither so old, nor yet, before he died, buried so deeply under the materializing influences of the world, nor, when Jesus met his bier, so long dead, but that the voice of Jesus, expressive of the mighty power of faith, could reach him and summon him back."

Our Saviour's own resurrection is admitted, without an expression of doubt, and is referred to the native energy of his spirit, his unconquerable love for his disciples, and his consciousness, that, if he did not reappear upon the earth, the memory of his teachings must needs grow obsolete, and the benefits of his ministry be lost to the world.

Of course, this theory, which makes the promulgation of Christianity not a specific plan or purpose of the Deity, but only an incident that happened to occur among the other possible happenings in the spiritual universe, excludes prophecy as a department of the Christian evidences, and sets aside not only the miraculous character, but even the authenticity, of all (so called) miracles, except those wrought in person by Jesus; for no similarly endowed mortal has ever appeared upon earth. The wonderful traditions with regard to the Exodus of the Israelites had for their basis the exalted energy, faith, and religious wisdom of Moses. The Hebrews, as a race, had a peculiar genius for religion, as the Athenians had for art, and the Spartans for arms. The predictions of the Messiah grew from a trust in the continued favor of the Almighty to the Jewish nation, founded on their rich and varied experience of providential guidance and deliverance in the earlier ages. These predictions, though they pointed to a temporal vindicator and conqueror, helped inflame the patriotic self-devotion of Jesus to the spiritual good of his countrymen; for he plainly saw that, without a renovation of manners and morals, their political restoration and aggrandizement were impossible. His own foresight was not the

result of divine communication, but of a keen religious instinct, — of intuitive reasoning, as to the results of the spiritual causes which he put in operation. He discerned too plainly the seeds of corruption in the heart of the Jewish state not to foresee its speedy overthrow in case of the continued rejection of his own views of truth and duty. But, with regard to the rapid diffusion of those views among the nations of the earth, he was too confident. It was the enthusiasm of a reformer, elated by unexpected success at the outset of his mission, that showed him "the fields already white for the harvest." As to his repeated predictions of his own death, he early became too well aware that he must needs fall a prey to the bigotry of the sincere and the malevolence of the self-seeking, among the religious leaders of his people; and the same love which could not rest in the grave while his disciples were scattered and his teachings disallowed, gave him the assurance that he could and would rise from the tomb, and reanimate his forsaken body.

Singular as is the theory, the outlines of which we have now presented to our readers, we find full as much ground for surprise in the form in which it is offered for general acceptance. There is no attempt at systematic statement, and hardly the show of reasoning. The volume is aphoristic in its character, separating incidents that belonged together in the order of time and of causation, and grouping events and discourses, sometimes by a discernible order of suggestion, and sometimes by laws of association peculiar to the author's own mind. The style is eloquent, but careless, — generally beautiful, often grand, but not infrequently lapsing into colloquialism, and presenting some undeniable specimens of bathos. The author betrays the most ingenuous confidence, not only in the truth, but in the easy credibility, of his views. It is evident that they are very dear to his own faith, and identified with his own religious experience; and he writes as if he had only to cry *Eureka*, to command the unanimous assent of Christendom, — as if the simplest and most artless statement of his own convictions carried with it *primâ facie* evidence complete and irresistible.

The first thought that suggests itself, on the review of this volume, is, that its theory is untenable on the mere ground of its novelty. That myriads of men should, for eighteen

centuries, have taken Jesus for the central object of their faith, reverence, and allegiance, and that none should have made an approximation to the true theory of his nature, character, and life, till now, is intrinsically incredible. But we are wrong. This objection rests on the inveterate idea, that Christ bore a special commission from God, was ordained by him to stand in an official relation to mankind, and himself understood the secret of his own being and the source of his own power. If his birth was fortuitous, and not "in the fulness of the times," — if his development was spontaneous, and his influence the result of natural causes, — there was no reason why he should have been better understood than other great men have been, in their own and immediately subsequent times; and it is no more unlikely that it should have been reserved for a divine of the nineteenth century to give expression to the true formula concerning him, than that historians of the same century should first have relieved from the obloquy of ages, or lightened of unmerited fame, the names of distinguished citizens of the Roman commonwealth. If there was nothing peculiar in kind in our Saviour's position, with reference to the world and the ages, no law of the Divine consistency and veracity made it necessary that the common mind should have access to reliable records of his life and character.

But it is a valid ground of objection to this theory, that, so far is it from resulting, by induction, from the facts in the case, that it is made to usurp the office of testimony, in determining what the facts are. But, as regards external facts, testimony cannot be set aside by any form of speculative belief, except atheism. The atheist may consistently reject such alleged facts, as cannot be accounted for by human or material agency. But if there be a God and a spiritual universe, no man is competent to define what things God can, and what he cannot do, or to determine, on *a priori* grounds, what phenomena of the spiritual world may be placed within the cognizance of human beings. Experience is, of necessity, subordinate to testimony; for the common experience of mankind rests solely upon testimony. Moreover, so far are supernatural facts from being opposed to experience, (except to individual experience, on which, if taken as the test of fact, we must, most of us, disbelieve the reports of earth-

quakes, volcanic irruptions, and water spouts,) that the recorded experience of all nations bristles with miracles, portents, and signs from heaven. Our belief in the general uniformity of the processes of nature is founded on testimony; — how, then, can similar testimony be inadequate to establish particular exceptions to that uniformity? But Dr. Furness admits such departures from the common order of nature as he can bring within a larger cycle of natural phenomena, hypothetically constructed, to meet the demands of the Gospels upon his credence. The evangelists, he maintains, were credible witnesses, or derived their narratives from credible witnesses, of the facts that they relate. On what tenable ground can he discriminate between some and others of these facts? The story of the miraculous conception must have come from Mary; that of the resuscitation of Jairus's daughter from Peter, James, or John. Is the mother's testimony less reliable than that of the apostles? Or is there any reason to suppose that her testimony reached the evangelists by a more circuitous route than theirs? Or was theirs any more likely than hers to be weighed and sifted by a careful and judicious biographer? The appearance of the angels at the sepulchre was reported by the very same witnesses that saw the risen Saviour. Both were equally unexpected, unless the former led to the expectation of the latter. Both were beheld with equally tear-dimmed eyes, and with equal tumult of emotion. On what ground can it be asserted, that the one was an imagining, the other a fact? It is evident, that the cycle of ordinary human experience was greatly enlarged with those who were conversant with our Saviour from his birth to his ascension. To what extent it was enlarged, they are the only valid witnesses; and the credence which we give in part to their report of such facts as never occurred before or since, rightfully belongs to whatever they had equal means of observing or ascertaining.

The theory under review rests on the supposed existence of general laws. This is a wholly gratuitous assumption. Uniform modes of Divine operation in the outward universe undoubtedly prevail to a certain extent; and, did they not, there could be, on the part of man, no foresight nor calculation, no hopeful industry, no responsible moral agency. But who can say that this uniformity extends beyond that order

of proximate causes, within which human calculation and accountability are confined? The more remote orders of causes lie beyond human cognizance; and how know we that they have any existence, apart from the ever renewed fiat of a discretionary Providence? But if, behind the physical causes which man can calculate, there is a Providence which is its own only law, what more probable than that it should, at intervals, have broken in upon the usual sequence of cause and effect, and wrought anomalies in the order of nature, that it might draw away the regards of men from that order, in itself so beautiful and beneficent, to the omnipotent love which ordains and guides it? If there be a God, not one way, but all ways, of operation are open to him; and dull, leaden uniformity, in the administration of the universe, is the least probable of all hypotheses. For ourselves, we find it much easier to believe in miracles than to doubt them, and feel much more inclined to regard such marvellous facts as have occurred at marked epochs of man's spiritual history, as exceptions to the uniformity of nature, than to refer them to the mechanical laws of cause and effect. When we consider the infinity of resources that must reside in the Divine mind, we should expect the history of the universe to reveal events neither similar nor analogous to what we now witness or experience, — events, which the finite mind cannot classify in its philosophy of nature, but which proclaim, "*All* power belongeth unto God."

But the *uniformitarian* theory is not only a hypothesis incapable of proof. It is contradicted by admitted facts in the history of our own planet. Numerous successive creations have broken in upon the previously established order of nature. In recent ages, indeed, no violent catastrophes have taken place over any large portions of the globe, — no old species of plants or animals are *certainly* known to have disappeared,* — nor do new species now appear. But science need go back but a few thousand years to fix the time, when animals of the torrid zone were pastured in the now frozen wastes of Siberia, when the waters covered the mountains, when our present higher animals, and man him-

* There is reason to suppose, however, that some races of birds in the Isle of France have become utterly extinct within the last two centuries.

self, had not sprung into existence ; but the world, still reeking with the residuum of an universal deluge, was trodden by marvellous and gigantic forms, of which man has seen only the mouldering skeletons. The same science carries us back to a period, when the earth had no inhabitant and bore no form of organic life, and when darkness brooded over the face of chaos. With these undoubted facts in view, how can one regard the present order of nature as something sacred, essential, constraining, as an inviolable law to the Creator ? That order, the beginning of which we can trace, which has left records of its frequent change in the strata of every bluff and hill-side, — is it not in the highest degree probable, that the Almighty has at times suspended or reversed it, for the guidance and instruction of his intelligent children ?

The probability of miracles is enhanced by our conscious need of a positive revelation from God. Without miracle there is no revelation. Jesus may have raised the dead, or have risen from the dead ; yet if he did so through the power of his goodness, through the warmth of his sympathy, through the might of his love, these things give us no assurance of his trustworthiness on subjects beyond his own observation and experience. He may have been sinless, yet fallible. If he over-estimated the success of his ministry in the nearer future, the same sanguine temperament may have created or exaggerated the celestial future promised to his disciples. There are certain subjects, the original cognizance of which must reside in the Divine mind, and which can be known only as God makes them known. Foremost among these subjects is that of pardon for the guilty, involving the complex relations created between man and his Maker by the intrusion and prevalence of moral evil. Was Jesus the only sinless child of man ? Then least of all had he any thing in his own consciousness or experience, which could solve the problem of the sinner's destiny. Human immortality, too, is not a necessary fact, and, though rendered probable by analogies in external nature, is incapable of demonstration. The longing for continued existence could hardly fail to spring up in the hearts of reflective, progressive, and virtuous men, and was likely to have been stronger in the wisest and best of mortals than in any of his brethren.

But if Christ only embodied this longing in his words of eternal life, his testimony is no more valid than that of the dying Socrates. All questions of this class are questions of fact, and can be answered only by the testimony of one who does not merely speculate or desire, but who knows. Now, miracle, in its usual sense of a departure from the common order of nature, is the only conceivable mode in which the testimony of God can be conveyed to man. Let such an event, or series of events occur, in connection with some specific statement of truth, or some professed teacher of truth, man cannot help regarding that statement or that teacher as divinely authenticated. To deny the possibility of miracle is to deny the possible attainment by man of certain knowledge on the very subjects, on which, beyond all others, he most needs to be enlightened.

We pass to other considerations. The peculiar form of naturalism in the book before us might, we think, with less expense of argument, be refuted by common experience. The theory is, that the preëminent goodness of Jesus gave him extraordinary power over nature. Why, then, have there been in this regard no semi-Christs? Why has not superior moral excellence been always attended by superior sagacity and skill in the control of physical agencies? Why have not good men, as such, exerted peculiar power in assuaging pain and relieving sickness? But, unless Jesus be an exception, physical science and moral goodness have always wrought their respective works, each in its own sphere. Virtue has refreshed men's souls, reformed their vices, comforted their sorrows; mechanical, nautical, medical skill has fed and clothed them, sailed their ships, healed their wounds, cured their diseases. When we are ill, we ask prayers, not prescriptions, of the saint; while a bad man may administer the effectual remedy. If, in that one case, goodness assumed control over the forces of outward nature, it was, aside from all analogy, an exceptional, anomalous case, answering to our definition of miracle.

Again, our Saviour's own professions are fatal to our author's theory. Much of his language, with regard to his own wonderful works, is inconsistent with the idea of their spontaneousness, and shows that he regarded them as tokens of a special commission from God. We could not desire

declarations more explicit than these: "The works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." "The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not; but if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works." It is to us equally evident, that he did not consider himself as a man like other men. He employs, with regard to himself, terms which denote an official relation, not self-assumed, but divinely appointed, with regard to the human race, — a relation in which, though another sinless being should tread the earth, no second could claim his place or share his functions. Could he, merely as conscious of a sinless heart and a blameless life, claim "power upon earth to forgive sins," or say that "the Father had committed all judgment into his hands," or term himself "the bread of life that cometh down from heaven," or arrogate to himself a mysterious preëminence, as the "only-begotten Son of the Father"? Unless he was conscious of something widely differing from, and immeasurably above, mere human excellence, such language is arrant blasphemy, and must entirely destroy our reverence for an outward virtue, which was more than overbalanced by the spirit of insane self-praise and self-exaltation. And what a heaven-wide contrast and incompatibility is there between these professions and his meek and lowly walk among men, unless we regard the former as the utterance of simple, literal facts, that defined his office, province, and mission!

We think that we can discern the course of thought which has led to the production of this strange book. Jesus of Nazareth is presented to the faith of the world in a double aspect, as equally the Son of man and of God, equally the faultless model of human virtue and the perfect image of the Eternal Father; in fine, (to borrow a compound word, which expresses our own belief, though it is chiefly used by Christians with whom we might not sympathize,) as the God-man. Gross errors of doctrine are chargeable, as we think, on those who ignore either of these aspects of his character. Yet there have been, at every epoch of religious inquiry, those who have overlooked his humanity, and those who have lost sight of his divinity. Dr. Furness has dwelt so intensely, and with such devout admiration, on the per-

fectness, beauty, and loveliness of his human manifestations and relations, that he has no heart-room left for the sublimer view, in which he stands apart from those whom "he was not ashamed to call his brethren," — as God's vicegerent in the spiritual kingdom, as Sovereign, Mediator, Redeemer, and Judge.

We have spoken freely of the book; — the author himself loves truth and freedom too well to have wished us to do otherwise. We sympathize so deeply with the spirit of fervent piety and of conscious communion with the Saviour, which pervades equally his book and his life, that we feel almost humbled by the attempt at criticism. We close by quoting his closing paragraphs; and, did we suppose that others could find what he has found by the route on which he has sought it, our pen should have lain still, or been wielded in panegyric.

"My chief aim, in the foregoing pages, has been to give expression to a simple sense of Truth.

"While many have gone away, each to his own, hopeless of beholding the living Son of God, I seem to myself to have been standing, for many years, at the dark tomb of superstition, to which he was long ago consigned by hands that meant to do him honor; and although the military guard, so long stationed there by Church and State, has disappeared, and the stone, with its priestly seal, has been rolled away, yet it has seemed to me that he had been borne hence, and I knew not where they had laid him. Like Mary, I have thirsted to know whither he had been carried. At last, he has come forth from the dim, cold sepulchre, and I recognize him, glowing in all the fresh and breathing beauty of nature, in this 'YOUNG MAN,' clad in the white robes of Innocence and Truth, whose wondrous story I have here endeavored to tell. What heart will not prostrate itself at his feet, and cry, 'My master!' And I can wonder no more that his first disciples exhausted the language of reverence, when they spoke of him, and that he has been worshipped for centuries, as more than an angel."

ART. IX. — *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in* 1848 *and* 1849 *; being the Second Series of the Notes of a Traveller.* By SAMUEL LAING, ESQ., Author of a Journal of a Residence in Norway, a Tour in Sweden, &c. London: Longmans. 1850. 8vo. pp. 534.

MR. LAING's publications cannot be ranked among ordinary books of travels. He does not go abroad for the mere purpose of seeing sights, grumbling at innkeepers and modes of conveyance, and chronicling his personal experiences. He is a philosophical observer, a student of the great causes affecting the economical, social, and political well-being of nations. What he sees abroad he brings into frequent comparison with familiar facts at home; and while professing to treat only of men and things on the Continent, he has more to say about Great Britain than about any other nation in Europe. The peculiarities and effects of English institutions and customs are brought out into strong relief when they are contrasted with those which prevail in France, Belgium, and Germany; and the effects of each are illustrated by what he has seen, in repeated visits to the Continent, of the actual condition of the mass of the people in the several countries through which he has travelled, or in which he has resided. His observations take a wide range. Modes of husbandry, and systems of military defence, pauperism and its causes, laws regulating the descent of property and the collection of taxes, the diffusion of a taste for art and the means of popular education, the recent revolutions and wars in Europe, the circumstances which led to them, and their probable effect on the future condition of the people, the new theories of political and social economy that have been broached, and the value of the experience which has been gained in the attempt to carry them into practice, are among the subjects that he has considered, and in the discussion of which he has shown great vigor and independence, if not originality, of thought, and a happy faculty of combining the results of theory and observation.

It may be thought that a work of such a character would afford more instruction than entertainment. But Mr. Laing

is master of a very lively and pungent style, and is so successful in interweaving a great mass of facts, collected by wide and careful research, with his elaborate disquisitions, that his book is by no means a dull one. Among English political economists he is regarded as the leader of a band, already formidable in point of number and ability, who dissent altogether from many of the dogmas of the established church, as expounded by Ricardo and McCulloch. While the latter rest chiefly upon theory and abstract speculation, he appeals mainly to facts; and the great number of these which he has gathered during his long visits to various parts of the Continent, together with his keen and shrewd strictures upon the arguments and opinions of the old school, have done much to weaken the confidence with which, until recently, those opinions were stated and received. He is a sturdy Briton, and stoutly defends many English customs and notions, which do not seem very defensible in theory, or at the first blush, and which have therefore been keenly criticized by Continental writers. At the same time, he is a radical in advocating many changes in long established and highly venerated institutions, where his inquiries have led him to distrust their present efficacy or their beneficial results. Some of his disquisitions might be supposed to come from an old fashioned English conservative, while others advocate sweeping innovations so earnestly as to expose him to the charge of ultraism in reform. This seeming inconsistency is the best evidence of honesty and independence of thought; he unquestionably observes and judges for himself, not perhaps without prejudice, but certainly without much deference for the authority of others. He modestly observes in his preface, that as he has only undertaken "to furnish suggestions, hints, and materials for others to think over, his own views and observations may be weak, crude, unconnected, or even inconsistent with each other, and yet not be altogether useless or wide of his object in presenting them." The speculations of such a writer are always suggestive, and often curious and important; and we shall therefore endeavor in this article to give as full an abstract of them as our limits will permit, without often pausing to question the soundness even of those which appear to us to be objectionable or unsound. In doing this, we shall freely adopt Mr. Laing's own language, when-

ever it can be borrowed with due regard to perspicuity and conciseness.

Since the commencement of the present century, or rather, — to count from an epoch which marks a cause as well as a date, — since the first French Revolution, three new elements have entered into, and become predominant in, the social system of the Continent; — namely, 1. the diffusion of landed property through the social body; 2. functionarism, or the establishment of an immense class of government functionaries, to take the place of an hereditary nobility which has died out, or become effete; and 3. the Landwehr institution, which may be briefly described as the fusion of the militia and the standing army into one body, and the virtual conversion of the whole body of the people into trained soldiers. Though Mr. Laing is a stout opponent of the English system of the aggregation of vast landed estates in the hands of a few, to the total destruction or disappearance of the class of yeomanry or peasant proprietors, and therefore augurs much good from the first of these elements, at least in an economical point of view, he thinks that the union of all three has not as yet promoted the well-being, liberty, peace, and good government of the Continental people. Under their influence, and that of the minute and pedantic system of popular instruction and university education with which they are connected, he affirms that the people of Europe are more enslaved than they were in the Middle Ages under their feudal lords. These elements are unknown in the social system of Great Britain, and to their absence the freedom of thought and action, the peace, good order, and contentment of the English people, are mainly to be ascribed. They have been the cause of most of the late social convulsions in Germany, and must lead to others to which the past are but a feeble prelude.

Mr. Laing seems fairly chargeable with inconsistency when he attributes so much evil to the union of these three elements, while he traces so much good to the first of them, when working singly, — that is, to the minute division of landed property. In France and Prussia, the great estates held under feudal tenures have been broken up by the act of the government, the land being distributed among its former tenants or occupiers, who were not only released at once from a state of feudal servitude, but were raised to consideration and

competency as landholders. In France, this was the act of frantic republicans and reformers, aiming to democratize society in all its elements; in Prussia, only twenty years later, the most autocratic of sovereigns faithfully copied their example, and established at home the same arrangement and construction of society which he had attempted in a long and disastrous war to put down abroad. The social structure and economy of the two countries, though framed by such different hands, and with purposes so unlike, are now as similar as if they had been cast in the same mould.

"In both countries we see a people of small peasant-proprietors holding the land, no class — scarcely an individual, among them — above the cares of daily provision for subsistence and superior to others in the social influence of superior industry, intelligence, extensive social action and usefulness, or in property, which is the exponent of these social influences; a numerous body of civil functionaries living upon this people for the performance of duties partly useless, partly such as a people imbued with public spirit would discharge for themselves in each locality, and extending over them, in their private affairs and movements, a superintendence and interference which a people with any sense for liberty and personal rights would not tolerate — a military organization of the whole population — a government upheld by an army, and trembling before a population equal to the army in military spirit, experience, and the use of arms. Is not this the present social condition both of France and Prussia — the very same results from the reforms of democracy in the one country, and of autocracy in the other? This has not been a happy experiment on the reconstruction of society in either country; and the reason seems to be that, in both the principle which is the basis of all civilized society, namely, the sacredness of property, and of the social influence belonging to property as the exponent of industry, intelligence, and useful action, has been violated — in France by the blind fury of democracy at the revolution, in Prussia by the blind policy or caprice of despotism. In France the experiment, if not more happy as yet in its social results, has been more consistently carried out. The law, by the Code Napoleon, is at least in accordance with the new state of property. In Prussia, although the basis of feudality is cut away by the general distribution of property in land, and the utter decay of the social influence of the class of nobles, the feudal procedure, courts of justice, and principles of law are still maintained, and even forced upon provinces which had enjoyed trial by jury, open courts, and the simpler judicial procedure of the Code Napoleon,

before their annexation to Prussia. In both countries, by the general distribution of the land through the social body, society has been brought back to its two primary elements — a governing power above, and a governed mass below. No intermediate class to support the governing power in its necessary rights, and to support the governed mass in their just requirements of freedom and constitutional government, has yet arisen to ward off, by its social influence, the recourse to physical force by the people, and to military despotism by their rulers."

While the land in these two countries has been but recently, and by the act of government, divided into small estates of working peasant proprietors, in other parts of Europe, particularly in the Low Countries, in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and in Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Tuscany, such a division has existed from time immemorial; law and custom never favored the aggregation of land. Great Britain has been almost the only exception in the west of Europe; the tendency there has always been to unite small estates into large ones, and, especially of late years, to aggregate even small tenant occupancies into large farms. And the consequences have been, according to such economists as Laing, Mill, Scrope, and Thornton, the present hideous inequality in the distribution of wealth in the British isles, the irretrievable helotism of the working classes, the increase of pauperism till the charges for its support threaten to destroy the value of the land altogether, and the ever imminent danger of famine, — a danger which, only three years ago, was converted into a frightful reality. Such writers as Malthus and McCulloch account for these evils on the theory of overpopulation; the people, they say, have multiplied beyond the power of the land to sustain them. But how comes it, then, that Belgium, where there are 321 inhabitants to the square mile, suffers very little from these causes, while England, where the land is superior in point of natural fertility, and the people number less than 300 to the square mile, is particularly exposed to them? The disproportion becomes still more manifest when we consider, that only one fifth of the English people are directly engaged in agriculture, while three fourths of the Belgians derive all their support from this source.

But land produces more rent, if cultivated in large farms.

Unquestionably it does, if by rent we understand only that portion of the produce which accrues to the exclusive benefit of the landlord. In many cases, his estate will give him a larger income if devoted to pasturage than to tillage; for in the former case, only a few herdsmen are required to perform all the labor that is needed on a thousand acres. But it does not produce so much food; it does not afford sustenance to so many people. He who turns his land into a sheep pasture acts on the same principle which induced the Dutch, a century ago, to burn a considerable portion of the pepper which they imported from Sumatra, where they had a monopoly of the trade, in order to enhance the price of the remainder. The object of all cultivation is to increase the quantity of the marketable produce of the land; the object of the landowner, who does not till the ground himself, but farms it out to others, is to reserve as large a portion as possible of this produce for himself. If fifty laborers upon his estate will enable him to send a thousand bushels of grain to market, the price of eight hundred bushels being needed to pay the wages of these laborers, — while ten laborers require only one hundred and sixty bushels for their wages, and their work produces five hundred bushels for sale, — his rent in the former case, it is obvious, will be only two hundred bushels, while in the latter, it will amount to three hundred and forty bushels. It is for his interest, therefore, to employ the smaller number of laborers, and thereby to produce the smaller quantity of food, especially since the inadequate supply in the market will then enhance the price of the grain. It may be, that the five hundred bushels will sell for as much as could, under the other supposition, be obtained for the thousand bushels. But is it equally for the interest of the public, in a country teeming with population, that he should adopt this course? Only half a century ago, the most profitable use which the farmers of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania could make of their grain was to distil it into whiskey; for in this highly concentrated form alone would it bear the expense of transportation to a market at the eastward. The interests of the individual here prompted him to deprive the grain of its nutritious properties and convert it into a poison; the interests of the public would have counselled quite a different course.

That a larger *gross* product of food may be obtained from the land when it is divided into small properties than when it is held in large farms, is a fact which no English traveller on the Continent can think of disputing. "In Flanders," says Mr. Laing, "the face of the country resembles a carpet, little patches of ground being covered with a great variety of crops of different shades and hues, not separated from each other by enclosures, and all blooming like a garden from the care and skill of the cultivator. Not a bit of ground is allowed to run to waste, every nook and corner, every patch in the angle of a fence, being searched by the spade and hoe, and weeded by hand." The wonders of English farming are accomplished on a large scale, with high finish indeed, but with much necessary neglect or slighting of the nooks and corners, which cannot be tilled by machinery, but will yield returns only to manual labor. Spade-husbandry, of course, is less profitable, and even less productive, than husbandry by the plough, wherever land is cheap and labor is dear. But when the ownership of land is an attribute only of the nobility and gentry, while a large portion of the people are constantly in want of employment and food, precisely the reverse holds; cultivation by the spade is then true economy, and husbandry on a large scale is criminal wastefulness of the bounties of Providence. The utmost amount which land is capable of producing can be estimated only on the small patches of ground, in the neighborhood of a large city, which are cultivated by the market gardeners. Here, every clod is broken, every shovelful of earth is raked and sifted, every pebble and weed is carefully removed by hand, and an abundance of hoarded manure being applied, while every accident of rain or sunshine is economized or averted, the crops are immense out of all proportion with the little space that is cultivated. A whole country divided into small properties is a constant succession of such gardens. In England, the large farmer, who often pays a rent of a thousand pounds a year, is in fact a commercial speculator on a grand scale; he wields a heavy capital with great skill and science, economizes human labor to the utmost by the introduction of costly and powerful machines, and either makes or loses a fortune in one season. Too great an attention to details, too careful an economy of corners and patches of land, would be destructive of his inter-

ests; his operations are of a sweeping character, his returns are counted in the gross. He often makes more money by raising a smaller amount to the acre. To turn all his land into a kitchen garden would require a whole army of laborers, whose wages would eat up all his profits; the laborers would be fed, but he would sacrifice his capital. The method which he pursues has the opposite effect; he makes money, while the laborers starve.

"In Scotland, it is estimated that more than one half of the land susceptible of cultivation is not cultivated; that of the 11½ millions of acres capable of cultivation, 5½ millions only are cultivated, and 6 millions are not cultivated. And why is this larger half not cultivated in a country of which the agricultural system and agricultural improvements are held up as a model? Simply because it would not repay the expense of inclosing, draining, building houses and offices, and bringing it into the state of rent-paying arable land. It is not of a quality to afford a rent to a landlord, profit to a tenant for his capital and skill, and to replace the outlay of money in its improvement, within any period of a lease. Yet such land would subsist a population of small proprietors working and living upon it. Having neither rent to a landlord, nor profit over and above their subsistence, to produce, they would earn a subsistence, poor and scanty no doubt at first, but gradually improving and increasing with the improvement of the soil by their labor on it. This uncultivated land could employ and subsist as great a body of agricultural laborers, if they were the owners of the land, as all the agricultural laborers employed and subsisted by the other half that is at present cultivated, and paying rent. In England, as in Scotland, as much land in every rural parish is lying useless, in wastes, commons, neglected patches, lanes not required, corners of fields, sides of roads, and such uncultivated spots, as would keep and endow all the poor of the parish. Of the cultivated land of England, how much is producing little or no employment or subsistence for the population, but is merely under crops of luxury, such as hay and pasture for the pleasure-horses of the upper classes? how much is laid out in parks, lawns, and old grass fields pastured over by cattle, horses, and sheep, roaming at large, and returning no manure of any value to the farmer for their food? and how much arable land, for the want of that very manure, is in naked fallow, bearing no crop, but resting, as it is called, that is, exhausted, and waiting for its turn to receive manure? Over-population is only relative to under-production, consequent on these artificial or conventional circumstances in the use and distribution of land.

There is no natural disproportion between the increase of population, and of food for that population, independent of the fortuitous and artificial circumstances increasing the one and diminishing the other. They would always be in equilibrium with each other, but for such circumstances."

A population of small peasant proprietors are often engaged, to a considerable extent, in domestic or house manufactures. The leisure which remains to the husbandman at certain periods of the year, the necessary intervals of an employment which depends upon the accidents of weather, are thus economized and turned to profit. This is the case especially with the Swiss. Watchmaking, weaving, and other mechanical operations, with them fill up much time that would otherwise be wasted. Lacking the benefits of a division of such labor, their work, of course, costs them more than the price which is set upon it by the regular manufacturer on a large scale; but this cost being paid exclusively in time and labor which could not in any other way be turned to account, the values produced are in fact a clear gain; they cost nothing which the farmer could otherwise dispose of. Thus the wives and daughters of our New England farmers formerly knit woollen stockings for sale, at a rate which, if they depended solely upon such products for a livelihood, certainly would not keep them from starvation. But their main resource being of a wholly different character, the fruits of these subsidiary tasks were a stock of little comforts and luxuries, which could not be furnished out of the main revenue of the family. The maiden's dower, her stock of articles to begin housekeeping with, was often supplied in this manner. Now, the daughters of our farmers go into the large factories for a year or two, and save from their wages a much larger sum than sufficed to portion off their grandmothers. But it may be doubted whether their moral and intellectual well-being are promoted by the change. "The exercise of the faculties, by the application of the mind to a variety of operations, — the invention, ingenuity, and judgment called forth, the resources to be found for want of skill, tools, and coöperative aid, make the production of an article, by single-handed or family work, much more intellectual and improving, although the article produced be very much inferior and more costly than if it had been produced by factory

work. The product is better, but not the producer." The agricultural laborers in Ireland, and even, to a considerable extent, in England, are mere hedgers and ditchers; lacking the variety of employment which is given to the peasant proprietors on the Continent, through their simple household manufactures, they become brutalized by the incessant repetition of one low task, and by enforced idleness in the intervals of their regular occupation. The same remark is even more applicable to the manufacturing population, among whom the division of labor is carried out to a most pernicious extent.

For this reason, among others, Mr. Laing affirms that they have become unfitted for emigration; they are no longer suitable founders of new settlements in foreign lands.

"This nation of ours is past that stage in its social condition in which a people can throw off agricultural colonies from the main body. Two hundred years ago, when the peopling of the old American colonies was going on, the great mass of the population of the mother country was essentially agricultural; but every working man could turn his hand to various kinds of work, as well as to the plough. He was partly a smith, carpenter, wheelwright, stone-mason, shoemaker. The useful arts were not, as now, entirely in the hands of artisans bred to no other labor but their own trade or art; very expert, skilful, and cheap producers in that; but not used to, or acquainted with, any other kind of work. This inferior stage of civilization in which men were not co-operative to the same extent as now, but every man did a little at every thing, and made a shift with his own unaided workmanship and production, was a condition of society very favorable to emigration enterprise, and to colonization. It continues still in the United States, and is the main reason why their settlers in the back woods are more handy, shift better for themselves, and thrive better than the man from this country, who has been all his life engaged in one branch of industry, and in that has had the co-operation of many trades, preparing his tools and the materials for his work. Another advantage for emigration in that state of society which we in Britain have entirely outgrown, was, that the female half of the population contributed almost as much as the male half to the subsistence of a family, especially an emigrant family; and produced, by work in the household, what made or saved money. I should like to know if one emigrant father of an English family in ten thousand could say, in our days, to his wife and daughters: —

'Here, my dears, I have brought you the fleeces of our score of sheep, that I have been shearing this morning. You will take them and sort the wool, and card it, and spin it, and weave it, and waulk it, and dye it, and shape it, and sew it, and do all other needful operations with it, to make a coat for me, and petticoats for yourselves against winter; for it is not worth travelling a score miles to sell a few stones weight of wool to the merchant, and the price would go but a small way in buying our woollen clothing. And here, my dears, is our rig of flax, just fit for pulling; you will turn to and pull it, bind it, steep it, rot it, skutch it, hackle it, spin it, weave it, bleach it; and if we have more linen than we need ourselves, we can sell a web or two of it to the town's-people.' The mistress would probably reply:—'John, I never did any such work with wool or flax, and I don't know how it should be done. My grandmother, indeed, had all such work done in her family; and, besides, could brew, and bake, and make cheese, soap, candles, and a thousand things that I and my daughters never did, or saw done; because, long before my day, such house work went out of fashion in every family, high or low. Home-made cloth was too coarse for the poorest to wear, and cottons, and factory-made cloths of all kinds, were finer, better, and cheaper. We can wash, sew, cook, make the beds, and sweep the house; but we never learnt to spin, or weave, or knit, or bleach, or dye, or do any work that brings in money; because the factory did all such work in England far better and cheaper than single-handed women.'"

Mr. Laing shows very conclusively the insufficiency of emigration as a remedy for those frightful evils in the social condition of Great Britain, which are commonly attributed to over population. The population of the two British isles probably amounts, by this time, to about 28,000,000; and the yearly rate of increase being nearly one and a half per cent., 420,000 persons are added to it every year. The largest amount of emigration was in the famine year of 1848, when about 270,000 persons are estimated to have left the kingdom of their own accord, and without aid from the government. Not more than 50,000 persons a year, in addition to these private emigrants, could be shipped off at the public expense. Both public and private emigration, then, would not suffice even to keep the population stationary in numbers; the evils which now exist would not only continue of the same magnitude, but would become more formidable with the lapse of every year, in spite of this palliative, the expense

of which is also shown to be enormous. Private emigration, moreover, only tends to enhance the wretchedness of those who are left at home, and to increase the difficulty of taking care of them, because it takes off the wrong class of persons. Those who emigrate at their own expense necessarily have some small capital of their own; at least, they have health, strength, and the capability of work in them; those who remain are the paupers, the infirm, the sickly, the infants, the aged, the mass of operatives whose previous training has unfitted them for any thing, except for some task equivalent to making the eighteenth part of a pin. "Keep down the redundancy of population by encouraging emigration!" exclaims Mr. Laing; "we might as well try to bale out the North Sea into the Atlantic, by sending all the milkmaids in England to dip their pails into the ocean at Flamborough Head and empty them into Plymouth Sound."

Having enumerated the undeniable advantages and benefits of the small-estate occupancy of land, Mr. Laing proceeds, very fairly, to state the other side of the account, and to mention the evils to which it appears to give birth. It is a stationary social state; the properties are generally of the minimum size that will support a family with comfort and decency, according to the idea or standard of living which has been established among such a population for an indefinite period. One generation cannot afford to acquire or gratify any higher tastes or wants than those of their fathers. Where landed property has been thus subdivided for ages,— as in Norway, Belgium, and Switzerland, — the man of the nineteenth century is the man of the fourteenth. In such a social state, there are no markets, and no demand for the products of other countries. All are producers of nearly all that they consume; and, because the properties are of minimum size, there is little or no surplus left to exchange for other commodities. "Each family is a self-supporting, isolated unit, living a kind of Robinson Crusoe life on its own patch of land, producing, in a rough way, all it wants, and going without what it cannot produce." The land, for the most part, is heavily burdened with mortgages, debt having been contracted to pay off the co-heirs on the death of the former possessor. The amount of registered mortgages on landed property in France is stated to have been four hundred

and fifty millions of pounds sterling, in 1832; and, in 1840, it had become five hundred millions. Of course, it must continue to increase so long as the population increases; for if the owner of an estate, which will only support one family with decency, leaves two sons and two daughters to inherit it, supposing the daughters to be taken off by marriage, one son must buy out the share of the other, and burden the estate with a debt contracted for this purpose. It is true that the near view of this necessary result operates as a powerful check on the increase of the population; the people are cautious about marrying too early in life, and the number of children in a family is limited. For this reason alone, while the population of England increases at the rate of fifteen per cent. in ten years, the rate in France is but five per cent. for the same period, and in Switzerland it is still less.

Another evil is, that the co-heirs who sell their portion of the paternal estate are turned loose upon a community which has no employment to give them. Hired labor is not needed in the small-estate occupancy of land; each little proprietor tills his own domain. The son or brother who leaves home carries a little capital with him, to be sure; but this is almost sure to be spent unproductively before he can obtain occupation. And even if it be husbanded, one who has a small property of his own will hardly make so steady a workman as another who depends upon his trade alone. Besides, as the agricultural class are too poor to create any demand for articles manufactured by others, as they are obliged to produce all that they consume, the trades and handicrafts cannot flourish. But few workmen can find employment in them, and they are forced to depend rather on the foreign than the home market. Owing to this want of occupation in the most common mechanic arts, there is a congregated mass of turbulent, half-employed operatives in every city on the Continent, whom the agricultural body cannot absorb. To the existence of such a class Mr. Laing attributes most of the revolutionary agitation and disorder of the last two years, and the present perilous state of half the capitals of Europe.

There is a meaning in this fact, which those economists in our own country who wish to depress manufactures for the purpose of encouraging agriculture, will do well to read.

The cultivation of the ground cannot absorb all the labor in any nation which is advanced beyond the lowest stage of civilization; and agriculture itself will not flourish, if the establishment of trade and manufactures in the immediate vicinity does not create a demand for its products. These products are of such bulk and weight, that they will not bear transportation to distant markets at a remunerating price; they can be sold with profit only in the neighborhood where they are raised. When flour is four dollars a barrel in Cincinnati, it sells for nearly six dollars in Boston. Turn the manufactures of Massachusetts into Ohio; let a number of such establishments as exist at Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River, and Manchester, spring up within a few miles of Cincinnati; and the Ohio farmer will obtain as high a price for his grain as if he raised it in Massachusetts. These establishments would also take off the surplus of the agricultural population, and the price of grain would not be unduly depressed by the excessive number of those engaged in its production. The floating population of Ohio now either remain idle at home, the necessaries of life being so cheap that they can subsist without any regular occupation, or they are swept off by the great current of emigration, which is constantly setting westward. On the Continent of Europe, the corresponding class look to war and revolution as the only open sphere of employment or means of bettering their condition.

"The general distribution of landed property in small estates is attended by another social disadvantage. It throws loose upon a country a vast proportion of the population, clamorous for war, fit only for military service, and to whom war is a necessity, for war only can give them suitable and beneficial employment. This, I am aware, is a very different conclusion from that to which Mr. Cobden and many other able and philanthropic observers, members of the peace congress, have come to, on the same subject. They consider war as an evil which will be speedily abolished in modern society, by that very distribution and diffusion of landed property which I consider a permanent element of warfare in the new state of the European people. They suppose that war never can be the choice of a people generally possessed of property, and having a preponderating influence and voice in their own public affairs; because property, especially landed property, which cannot be removed or concealed, suffers in war equally from friend and foe, by taxation or

devastation; and where the great mass of the population are landed proprietors, having this obvious interest in avoiding war, the most self-willed government must be constrained, they conceive, to maintain peace. If Mr. Cobden and the many excellent men who fondly cherish this hope, would examine more closely the actual practical working of the small estate system of land-occupancy in France, where they were recently assembled in their peace congress, they would see that, in almost every peasant-proprietor's family, there are one or two grown-up young men, the sons and heirs of the laboring proprietor, who have no employment at home until the small estate becomes vacant by the death of their parents. Their additional labor is not required for its cultivation while the parent is able to work; and it cannot afford them bread after they are grown up, for labor not required. It is, however, a secure living to look to, and to fall back upon, after the parent's death. This mass of population includes a large proportion of all the youth of France and Germany, of an age and habits suitable for military service. In France alone, there are 10,282,946 landed proprietors. If we allow one third of these ten millions to be heads of families with sons grown up, while the parent is still able to work and cultivate his little property, what a vast body of young men we find in this social state, ever ready and eager for military service and warfare! To learn a trade or handicraft, which cannot subsist them until they have acquired it, and which they would have to abandon as soon as their little heritages fall to them, is by no means so suitable to their position in life, even in a prudential view, as to enter into military service, in which they are fed, clothed, and lodged, from the very first day; are engaged for a term of years which they can very well spare; and are then free to return to their little heritages, or to re-engage, according to their prospects. Military conscription is not an evil, not even a hardship, in a society in this state. The great body of landed proprietors, living each family on its own little farm, employing little manufacturing industry beyond its own fireside, buying little, and having little to buy with, can give no employment to each other, or to the idle and unprovided for in the social body, as producers and consumers, in time of peace any more than in time of war. There is no market in this social state for the products of the common peaceful arts — no employments to absorb the increase of population. War is a necessary sequence of the social state of those countries in which landed property is generally, and almost equally, distributed — war abroad, or tumult and revolution at home. This is clearly shown in Switzerland. The Swiss youth are scattered over Europe and

America, in various temporary employments, as servants, small traders, innkeepers, adventurers; and, except the Jews, no people are so generally dispersed over the civilized world as the Swiss. Switzerland manufactures, also, to no inconsiderable extent, for foreign markets. Yet, with all these outlets and employments for her youth, Switzerland furnishes regiments, entirely of Swiss young men, to Naples, Rome, and other Italian States, and keeps, in reality, a very large standing army in proportion to her population, always on foot, but always in foreign pay. Military service is so suitable and congenial to the social state of her population of small land-holders, that the ranks of these regiments, although serving abroad, are always replenished with ease; and there remains always a surplus of unquiet spirits at home, ready, from want of other employment, to engage in tumult and war when the cantons quarrel among themselves or with the federal government. In the United States of America, the perpetual stream of emigration from the half-cleared, half-cultivated land of the Eastern States to the uncleared forests of the West, the wild expeditions to Texas, to Mexico, to California, to Cuba, the reckless spirit of enterprise and unprincipled adventure in the American character, the political bluster and agitation always on the boil at their own firesides, and ready to scald themselves and their neighbors, may assuredly be traced to the same social state, namely, a state in which temporary employment is more suitable than steady, life-long application to one pursuit, for the youth of a country in which all have a living, a station in society, and landed property to fall back upon, if their temporary pursuits are not successful."

In speculating upon the effects of the abolition of the corn-laws in England, Mr. Laing undertakes to answer the question which has often been asked, why the British farmer, with his greater skill, capital, and economy of production, cannot raise larger crops, and undersell, at least in the British market, the grain brought from the Continent of Europe, which has heavy charges of freight, warehouse rent, and labor against it. The reason is, that the grain brought from the Baltic was received by the large proprietor from his tenants, in payment of rent, quit-rent, or feu duties; or it is the surplus produce of the small estate of the peasant proprietor. In either case, like the "remnants" of pieces of goods in the hands of a shopkeeper, which some of our bargain-loving ladies are so eager to purchase, it can be sold below cost. The trader has made his profit, the farmer or

peasant proprietor has obtained his living, out of the bulk of the article which was purchased or raised ; the surplus which is left on hand he can afford to sell at any price. If this portion of the crop sells well, it may enable the producer to lay out a little more on the gratifications and tastes of a higher state of civilization ; if it sells badly, or for nothing at all, it does not affect his means of reproduction, nor even his ordinary habits, enjoyments, or way of living. So the great landowner, whose rents are paid in kind, must dispose of the grain which thus comes into his possession at any price that he can get. It has no cost-price to him ; the lowest sum that the export-merchant will give him for it is still a gain ; and to earn a freight and a trifle more is a gain to the export-merchant.

" There is, necessarily, in every country, a great part of the population not possessed of land, and who live by supplying others with the various articles of their trades and handicrafts. How was this portion of the population prevented, under the old economy of the Continent, from overflowing ? Why were not they in the same state of redundancy, in proportion to subsistence, as our own operatives in the same trades and handicrafts ? This inquiry leads the traveller to the ultimate conclusion, that different principles of political economy are imposed upon different countries by the natural differences of their climate, geographical position, products, and other physical circumstances ; and that every country has in reality a political economy of its own, suitable to those different physical circumstances, and to the interests, employments, character, spirit, wants, and habits of the inhabitants, as formed by those circumstances.

" It is evident that in countries in which, for half the year, out-door work is impeded and precarious from the weather, the moving power of water for driving machinery, and the supply of fuel for steam power cannot be depended upon, and even the transport of goods in canals, rivers, sea-harbors, and by land roads, is prevented for weeks or months in winter, by frost and snow, the same principles of political economy cannot be suitable and applicable to their social arrangements, as in countries in which, like Britain, rivers and roads, sea and land, are always open and available for the transport of raw materials, provisions, goods, and labor, to any point where they are in demand, at any season, and where out-door work may be carried on almost every day in the year. Take the most simple case of two countries of about equal population, but of different climates, Scot-

land and Sweden or Denmark, and consider whether, owing to difference of climate alone, the same principles of social and political economy which work beneficially in the one country, could be applied to the other. In Scotland, the fruitful mother of speculations in political economy, and always eager to impose her bantlings on her neighbors, no evil arises in society from the most perfect freedom of trade and industrial action. Every man may apply his capital, industry, skill, time, and labor of hand or head, where and how he pleases, without restriction, without interference, or any right on the part of government to interfere; and the common man in England is scarcely so free as in Scotland, because he is there under some restriction in his removal to any new domicile, by the effect of poor rate and the law of settlement. Hence, it is concluded by our Scotch political economists, that capital and industry should in no case be interfered with in their free action by an enlightened government; that the most perfect freedom of trade, capital, labor, and industrial action, should be the principle of all social arrangements in all countries. But, suppose Scotland were to change climates with Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, or any country in the north of Europe; suppose the Clyde, the Forth, the Tay, and all harbors on the coast inaccessible, or of very uncertain access, from ice during the winter months; all transport by land of food, fuel, goods, and of raw materials for manufacturing industry, impeded every winter by snow, for several weeks, or even months; would it then be a safe practical economy of the state, and one adapted to the well-being of the whole community, to allow such masses of population as those of Glasgow, Paisley, Dundee, and many other places, to be engendered and accumulated, without any interference of the state for their subsistence, employment, or dispersion? Would non-interference then be a sound and suitable principle in the political economy of the country? . . . . In our climate, the redundant population in one locality can, at any season, remove to another in which their labor may be in demand; and neither natural nor artificial impediments prevent them from moving, at any season, in search of employment. And, in our climate, labor in our principal branches of industry is in demand, and may be employed all the year round, according to the state of markets and stocks. The living stream of labor is unimpeded by physical hinderances of frost and snow, and finds its level at all seasons in our climate. In countries to which nature has denied this advantage, — and this is the case, more or less, in all the north and west of Europe, — can the unrestrained freedom of trade and industry, and the non-interference of government with the application and use

of capital in manufactures, be as safely adopted? Is not climate an element in their social and political economy, which cannot be disregarded with safety to the general well-being, while, with us, it is one of no importance? It is probably this and other physical elements, unfelt in our social state and insular position, which force themselves into the social arrangements of the Continent, and have given rise to, and perhaps justify, the principle of the superintendence, intervention, and restrictions of the Continental governments on the free action of trade and capital."

The inapplicability of the English system of unrestricted free trade to a country situated like our own is very clearly implied in these remarks. Political economy is a science of general and abstract principles, the application of which to particular cases must be carefully limited by circumstances. If our population could always be supplied with British manufactures in precisely the same manner in which the English home market is supplied with them, it might be very questionable policy to shut them out by heavy duties on importation. But the circumstance just adverted to, — the possibility, at times, of selling products at less than their cost price, — is enough to teach us caution. English manufactures are now carried on to such an enormous extent, that the maker and vendor of them is often placed in the situation of the shopkeeper with his "remnants," of the peasant proprietor with his surplus produce, and of the large proprietor with his stock of grain received through the payment of his rents in kind. It is necessary for him to dispose of them at any price; because any price will be either clear gain, or will save him from further loss. Under these circumstances, he will prefer to send the goods abroad to be sold, rather than to disturb the rates in the home market by flooding it with surplus stock, which is to be got rid of at a sacrifice. Hence, foreigners can often purchase British manufactures at a less price than the English themselves. In the book trade, for instance, the "remnant" of a large edition of some popular English work is often sent to this country, to be sold for the utmost that it will bring, — which is very little, and always much less than the London valuation. The latest numbers of the English Reviews, either the London Quarterly or the Edinburgh, can be purchased here at

about half their price in London ; the publishers sending the surplus copies to the United States with the avowed purpose of destroying the profits of the American who reprints them, and of thereby driving him out of the business. The same policy, if not checked by a protective tariff, and by specific duties instead of those levied upon the *ad valorem* principle, would drive our manufacturers of cottons, woollens, and iron, out of the business. Scotch pig and English wrought iron have been sold in the American market, for the last three years, at a price less than the cost of manufacturing them in Great Britain ; and the consequence is, that two thirds of the iron furnaces in the United States are now out of blast, and the disbanded workmen are either idling away their time in the streets, or are emigrating to California. Let this policy be continued a few years longer, and the American manufacturing establishments will be altogether deserted, and the buildings pulled down or converted to other uses. When this end is obtained, we shall probably be obliged once more to purchase British goods at British prices. The proper object of legislation, in regard to the admission of imports, is to prevent ruinous fluctuations of prices ; and, for the reason now explained, the home market is always more steady than the foreign one. It is the policy of home manufacturers and dealers to keep it steady.

The great division of landed property which has taken place on the Continent having extinguished the social importance of the former great landholders, the gentry and nobles, as a third influential body between the monarch and the people, — what Mr. Laing calls "functionarism," or a system of government by office-holders, immensely numerous and carefully arranged and classified, has been contrived to fill the vacancy. This system has attained its fullest development in France and Germany. In the former country, at the time of the expulsion of Louis Philippe, the civil functionaries were stated to amount to 807,030 individuals. In Prussia, in proportion to the population, they are still more numerous ; the object being to give the semblance of nationality to the heterogeneous masses of inhabitants of the several provinces, which have been torn away from their former political relations, in order to make up this ill-jointed kingdom. Prussia is in fact governed by a bureaucracy, very

carefully drilled and disciplined, all moving as one body from the impulse that is received from the centre, but not hedged round by any ancient memories, deriving no strength from associations with the past, and having no root in the affections of the people. The system is an artificial and pedantic one, looking very well in theory, but working very ill, because it represses all freedom of action and thought, and creates a constant feeling of irksomeness and restraint. Mr. Laing characterizes the Prussians, in his usual blunt way, as "the most superintended, the most interfered with, the most destitute of civil freedom and political rights, — in a word, the most enslaved people in Western Europe, *and the most educated.*"

"Every imaginable and real social interest, religion, education, law, police, every branch of public or private business, personal liberty to move from place to place, even from parish to parish within the same jurisdiction, liberty to engage in any branch of trade or industry on a small or large scale; all the objects, in short, in which body, mind, and capital can be employed in civilized society, were gradually laid hold of for the employment and support of functionaries, were centralized in *bureaux*, were superintended, licensed, inspected, reported upon, and interfered with, by a host of officials scattered over the land and maintained at the public expense, yet with no conceivable utility in their duties. They are not, however, gentlemen at large, enjoying salary without service. They are under a semi-military discipline. In Bavaria, for instance, the superior civil functionary can place his inferior functionary under house-arrest, for neglect of duty, or other offence against civil functionary discipline. In Würtemberg, the functionary cannot marry without leave from his superior. Voltaire says, somewhere, that 'the art of government is to make two thirds of a nation pay all it possibly can pay for the benefit of the other third.' This is realized in Germany by the functionary system. The functionaries are not there for the benefit of the people, but the people for the benefit of the functionaries. All this machinery of functionarism, with its numerous ranks and gradations in every district, filled with a staff of clerks and expectants in every department, looking for employment, appointments, or promotions, was intended to be a new support of the throne in the new social state of the Continent; a third class, in close connection with the people, by their various official duties of interference in all public or private affairs, yet attached by their inte-

rests to the kingly power. The *Beamptenstand*, or functionary class, was to be the equivalent to the class of nobility, gentry, capitalists, and men of larger landed property than the peasant-proprietors, and was to make up in numbers for the want of individual weight and influence."

Public officers are necessarily numerous under every organized government in modern times; the collection of the public revenue alone requires a little army of them. But in England and the United States, they do not constitute a class by themselves, bound together by a semi-military discipline, and responsible only to the head of the government. The feelings and preferences of the people are respected in the selection of them, and they are usually appointed from the vicinity where their services are needed. Men are not educated for office, as for a distinct profession, in which they are to continue through life; but they accept and resign posts of public service, or are turned out of them, as circumstances may require, and consequently are not distinguishable from the body of the people. The vice of the system in France and Germany is its excessive centralization. The officers in all the departments know no other rule of conduct than subserviency to their immediate chiefs, who again look up to their superiors, and these last mechanically obey the impulses received from the seat of government. Personally, they are moved by only two considerations, their pay and the hope of promotion in office. They care nothing for the people among whom or upon whom they exercise their functions, and the people care nothing for them. But a government which does not rest upon any feeling on the part of the governed, which is not protected by any sentiment of loyalty, is always insecure. It may appear perfect to the eye at one moment, and at the next it will topple into ruin. Louis Philippe was deposed and set aside as easily and quietly as any *chef de bureau*. To the people, he was only the head of a department, or of all departments, of the administration; and the farther he was removed from them in nominal rank, the less they cared for his name or his welfare. The fall even of a poor bigot, like Charles X., was dignified by the sympathy of a few personal adherents, and even of a small party in the State; but not one tear of per-

sonal regret appears to have been shed for the sudden and ignominious prostration of his successor.

In Norway, which, according to our traveller, enjoys the most liberal, or rather the most democratic, constitution in Europe, the evils of functionarism are avoided by giving the incumbent a vested right in his office, and thus insuring to him a measure of personal independence. He cannot be displaced, except after a formal investigation and conviction of incompetency or misconduct, the trial being held by a different branch of the government from that which appoints him. He must be promoted in his turn, his salary cannot be lessened, nor his duties increased without further compensation; and he cannot even be removed from one locality to another without his consent; in support of all these rights, he can appeal to a court which is wholly independent of the executive and of the department in which he serves. Appointments to office are watched as carefully as removals; vacancies are published in the gazette, lists of applicants are kept, and this list, together with the reasons for appointing the successful candidate, is laid before parliament, who examine every case, and have power to cancel any unjust or improper selection. The system has worked well; under it, the office-holders are wont to speak, vote, and write in opposition to, or in favor of, measures of government, as freely as other people; they have really constituted the desirable third element between the crown and the people, being independent, in some measure, of both, and keeping both in their true constitutional places. The system was probably devised as a means of securing to Norway the enjoyments of those rights and institutions which were promised at the time of its arbitrary annexation to Sweden.

"In the United States of America, the danger of functionarism to a free state is counteracted in a way directly the reverse. To avoid permanent, or even long, occupation of office is the principle of their social policy." But for this arrangement, says Mr. Laing, our government would become a mere bureaucracy, like that of France or Prussia, existing for the benefit of the governing, not of the governed. He alludes to the fact that the President has 60,000 offices, which are directly or indirectly in his gift, the incumbents of nearly all of them being changed once in four years. That the

Norwegian system is a preservative against the evils of functionarism is evident enough; but we cannot see how it is, that Mr. Laing should attribute precisely the same result to the very different system which obtains in this country. That the office-holders are removable at pleasure, and are actually changed as often as once in four years, is a circumstance which, as it places them entirely at the mercy of the President, is likely to render them very obsequious to his will. They must be his partisans, and show themselves very active and energetic in advocating his cause. Even so very weak an administration as that of Mr. Tyler, which mustered only a "corporal's guard" of supporters in the House of Representatives, and had no hold whatever upon the people at large, was vehemently defended by the whole corps of his office-holders, from the head of a department down to a village postmaster. Still, we are not subject to a bureaucracy here; but the reason why we are not is, that the government is the least centralized of any in the world. The National government, it is true, has more offices at its disposal probably than all the State governments taken together; but it has not so many as those which are filled by the direct election of the people. The President has one postmaster in every little village; but the inhabitants of that village choose their own selectmen, their own assessors of taxes, their own school-committee, their own overseers of the poor, their own surveyors of highways, and the incumbents of half a dozen other little offices corresponding to those which, in bureaucratic governments, are filled by the appointment of the sovereign. In all these posts, which are really important public trusts, the villagers are trained to the management of affairs, and acquire a comprehensiveness of view, a practical administrative talent, and a knowledge of business, which are, or ought to be, among the chief objects of every system of education. And this training is very general; for owing to our republican liking for rotation in office, the incumbents of these humble posts are changed every year or two, till every decent man in the place has had his turn. The fruits of this sort of education are perceived by Mr. Laing, though he fails to attribute them to the right cause.

"In all the affairs of the United States, men of ordinary education and common sense have shown themselves capable of dis-

charging very ably all those public functions and official affairs, which in Europe are supposed, from their being wrapped up in forms and etiquette of procedure, to require long training in the *bureaux* of ministers, very great experience, and much previous study. The Americans have proved, in the cabinet and in the field, that all this false importance claimed by men of office and routine, vanishes, in the management of public affairs, before sound common sense and energy. In their foreign diplomacy, American ministers fresh from the counting-house, the printing-office, or the farm, conduct important negotiations at least as successfully as the regularly trained ambassadors of the old European countries. American statesmen and generals have proved themselves equal to those bred in courts and on parades, in *bureaux* and at grand reviews. Functionaries create the science by which they live, out of their own formalities of office and routine of action; but this science vanishes in the grasp of men of vigorous common sense applied without delicacy or ceremony to the business in hand."

In Germany, great pains are taken to educate men expressly for office; but according to the practical view of things which is taken by our shrewd traveller, these pains are thrown away.

"To hold any function in civil affairs an education at a university is required. A literary culture and many accomplishments and attainments in science and the fine arts are diffused by this connection between university education and civil function, and are found in lower classes of society than with us. The youths who would, in England, be plying the hammer and the file, and considering themselves in their proper vocation if they are earning fair wages by their industry, are philosophers, politicians, and poets, in Germany, cultivating their taste in the fine arts, or their knowledge in various sciences, while waiting for some office which affords them a less income and less independence than the earnings of the industrious English mechanic. It is curious to observe this difference of education between English and German people in the same rank of life, and the different results in each country. The young men of the middle class with us are, from their sixteenth year, in the counting-house, warehouse, or workshop, giving their minds entirely to their trade or business, thinking of nothing else, and strangers to philosophy, literature, or refined accomplishments. Yet their intellectual culture is not dormant; for they are acquiring experience, judgment, and the habits of acting with, and acting upon, their fellow-men. They come out of this training in the school of real busi-

ness, into the world of social and political affairs, with minds well exercised and capable of wielding very often as statesmen or members of parliament, the weightiest national interests with good sense and practical judgment. Our Humes, Cobdens, Brights, have had no other schooling. The Continental youth of the same class go, about the same age, to the university, and come out of their training philosophers, theorists, dreamers, and attach themselves to some department of public business, in which they are formed into state functionaries incapable of thinking or acting out of the conventional forms and routine of the offices they are bred in. The practical education in the affairs of real life is more adapted to our social state, and seems to produce more distinguished public men, than the more literary and speculative education of the youth of the Continent. In France and Germany, the constituent assemblies at Paris and Frankfort, composed of philosophers, men of high literary reputation for profound learning and talent, made a very sorry figure in 1848, 1849. They wasted eighteen or twenty months listening to spoken pamphlets of their learned members, upon abstract principles of social existence, and vague generalities of what ought to be in a perfect constitution. In Germany, this speculative spirit has ruined the cause it espoused. The public mind grew weary of the endless discussion of theories, and the waiting for a practical constitution. The German mind is generally in an ague, in a hot or a cold fit. The hot fit for German unity, a central constitutional German power and a parliament, has passed away like the hot fit a few years ago for Ronge's German catholic church, and has been succeeded by a cold fit, in which all that agitated the public mind but a few weeks before is regarded as a feverish dream. The want of men educated in the world, and formed in the school of real affairs, and the preponderance of men of speculative philosophic minds, professors, scholars, men of the highest talents and attainments in literature and science, but without practice, judgment, or decision in the management even of the most ordinary business of society, will account for the trifling and mismanagement of the Frankfort constituent assembly, and for the characteristic tendency of the German people to theory without action. They lay an egg, and cackle around it as a glorious production, and want the capability of hatching it.

"The functionarism of education, the centralization under a department of government of all educational establishments, from the University down to the A, B, C school, the appointment of all teachers, masters, and professors by the state, and the requirement that all who teach shall have gone through a certain course of education and examination, and the prohibition of all teaching

or school-keeping by any other than those licensed, approved of, educational functionaries, has turned out to be a branch of the functionary system, dangerous to the state, and injurious to the character of the people. It has enabled a conclave of professors at the German universities to form the public mind on their own views and theories in politics, philosophy, and legislation, to indoctrinate all the youth of Germany, all who are to be the public functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, all the clergy, all the lawyers, all the schoolmasters and teachers, all of whom must pass through their hands as students, to be qualified for office, with the same wild theories and speculations in religion, philosophy, and political and social science. The youth come out of this preparatory formation of mind for real life, imbued with the very same opinions on all subjects, slaves of the lamp of one *génie*, in philosophy, in religious, political, or literary opinion, and absorbed in exertions to understand the mysticism of other minds. This system has given a dreaming habit of mind to a great proportion of the German youth; an aptitude to be led by theory, fancy, and speculation, rather than by judgment. It is imminently dangerous to the state, because public opinion is not formed by the public, but by a *junta* of professors, who have the formation of the public mind."

This train of reflection leads Mr. Laing to speak of the state of things at the German universities, of which foreigners hear so much that they are prone to consider all Germany as one great lecture-room, and the population as consisting in about equal parts of professors and students. The most remarkable fact about them is, that the *Burschenschaft*, or studentdom, is a distinct and formidable political body. They made the revolutions of 1848 in Germany; they did nearly all the fighting, and impressed upon the revolutionary governments which they called into being their own character for recklessness and extravagance, and a kind of swaggering and boisterous aspect, which eventually precipitated their fall through the general derision and disgust which it excited. Their political tendencies were manifested not for the first time at this period of universal agitation and revolt. Their clubs and secret associations had long been regarded as dangerous to the state, and the German sovereigns had labored in vain to discover and suppress them. How have a class of young men, whose only ostensible objects are the pursuits of literature and science, been able to acquire this political influence and notoriety? Mr. Laing justly remarks, that the

class of students at the English or Scotch universities have no more social or political importance than the class of journeymen tailors, journeymen bakers, or any other class of young men. They are the same in the eye of the law and the police. They form no distinct corps, and are never thought of, even in the smallest university town in Scotland, as a class differing from the other inhabitants in manners, opinions, or privileges. The same remark is applicable to the students in the colleges of the United States. Why have the German university students been so turbulent, so insolent in their treatment of the town's-people, or Philisters, as they term them, and so much inclined to political conspiracies or reforms? They are not more numerous in comparison with the whole population; Prussia, with about fourteen millions of inhabitants, has a little over 4,000 university students; Scotland, with a population of only two millions and a half, has nearly 3,000.

One reason for the difference unquestionably is, that the graduates of the universities in other countries than Germany do not look almost exclusively to the government for employment and support, and therefore have less occasion to think about the manner in which the affairs of the nation are conducted. Other governments do not attach qualification, or even any preference for office, to academical degrees. Those who leave the universities, therefore, are quickly reabsorbed into the mass of the population, from whom they never consider themselves as widely separated. The graduates in Germany remain a class by themselves; they are either office-holders or expectants of office.

Another peculiarity of German university life is, that it is regulated by a discipline and police of its own. There is a distinct judicature for the offences of students against the public peace, and a special academical prison for their punishment. The professors themselves are judges in these academical courts, and are, of course, fearful lest a too rigid enforcement of the law should drive away students to other universities, and thereby diminish the fees for attendance on their lectures. The sounder principle obtains both in England and this country, that academical punishments are reserved for proper academical offences; and if a student breaks the public peace, or commits any other offence against the

laws of the land, he will be brought before the ordinary tribunals, and punished in the ordinary way, — by fine or ignominious imprisonment. When the *esprit de corps* is fostered to an unnatural extent, as in the German system, commitment to the academical prison is not felt to be ignominious. It is regarded either as a jest, or as matter for boasting.

It is a still more significant fact, that, in the German universities, instruction is given almost exclusively by lectures. This mode of teaching was well adapted to the Middle Ages, in which it had its origin, when books and scholars were rare, and could be found only within the precincts of the monasteries and the universities. Oral instruction was then a substitute, the only substitute that could be had, for the study of books. But it is absurd to continue the use of a substitute after the original article has become more abundant and accessible than that which for a time usurped its place. The land is now flooded with books; our highways are paved, our houses are lined, with them; and more knowledge can be gained from a diligent study of them for an hour than could be acquired from lectures for a week. "In the present state of science, a man pretending to teach any one science, physical or intellectual, to 120 pupils in 120 hours, is like the wizard of the north putting a tomtit's egg into his magic box, and in two minutes producing from it a full grown goose. Yet this is precisely the position of the most able Scotch or German professor, doing faithfully his utmost, in a six months' course of lectures, of an hour a day, for five days of the week, to impart a science to a class of lads, each of whom has at least two, and often three, other sciences to learn, that is, classes to attend, during the same half year."

A more serious evil attends this mode of giving instruction by lectures upon a particular subject or science; the teaching is not only insufficient, it is positively injurious. An able professor is not willing to give in his lectures merely what the student might find quite as clearly and ably expressed in books; for the student might then say that he could read the books, and could ponder and inwardly digest them, so that he did not care to have them repeated to him in the form of a lecture. The professor must then rack his brains to be able to say something relating to the subject which cannot be

found in print; he must call upon his fancy and imagination to aid him, so that he may teach in a lecture what does not exist elsewhere, since the work of his judgment and intellect has been forestalled by writers who are on the watch after every discovery and new thought, to put it forth to the world in a book as soon as possible. However able the professor may be, he cannot originate or discover every year really valuable matter enough to occupy a six months' course of lectures; and it must be new every year, for if it be also true and valuable, it will be published before the end of the year, whether the author is willing or not. With the present improved modes of presenting and acquiring knowledge, one can learn in a year what it took Newton a lifetime to discover. How, then, is a professor to give in lectures, every year, enough for the student to digest of wholly original matter? He cannot do it; and it follows, that if what is taught in lectures is new, it is not true; and if true, it is not new. The German professors labor under this difficulty; and to their consequent straining after novelty must be attributed much of the fanciful and extravagant character of what is propounded in their lectures, — most of their visionary theories, wild speculations, and insane skepticism. This is the case, at least, with their lectures on moral, political, and intellectual science, on history, political economy, law, philology, literature, and the like. The physical and exact sciences, which may be illustrated by apparatus, experiments, and diagrams, may be profitably taught in lectures; and the German professors of these sciences, accordingly, are not found to be more wild and visionary than other people.

The following remarks of Mr. Laing on the true object of university life and study seem to us eminently just and proper; and as they show the folly of the attempts, which have frequently been made in the colleges of this country, to make the scheme of a liberal education more comprehensive and practically useful, as is supposed, we copy them without further comment, hoping to return to the subject at a future day.

"Education in Germany, as in Scotland, is different in its principle from education in England. What do the English people mean when they send their boys, at ten years of age, to eminent schools, and in due time to Oxford or Cambridge, and then

bring them home at twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, to enter on their future professions or paths of life, whatever these may be, according to their prospects or fortunes? Do these English parents act wisely or foolishly? What a silly, ignorant lad their young man appears to be, with his prosody or his algebra, his *longs* and *shorts*, or his *plus* and *minus*, his mathematics or his Greek and Latin, and with his fine fellows, his reading men, or his sporting men, of his college! What a foolish figure he cuts beside a Continental or a Scotch lad of the same age, from the universities, who knows something of half a dozen sciences, something of half a dozen languages, has some knowledge of chemistry, natural philosophy, political economy, metaphysics, talks well on geology, and all the fashionable speculations of the day, and is acquainted with history, literature, and politics, and is master of many gentlemanly accomplishments! But wait a little. Take the two young men some ten or twelve years afterwards. The German or Scotch lad is, in general, still where he was at nineteen, still but a lad in mind, still a babbler on the surface of every subject. The English bred lad has gone to his profession or to his station in private or public life with very little positive knowledge to show for his education, but with a mind well exercised, although, perhaps, on very useless or foolish things, and capable of a severe and intense application to the subject before it, and just, perhaps, because it has been exercised and trained on things dull, dry, and unattractive, and which require patient thinking, or indeed mental drudgery, to acquire them. What have been the most serious studies of the Scotch or German bred student, are now his relaxations. He gathers in, hand over hand, the popular branches of knowledge, the modern languages, and the more abstruse sciences. These are not fatiguing studies to a mind trained to patient application and thinking. In law, in political affairs, in commerce and ordinary business, he enters with intellectual powers which seem almost intuitively to grasp the right views and the necessary knowledge of the subject before him. The two men, at thirty years of age, are prodigiously different.

"The long period which the student on the Continent must pass before he can get an appointment, enables a great many of superior minds to go deeper into philosophy and science than the superficial acquirements of the class-room student; but this long period does not form a practical reflective turn of mind. It produces a man of theory and speculation, not of active habits. The Scotch university education, attempting to teach a science in a course of lectures, can only produce superficial men. The English universities, which do not profess to teach any thing at all,

but merely to exercise and train the intellectual powers in studies, classical or mathematical, which are a valuable means, but are not held out as a valuable end, seem the more sensible and rational institutions. They accomplish what they profess, and give habits of application and correct reasoning to their students. The German and Scotch universities do not accomplish what they profess. The Scotch universities are, at least, innocent institutions, and indispensable, perhaps, for medical science. The German universities are, at present, red-hot *foci* of exaggerated theories and political speculations, not seats of useful education."

The professors in the German universities educate the functionaries, from the prime minister down to the village schoolmaster; to adopt Mr. Laing's illustration, "they hold the trigger by which at any moment public opinion may be made to explode."

"The influence and working of this great social power is remarkably illustrated by the intrigues of the Duke of Augustenburg for separating the duchy of Schleswig from the Danish crown, and annexing it to the duchy of Holstein, to which, as a part of the German empire, he is next heir. The university of Kiel, the professors, students, functionaries, clergy, and the provincial newspapers, were all set to work to preach a crusade against the Danish language, laws, and government, and to raise a fanatical cry throughout Germany for the annexation of Schleswig to the German duchy of Holstein. The papers of the duke fell into the hands of the Danish government, and are published by the keeper of the royal archives, Dr. Wegener. They clearly prove one of the most foul conspiracies of modern history, to mislead the public mind, by the press and the teachers of the youth, upon the right to dismember the Danish monarchy, and to erect Schleswig and Holstein into one duchy for the benefit of this Duke of Augustenburg. Prussia itself, and all the German governments, had to follow, not to lead or control, the demoralized frenzy of the *Burschenschaft*, and to engage in a bloody and disgraceful war for an unjust and unprincipled object, at the bidding of a *clique* of professors, functionaries, newspaper writers, and students, influenced, and even bribed and paid, by this nobleman to raise a clamor in favor of his pretensions, and excite the public mind to demand the annexation of Schleswig to Germany, because a portion, about one third of the inhabitants, speak the German language. The professorial influence in Germany was more powerful than the governments, and forced them to engage in this war with Denmark."

The Landwehr system is the third of the three new elements introduced by the French Revolution into the social economy of the Continent, — a system wholly inconsistent with our notions and habits of individual liberty. The wars of Napoleon demonstrated the inefficiency of the old Prussian system of military discipline, first introduced by Frederick the Great, which had degenerated into a ludicrous particularity of dress and equipment, and a formal precision of drill and parade movements. A general was likely to be beaten while he was instructing his soldiers in the use of buttons, buckles, pigtails, and pipe clay. The officers educated under this plan were tedious old martinets, and were defeated or captured by Napoleon before they had time to powder their hair in the morning. His career of success was uninterrupted till he had drubbed his opponents into a knowledge of his method of fighting, and then he was met and foiled with his own weapons. The enthusiasm of the soldiery, the chief secret of his power, was the first element turned against him. All Germany rose as one man in the War of the Liberation, as it was termed, and broke their chains upon their oppressors' heads. The nobles and the peasants, the shopkeepers and the mechanics, the professors and the students, — all shouldered their muskets and joined the holy crusade against the French. They were successful, and their own sovereigns then cheated them out of the promised reward of victory. These same sovereigns thought they had then made a great discovery; it was glorious to have the whole nation, instead of a small standing army, to fight their battles for them. It was forthwith determined that the whole nation should be enrolled, armed, and disciplined, — should spend two or three years of the best part of their lives in learning to be soldiers, and then return to their ordinary avocations, but with the understanding that they might be called away from them again, at any time, to fight the battles of the country. Thus all the inhabitants of the country became one great standing army; only a large portion of them were allowed to remain at home a part of the time on furlough, to get their living and maintain their families as they could. If the people could only be persuaded to enter the service with as much enthusiasm as they showed in 1813, the system would have been an admirable one. But the need of this element of enthusiasm

was not taken into the account. The sovereigns seemed to believe that a compulsory rising of the nation would be as formidable as a voluntary one.

"The Prussian army consists of regiments of the line, or standing troops. This is considered the formation-school of the military force or army of the whole population of the country. Every male, without exception, in the whole population is bound to serve three years, between his twentieth and his twenty-fifth years, as a private in the ranks of a regiment of the line. The only exceptions are cases of bodily infirmity, and the clergy, schoolmasters, only sons of widows, and a few others; and the liability to serve is rather suspended than altogether abandoned by government in those exceptions. Property, rank, occupation, business, give no claim to exemption, and no substitutes or *remplacents* are accepted of, as in the French conscription system. Every man must serve as a private in the ranks of a regiment of the line, whatever be his social position. The only allowance made is, that young men of property or of the higher classes and professions, who provide their own clothing, arms, and equipment at their own expense, may be permitted to serve in certain rifle or chasseur corps for one year only, instead of three, on a petition with sufficient reasons given for the indulgence required. After the three years' service in the line, the young man is turned over to his district Landwehr regiment of the *ersten Aufgeboth*, or, as we would call it, first for service. This division of the Landwehr force is considered the proper army; the troops of the line being its formation-school. It is liable, like the standing army, to serve in or out of the country; but in time of peace, to save expense, it is only embodied for manœuvre and exercise for a few weeks yearly. Its staff only is in constant pay. The division of the second *Aufgeboth*, or second for service, consists of all who have served their three years in the line, and their two years in the Landwehr of the first *Aufgeboth*, and are under forty years of age. These are considered trained soldiers, and men settled in occupations, and are therefore, in time of peace, only assembled in small divisions, and in their own localities, for a few days' exercise. The Landsturm consists of all not in the service, or discharged from it by the completion of their terms of service in the other divisions; and it is mustered and organized as well as the other divisions of the Landwehr force. The principle of the system is, that every Prussian subject, without exception, shall pass through a military training of three years, in the ranks of a regiment of the line, and shall then be available during his whole life as a trained soldier, in one or other of the divisions of the Landwehr force, according to his age and fitness for any military duty."

The objection to this system is, that it costs much more than its immediate expense to the government. No man can have three years taken out of the best part of his life, to be consumed in playing soldier, without losing much more than the direct value of the time thus expended. He returns to his home in a great measure unfitted for any other occupation. He brings with him the tastes, habits, and morals of the camp; he cannot resume his civic education at the point where he left off three years before; he cannot at once become a good mechanic, a good merchant, or a good farmer. He is demoralized, and unfitted for any regular, industrious calling. If the exigencies of the country allow him to remain quiet for a few years, he may, indeed, slowly resume his old habits; but just as fast as he becomes a good citizen, so fast he unlearns his military education. He cannot exist in the two characters at once, both good citizen and good soldier, by any stroke of legerdemain, by any cunningly devised system.

The suffering inflicted upon the community by the moral tyranny of this Landwehr system can hardly be over-estimated. "Think of a father and mother, in some country village, who have brought up a son in moral and religious habits, in innocence of evil, and in ideas suitable to their station and to the humble trade he is to live by, being compelled to send him for three years, at his outset in life, to join a regiment of the line in a large, dissipated city, like Berlin or Cologne, and to associate with such companions." Many a loving mother would rather follow her son to the grave than see him doomed to such a fate. The true defence of a government is in the hearts of its subjects; the injustice and oppressiveness of such a system would deprive it of a moral power for which no amount of military force could be an adequate substitute. Such powers as England and the United States are strong, because they are identified with the interests of the people living under them, and because the latter are not tutored, and controlled, and disciplined, and interfered with, till they lose all capacity for self-management, and all interest in their own pursuits. Hence it is, that "the baton of the civil constable is the emblem of the social condition and civilization of the English people; while, on the Continent, it is the loaded field-piece, pointed down the streets."

But we have followed Mr. Laing quite far enough to give our readers a taste of his quality, and some idea of the character of his observations and disquisitions. We close by commending his book heartily, as the work of a shrewd and honest, though somewhat prejudiced, observer, who speaks only of what he has seen or made a thorough study of, while he writes with invariable good humor, good feeling, and good taste.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *The Reform Spirit of the Day*, an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 18, 1850. By Timothy Walker. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 38.
2. *The American Legend*, a Poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 18, 1850. By Bayard Taylor. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 12mo. pp. 27.

Mr. Walker's oration, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, has two claims to respectful consideration. It is, in the first place, a powerful and pointed examination of the Reform Spirit of the Age, in which the evils attending the excesses of this spirit are clearly pointed out, while the real reforms that are needed are judiciously discriminated and admitted. The style, without pretending to literary ornament, is vigorous, pure, and simple. Many parts of the oration, admirably delivered as they were by the speaker, were extremely effective. Mr. Walker disclaims all present knowledge of Latin and Greek; but the best effects of classical studies have remained with him from his college days; namely, the will and the taste to say directly, briefly, and pertinently what he means; and this brings us to the second great merit of this oration, — its brevity. The Phi Beta Society has been the victim of chronic oratory. Orations of between two and three hours have kept people together long after dinner time; and the poets who have succeeded them have wasted their numbers on the unwilling ears of an audience looking anxiously to the hand of the clock. Poetry has always been an unsatisfying entertainment to tired and hungry men; and the unhappy bard of the Phi Beta is treated as a kind of impostor and cheat, inviting

his audience to a Barmecide feast. Mr. Walker had the good sense and the justice to restrain himself within a reasonable length, so that his oration fulfilled the requirements of Mr. Samuel Weller's canon upon the epistolary style. Weller the elder, whom his dutiful son had consulted as a critic with regard to his *Walentine*, having asked whether "that was not raythor a sudden pull up," Sam replied he thought not; "She 'd wish there was more on it, and that is the great art o' letter-writin'." It is equally the great, but much neglected art of oration-making. A single passage is all we can find room for from this excellent discourse.

"I have no time or wish to refer to Owenism, or Fourierism, or Socialism, in any of its Protean forms; but will seek my illustration in the condition of WOMAN. And what part does she play in the drama of reform? Much certainly has been achieved for her benefit. Her legal rights are beginning to be acknowledged and protected. The legal existence of a married woman is no longer entirely merged in that of her husband. The ancient doctrine was, that husband and wife constitute but one person, and that person is the husband; he being the substantive, and she the mere adjective. Accordingly, Milton makes Eve address Adam, in this submissive strain: —

> 'My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
> Unargued I obey; so God ordains.
> God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
> Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.'

The argument ran thus: — The husband is generally the stronger. Policy therefore requires that he should have dominion, because in his hands the power supports itself. Give but the legal supremacy to the wife, and she would need external interference in order to maintain it. Or give her an absolute equality, and the effect would be the same. You hold out to her a dangerous lure, when you release her from that necessity of pleasing under which she now acts. Man forgets his self-love while secure of his prerogative. He bears rule over her person and conduct, and she bears rule over his inclinations. He governs by law; she by persuasion. I am merely stating the argument, as I find it in the books, not justifying it. On the contrary, I look upon the change everywhere going on in the legal condition of woman, whereby she is admitted to something like an equality with man, as one of the very best reforms of the age; and I trust it will not stop here. For I can see neither policy, justice, nor humanity, in many of the doctrines which still exist. They bear every mark of their barbarous origin. Were society now to be reorganized, I feel sure that woman would not be made the helpless thing she now is. It would never enter the mind of a legislator to place her so much at the mercy of man. He who should broach such an idea for the first time, in our day, would be fain to fly from the execrations of Christians, and herd with Turks, who have been said

> 'To hold that woman is but dust,
> A soulless toy for tyrant's lust.'

But all of that sex are not satisfied with this gradual amelioration of their *legal condition*. They sigh for *political rights;* and are holding conventions to devise ways and means of securing them. They are no longer contented with their influence as wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, authors, teachers, and companions, — an influence every day increasing, and where the sphere is boundless, — but they seek to be voters, legislators, governors, judges, and, for aught I know, generals and commodores. The number of aspirants may not yet be large ; but they already make a very considerable noise, and I think the party is likely to grow. For when we come to the question of *abstract natural right*, I am unable to find a reason for excluding the better half of the human race from the transcendent right of political equality, against their will. But the question of *expediency* is a very different one, and may safely be left to the taste of the refined portion of the sex. I think that, if there were no constitutional exclusion, they would instinctively exclude themselves. I do not believe they wish to be unsexed, and turned into Amazons, by the rude and coarse encounters of the bar-room, the hustings, the stump, the caucus, or even the senate, as senates are now. Think you that Otway, if he had often seen women in these manly predicaments, could have pronounced upon that sex the splendid panegyric found in Venice Preserved?

> 'O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
> To temper man; we had been brutes without you!
> Angels are painted fair to look like you;
> There 's in you all that we believe of heaven; —
> Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
> Eternal joy, and everlasting love!'

No, no, when true women can be such 'ministering angels' in private and domestic life, — so heightening all mortal joys, and lessening all mortal sorrows, — there is no danger of their descending from this blessed sphere into the foul arena of politicians and demagogues."

Mr. Taylor's poem is marked by elegance of versification, and a nice poetical selection of phrase. His subject, The American Legend, was well selected for the occasion, and treated with a fine appreciation of its capabilities. This gentleman bids fair to take his place among the most distinguished American writers. We give a few lines, containing a fine allusion to the death of General Taylor.

> "Yet, from our time, it were no vain belief,
> The reaper Fame may bind *one* golden sheaf,
> Not from the plants of battle-soil alone,
> But fragrant flowers, in milder gardens grown.
> There, too, shall move the endless length of trains
> Westward across the desert stretch of plains,
> And there, where wide the watery circle dips,
> Swell the white canvas of a thousand ships,
> Bearing those hordes (and still their ranks increase)
> Who go to find — or *feel* — the golden fleece.
> The stalwart life that loves the mountain air,
> Earth's freest blood, shall pulse immortal there, —

Life, that ne'er sits with idle pinions furled,
But takes its joy in God's created world,
Strong as the rock, and as the sunbeam warm,
Frank as the sky, impetuous as the storm!
But hark! the minute gun, the muffled bell,
E'en while I speak, begin a hero's knell.
Thou, too, my country, hear'st that heavy chime,
And sitt'st a mourner in thy woe sublime,
Thy heart cast down, oppressed by sudden fears,
Thine eyes o'ercharged with unavailing tears.
Well mayst thou mourn! there comes no quick relief, —
No morning twilight to thy night of grief.
His was the generous heart to thee unclosed,
His was the arm whereon thy trust reposed,
His was the simple faith, the will complete,
The soldier daring, never taught retreat,
That only saw, wherever danger led,
The star of duty shining overhead,
Followed that star through battle's fiery breath,
And hailed it shining on the front of Death!"

---

2. — 1. *Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois; a Metrical Romance.* By Alfred B. Street. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 324.
2. *The Poems of* Alfred B. Street. Sixth Edition. New York: Clark and Austin. 1850. 12mo. pp. 319.

The poems of Mr. Street have already, it seems, passed through six editions. This fact is a good proof that he has worked his way into a high degree of popular favor. And he deserves it; for though his writings abound in defects if tried by a severe literary standard, they also abound in native beauties, both of thought and expression, needing but the pruning hand to perfect the form and to bring out more completely the ideas. Mr. Street is a student of nature, that is, of the outward world. His eye has dwelt too exclusively upon the physical aspects of creation; and in the constant endeavor to paint these out in words, he has been drawn into overloading his style with descriptive epithets. With all its variety of expression, however, language is not adequate to a complete and detailed representation of the infinite varieties of nature. Physical scenes, unless sparingly introduced, and blended with pictures of human life, become monotonous in prose or verse, however exciting they may be in vision. Here lies the source of some of Mr. Street's failures. He aims at impossibilities, and wearies by the spasmodic endeavor to bring descriptive language up to the unwearying realities of things.

In Frontenac, Mr. Street has made the attempt to add a human and romantic interest to the rude but magnificent nature which he depicts. The scene is laid partly in Canada, and partly in the territory of the Iroquois confederacy, at the end of the seventeenth century, when the Count de Frontenac was Governor General of Canada under the king of France. The romance is embroidered upon the events of the Count's military expedition against the savages who were under the rule of an Atotarho, or Federal Chief of the Five Nations. The fictitious part of the story is full of interest, though the discovery that the Chief. whose ferocity and deeds of blood sink all other real or imaginary horrors of Indian cruelty into insignificance, is the disguised daughter of Count Frontenac by a squaw, must be pronounced an extravagance beyond the lawful range of poetic license. Otherwise, the story is well constructed and vividly told. The prevailing rhythm is the eight syllable narrative verse, whose fatal facility is so alluring to rhymers ; but Mr. Street has diversified it by various other species of verse, and this he has done, we think, with judgment.

The poet, here too, indulges his old habit of overwrought description and superfluous epithet. We are tasked and exhausted by the perpetual strain after physical splendors. Epithets also are repeated, until our nerves become painfully sensitive to their recurrence, like the everlasting tick of a clock in a sleepless night. It is amazing how many things *slant*. Light *slants*, spears *slant*, trees *slant*, brinks are tree-*slanted*, banks *slant*, squirrels *slant*, all nature *slants*. A great many more things *shimmer* than ought to do so. This is a very dangerous verb. We were once addicted to it. In the mythical period of our youth we wrote a Sonnet, and described the moon, or something of that sort, as *shimmering*. Not content with gazing in rapture upon the scene ourselves, we were impatient that others should share the pleasure. The Sonnet was printed, but the unlucky moon *skimmered ;* the Sonnet was copied into other literary journals and our orb of night went *skimmering* through the country, for a whole month. It was a relief when that moon waned : and *shimmer* has been an eye-sore ever since. But to return. *Slim* is too often used, when used at all ; but Mr. Street applies it to beams of light as well as to tangible bodies, as "radiance *slim*," "the heron *slim*," and so on. The epithet *usual*, a most unpoetical word, is terribly frequent. The abbreviations of vulgar speech are forever offending us, such as *He'd*, *He'll*, *She'll*, *She'd*. Awkward constructions and careless lines are quite too frequent. For example,

"Now falling to again be caught."

"Plunged me, the beast! in sleepless plight."

"Spoke the batteauman, *giving o'er*
A draught."

In a Soldier's Song, we have

"Comrades! *who's afraid* of dying?"

In another place,

"A crimson hatchet in *his cling*."

How unpoetical the participle in this line!

"The bass with silver streaks *supplied*;"

and ungrammatical the following doubly past participle;

"Over the glade the *ladened* bee."

If the following line were ever read aloud, there would be an unpleasant ambiguity: —

"The *bear-skinned* Prophet next him frowned."

We doubt the genuineness of the comparison in the speech of an Indian Chief: —

"We-an-dah languished, *like a toad in stone*;"

and in the same speech, the poor savage should not have been libelled by attributing to him the vulgarism,

"For the Fox *learned* We-an-dah to be wise."

There is a good deal of Indian lore scattered over this poem. Sometimes the display of it is pedantic. Onondaga phraseology should be as sparingly indulged in as Latin and Greek. A more temperate use of tomahawks would also have been commendable. One would suppose the normal condition and chief end of man was to scalp or be scalped, so horribly frequent is the whipping off of the top of the head throughout the poem. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says the great poet; he might have added, with the favorite figure of *crasis*, had he been Mr. Street or an Iroquois, "still more uneasy lies the head *that does'nt*."

We have touched freely on Mr. Street's defective execution. He does not appear to have disciplined himself in the principles of art, in their application to literary composition, or to have subjected his writings to the rigid censorship of criticism. He must not allow himself to be misled into this negligence by any degree of popular applause. Works marked by such defects can never take a permanent and classical place in the literature of the country. Retrenchment, severe pruning, must be applied. He has the poetic insight, a copious vocabulary, and constructive talent; but

careful training is still wanting to his powers, in order that he may do them justice. We must repeat the opinion, that Mr. Street has the poetical gift, the feeling, and the materials of poetry, in no common degree. There are, in Frontenac, admirable lines, and occasionally even whole descriptions, that are free from blemish. He has a vigilant eye for picturesque contrasts, and often sets forth the scenes of human passion from the background of external nature, with great effect.

After what has been said, it is but fair to quote a passage of some length. The following lines, marred only by two or three tasteless expressions, present a sweet picture, doubly so in the contrast it forms with the scenes of violence that follow it.

" Upon a narrow grassy glade,
Where thickets stood in grouping shade,
The light streaked down in golden mist,
Kindled the shrubs, the greensward kissed,
Until the clover-blossoms white
Flashed out like spangles large and bright.

This green and sun-streaked glade was rife
With sights and sounds of forest life.
A robin in a bush was singing,
A flicker* rattled on a tree ;
In liquid, fife-like tones round ringing,
A thrasher† piped its melody ;
Crouching and leaping with pointed ear,
From thicket to thicket a rabbit sped,
And on the short delicate grass a deer,
Lashing the insects from off him, fed.

Sudden he paused with lifted foot,
Then, like an arrow, away he shot ;
Robin and flicker and thrasher were mute ;
The rabbit glided from the spot —
The next an Indian, from the shade,
Came bounding out upon the glade.

A warrior was he, armed for strife,
With tomahawk and scalping knife
Thrust through his wampum-belt ;
The long lock crowned his shaven head ;
Bare, save the belt, his form of red,
And where around his loins was spread
A stripe of shaggy felt.

With head aside he stood intent
An instant, then he stooped and bent

* Flicker is the common name for the Golden-winged Woodpecker of the American forests.

† The Thrasher is the brown thrush of the American woods.

His ear upon the ground ;
Then looking forth with piercing eye,
Entered a laurel thicket nigh
So subtly, to the breeze's sigh
More motion 'twould have found.

Silence fell deeply down once more,
Till fluttering sounds among the trees
Told that the woodland fright was o'er
And soon would swell fresh harmonies.
The robin's warble was renewed,
The flicker's hammer tapped again,
And once more through the solitude
Rang out the thrasher's splendid strain ;
But the sweet sounds had scarcely filled
The place, when they again were stilled.
On the green glade two figures came ;
One of a tall and stalwart frame,
With sword and plume and martial air ;
The other scarce four summers old,
Whose coal-black eyes and raven hair
And features — though of loveliest mould —
O'er-tinted with a light red shade,
Blood of the native race betrayed.

The soldier, on the grass reclined,
Viewed the glad gambols of the child,
Who, to each impulse of her mind,
Now, gave her shout of pleasure wild,
As the rich red-bird in his flight
Passed with a flash some streak of light
Slanted in hazy sheen ;
And now, with footstep bounding free,
Chased the fleet squirrel to its tree,
Across the sylvan scene.

Tired with her sports, at length the girl
Paused at the leaning soldier's side,
Brushed from his brow a silvery curl,
And then her panting efforts plied,
Until she bared his glittering brand,
And sought to poise it in her hand."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, and Suspiria de Profundis. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 272.

Margaret Percival in America, a Tale, edited by a New England Minister; being a Sequel to Margaret Percival, a Tale, edited by Rev. William Sewell, B. A. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 284.

The Logic and Utility of Mathematics, with the best Methods of Instruction explained and illustrated. By Charles Davies, LL. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 355.

Propositions concerning Protection and Free Trade. By Willard Phillips. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1850. 12mo. pp. 233.

The Works of Washington Irving. Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. From the Mss. of Fray Antonio Agapida. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 548.

Songs of Labor and other Poems. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 127.

A Treatise on English Punctuation, designed for Letter-Writers, Authors, Printers, and Correctors of the Press, and for the use of Schools and Academies. By John Wilson. Boston: printed and published by the Author. 1850. 12mo. pp. 204.

Sleep psychologically considered, with Reference to Sensation and Memory. By Blanchard Fosgate, M. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 188.

In Memoriam. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 216.

The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the Religious Development of the Greeks and Hebrews. By Robert William Mackay. In Two Volumes. London: John Chapman. 1850. 8vo.

Europe Past and Present. A Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History; with separate Descriptions and Statistics of each State, and a Copious Index. By Francis H. Ungewitter, LL. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 671.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A New Edition, to which is added a Complete Index of the Whole Work.

In Six Volumes. Vol. VI. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 623.

A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. By William Chauvenet. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 1850. 8vo. pp. 256.

The Chemical Tables for the Calculation of Quantitative Analyses of H. Rose. By William P. Dexter. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1850. 8vo. pp. 69.

Christian Thoughts on Life. By Henry Giles. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 287.

The Berber; or the Mountaineer of the Atlas. A Tale of Morocco. By William Starbuck Mayo, M. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 454.

Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences. By Joseph T. Buckingham. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 348.

Aerial Navigation and the Patent Laws. By William Sheldon. Boston: Thurston, Torrey & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 46.

Who was the Commander at Bunker Hill? By S. Swett. Boston: John Wilson. 1850. 8vo. pp. 39.

An Oration, delivered at Concord, on the Celebration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Events of April 19, 1775. By Robert Rantoul. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1850. 8vo. pp. 135.

Reply to Remarks of Rev. Moses Stuart on Hon. John Jay, and an Examination of his Scriptural Exegesis, contained in his Recent Pamphlet, entitled, "Conscience and the Constitution." By William Jay. New York: John A. Gray. 1850. 8vo. pp. 22.

Annual Discourse before the Historical Society of Ohio. By the President, William Gallagher. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 85.

The Looker-On: a Literary Miscellany, edited by Fritz and Liolett. London: W. & T. Piper. 1850. 12mo. pp. 160.

An Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston, at the Celebration of the Seventy-fourth Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, July 4th, 1850. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. 1850. 8vo. pp. 30.

Brief Memoir of John and Walter Deane, Two of the First Settlers of Taunton, Mass., and of the early Generations of their Descendants. By William Reed Deane. Boston: Coolidge & Wiley. 1849. 8vo. pp. 16.

An Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 18, 1850. By Timothy Walker. Boston and Cambridge: Munroe & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 38.

An Oration delivered at Charlestown, on the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1850. By Edward Everett. Boston: Redding & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 77.

Report of the Naval Committee to the House of Representatives, August, 1850, in Favor of the Establishment of a Line of Mail Steamships to the Western Coast of Africa, and thence, via the Mediterranean, to London. Washington: Gideon & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 79.

Latter-Day Pamphlets, edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. VII. Hud-

son's Statue. No. VIII. Jesuitism. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo.

Perforations in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," by one of the "Eighteen Millions of Bores." Edited by Elizur Wright. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 48.

Memorial to the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Edmond Barrington and George D. Haswell. 1850. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Deerslayer, or the First War-Path, a Tale. By the Author of the Last of the Mohicans, &c. Complete in One Volume, revised and corrected, with a New Introduction, &c., by the Author. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 597.

The Companion. After-Dinner Table Talk. By Chetwood Evelyn, Esq. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 192.

New Elements of Geometry. By Seba Smith. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 8vo. pp. 200.

Sermon occasioned by the Death of President Taylor, delivered in Cincinnati, August 1, 1860. By T. H. Stockton. Cincinnati. 8vo. pp. 26.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By W. H. C. Bartlett, LL. D. Section I., Mechanics. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 632.

Mental Hygiene, or an Examination of the Intellect and the Passions, and their Influence on Health and Longevity. By William Sweetser, M. D. Second Edition, rewritten and enlarged. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 390.

INDEX

TO THE

SEVENTY-FIRST VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

Adams, John, the Works and Life of, by C F. Adams, reviewed, 407 — well edited, 408 — his life can now be properly viewed and written, 409 — materials for this publication, 410 — diary of, 411 — the Great Earthquake recorded by, 414 — keeps school in Worcester, 415 — religious opinions of, 416 — Webb letter of, on the future of America, 417 — his prophecies realized, 418 — sees Lord Amherst's army at Worcester, 419 — begins the study of law, 420 — a hard student with small means, 421 — his debut in legal practice, 422 — on pettifogging, 423 — attacks the pettifoggers, 424 — extent of the studies of, 426 — joins a law club, 428 — indefatigable as a student, 429 — his Essay on Canon and Feudal Law, 430 — on the Stamp Act, 431 — retained as counsel for Boston, 432 — characters sketched by, 433 — on a slave's action for freedom, 434 — refuses the post of Advocate General, 435 — on the Boston Massacre, 436 — elected representative from Boston, 439 — acts as counsel for Capt. Preston, 440 — state paper prepared by, 441 — on the destruction of the tea, 442 — elected to the First Congress, 443 — interesting character of the work, 444.

Africa, commando system in, 25 — extent of the slave trade in, 27 — facilities for trade with, 29 — Niger expedition in, 31.

Africa, South, a Hunter's Life in, by R. G. Cumming, reviewed, 359 — character of the natives of, 365 — geography of, yet unknown, 366 — a fine field for sportsmen, 367 — mode of hunting in, 368 — springboks of, 370 — wild dogs of, 372 — hunting lions in, 374 — elephants of, 378 — hippopotami of, 382 — possibility of colonizing, 385 — gigantic tree of, 386.

Ali, the Moslem Sampson, prowess of, 295 — bears the standard against Khaibar, 297.

Alexander of Russia, later days of, 338.

Allston, Washington, Lectures on Art and Poems by, reviewed, 149 — acknowledged to be our first painter, 150 — literary labors of, *ib.* — personal character of, 151 — well qualified to write on art, 157 — influenced by the philosophy of Coleridge, 158 — charm of the style of, 159 — on the word *idea*, *ib.* — cited, 160 — Dutch painting described by, 162 — on the Farnese Hercules, 164 — on an ideal form, 165 — Life and Letters of, 168.

America, public libraries in, 196 — statistics of the largest, 197 — H. Stevens on, 205 — balance of political parties in, 246 — manufactures and agriculture in, 491 — the latter cannot absorb all the labor, 492 — free trade inapplicable to, 497 — the evils of functionarism not felt in, 501 — uncentralized government of, 502.

Ancients, Navigation of the, 307 — the Egyptians and Phœnicians, 308 — the Hebrews, 309 — the Greeks, 310 — of the Argonauts, 311 — ships of, 313, 318 — the Carthaginians, 315 — the Romans, 317 — ignorant of the directing power of the magnet, 324 — geographical ideas of, 325.

Angel and Child, a poem, by W. Allston, 153.

Arago assails Franklin's claim to the discovery of the nature of lightning, 75.
Argonauts, expedition of the, 311.
Arctic Regions, voyages of discovery in, 168 — Sir James Ross's voyage to, 169 — Commander Moore sails thither through Behring's Strait, 171 — cannot be explored from the west, 172 — no northwest passage through, 174 — the Baffin's Bay passage to, very perilous, 176 — proposed English expeditions to the, 179 — American voyage to, 180 — points of interest to be discovered in, 181 — coast of the continent bordering the, 182 — probable situation of the Arctic Ocean, 183 — possibility of crossing the pole, 184.
Aristotle on Meteors, 52 — mistakes of, 56.
Ark, Noah's, sailing qualities of, 308.
Art, W. Allston's Lectures on, reviewed, 149 — his productions in, 150 — other works on the subject, 156 — Allston better qualified than others to write on, 157 — ideas of beauty, truth, and goodness in, 160 — analysis of the work, 161 — doctrine of an ideal form in, 165 — composition in, 166.
Art, Winckelmann's History of Ancient, translated by G. H. Lodge, reviewed, 99 — is both useful and practical, 100 — compared with science, 101 — does not incapacitate for useful exertion, 102 — in the 16th century, 103 — loved for its own sake, 104 — a proof of refinement and skill, 105 — its influence upon mental culture, 106 — distinguished from science, 107 — needed in education, 108 — disciplinary effect of, 109 — gives a new sense of the beauties of nature, 110 — not opposed to truth, 111 — keeps before us an ideal, 112 — creative power of, 113 — courses of thought awakened by, 115 — productions of, cannot be repeated, 116 — elevates our ideal, 118 — elevates and dignifies, but cannot save, 119.
Astor Library in New York, Report on the, 185 — origin and management of, 217 — cannot expend much money on building, 218 — bibliographical department of, 219.
Atmosphere, the weight of, 69 — effects of the diminished pressure of, 70 — effect of heat on, 71 — water vaporized by, 72 — relations of, to electricity, 75 — utilities of the, 85.
Aurora Borealis, nature of the, 78 — light and noise of, 79 — frequency of, 80 — height of, 81.
Beder, the battle of, 293.
Belgium, public libraries in, 203.
Berrien, John M., speech of, on Clay's compromise, 221.
Bohemian literature, Talvi on, 349 — runs to antiquarianism and philology, 350.
Books, want of great collections of, in America, 186 — our authors obliged to send to Europe for them, 187 — comparative provision of, in different countries, 195.
British Colonies, abolition of slavery in, 3 — opposition to the measure in, 5 — made no progress in the reform, 9 — create enemies by their own acts, 10 — slow murder of the slaves in, 11 — exhorted without success, 13 — condition of the aborigines of, 25.
Buxton, Sir T. F., Life and Labors of, as an opponent of slavery, 1 — submits a motion on the subject in the Commons, 4 — on the slave trade in the Mauritius, 6 — indefatigable labors of, 7 — attacked by illness, 8 — speech of, in Parliament, 12 — opposes delay, 13 — divides the House against the Ministry, 14 — success of, 17 — anxiety of, 18 — appeals to the nation, 19 — reduces the term of apprenticeship, 21 — labors to improve the condition of the negroes, 23 — candid letter written by, 24 — calls attention to the *commando* system in Africa, 25 — released from Parliament, 26 — his book on The Slave Trade and its Remedy, 27 — calculations and plans of, 28 — on trade with Africa, 29 — sends out the Niger expedition, 31 — disheartened by its failure, 32 — his death and character, 33.

Caaba, ancient temple of the, 277, *note*.
Cadijah, the wife of Mahomet, 279 — the first convert to his faith, 281.
California, question about the admission of, 221 — the laws of nature prohibit slavery in, 235, 239 — the people of, exclude slavery, 236, 238 — why slaves cannot exist in, 243. See *Slavery*.
Canon and Feudal Law, J. Adams on, 430.
Carthaginians, navigation of the, 315.
Chomiakof, a Russian poet, 345.
Clay, Henry, Compromise of the Slavery Question proposed by, 221 — on fugitive slaves, 221, 260 — noble conduct of, on the compromise question, 264 — magnanimous declaration of, 265.
Climate, no permanent changes of, 73.

Cogswell, Dr., superintendent of the Astor library, 219.
Commando system in Africa, 25.
Congress, American, dilatory action of, 221 — passed four laws in six months, 222 — provides for its own probable inability to legislate at all, 223 — statistics of the inactivity of, 224 — contrasted with the State legislatures, 225 — subjects on which it might act, 226 — action of, paralyzed by a few, 227 — the members of, speak to Buncombe, 229 — specimen of its daily action, *ib.* — lengthy orations in the Senate, 230 — great differences of opinion in, 231 — the territorial and slavery question in, 232 — hampered by the State legislatures, 242 — not bound by State legislative action, 244 — legislates for Buncombe, 263 — moderation counselled to, 264.
Connecticut, Early Records of the Colony of, by J. H. Trumbull, reviewed, 34 — utility of such documents, 35 — founded by emigrants from Massachusetts, 41 — why colonized, 42 — contests of, with the Indians, 43 — military measures of, 44 — Pequods exterminated by, 45 — strict laws of, 46 — the use of tobacco restrained in, 48 — apology for the early laws of, 49 — its acts to be judged by its purposes, 50.
Cooper, J. Fennimore, Ways of the Hour by, reviewed, 121 — literary suicide of, *ib.* — writes from personal prejudice, 123 — libels his country, *ib.* — has lost his temper, 124 — a feeble caricaturist, 125 — satirizes our courts of law, 128 — brings a wrong complaint against juries, 133 — his arguments not worth answering, 134.
Cumming, R. G., A Hunter's Life in South Africa by, reviewed, 359 — his account of himself, 363 — style of his outfit, 364 — trades with the natives, 365 — route of, 366 — hunting springboks, 368 — and elands, 371 — watching the water, 372 — narrowly escapes the wild dogs, 373 — shooting lions, 374 — his night adventure with lions, 375 — with elephants, 378 — his mode of hunting them, 379 — exploits of, 380 — his fight with a hippopotamus, 382 — does not tell us much about Africa, 385 — natural objects described by, 386.

Dalton, on the trade winds, 88.
Demosthenes, topics of the orations of, 453.
Diaries, the morality of keeping, 411 — no more irresponsible than conversation, 412 — or than correspondence, 413.
Dickens, Mr., is stupid when he is angry, 124.
District of Columbia, slavery in the, 251.
Dove, theory of the winds by, 88 — criticism on, 90.
Downs, Solomon U., on Clay's compromise, 221.

Earthquake in New England in 1755, 414.
Edwards, E., on the statistics of libraries, 193.
Elands, mode of hunting, 371.
Electricity, the atmosphere as affected by, 75 — its identity with lightning discovered, 75 — conjectures as to the nature of, 76 — Kaemptz on, 81.
Elephants, African, 378 — habits of, 379 — mode of hunting, *ib.*
Emigration, suitable persons for, 488 — an insufficient remedy, 489.
England, large landed estates in, 483 — emigration no remedy for the over population of, 489 — why the farmer in, is undersold by grain from the Continent, 494 — public libraries in, 204.
English, fox-hunting squires, 359 — love of sport, 360 — field for sporting, 361 — sporting country gentlemen, 362.
Eugene Onegin, a poem by Pushkin, 344.
Europe, S. Laing's Observations on the State of, reviewed, 479 — three new elements in the social system of, 481 — division of landed estates in, 482 — household manufactures in, 487 — stationary social state of, 490 — turbulent unemployed operatives in, 491 — warlike element in, 492 — functionarism in, 498 — universities in, 505 — the Landwehr system in, 511.
Everett, Edward, Orations and Speeches by, reviewed, 445 — great public services of, 447 — professional labors of, 448 — his first Phi Beta Kappa oration, 449 — variety of subjects discussed by, 451 — number and diversity of the occasions on which he spoke, 454 — patriotic American spirit of, 455 — unity of his discussions, 456 — literary excellence of the writings of, 457 — cited, on the uses of manufactures, 458 — on superior and popular education, 462.

Flaxman, lectures on art by, 156.
Forster, Rev. C., Mahometism Unveiled, by, 275.
France, division of landed estates in, 481 — number of functionaries in, 498.

Franklin's discovery of the nature of lightning, 75.
Franklin, Sir John, expedition in search of, 168 — Sir James Ross fails to find any trace of, 169 — Sir J. Richardson also, 170 — Commander Moore also, 171 — Mr. Saunders also, 173 — sad inference from these failures, 174 — may have perished on the threshold of his voyage, 176 — plans for sending relief to, 178 — farther English expedition for, 179 — one sent from this country, 180.
Freesoil party, cause of the success of the, 248.
Frontenac, by A. B Street, noticed, 517.
Fugitive slaves, extradition of, 252 — mode of ransoming, 253 — few reclaimed, 254 — formerly given up without trouble, 255 — not to be rescued by mobs, 256 — trial by jury for, 257 — reclaimed honestly, if at all, 559.
Functionarism, extent of, in Europe, 499 — evils of, 500 — how avoided in Norway, 501.
Furness, W. H., History of Jesus by, reviewed, 464 — has more fancy and imagination than logic, 465 — peculiar naturalism of, 466 — explains away all miracles, 467 — his view of the nature and character of Jesus, 468 — on the raising of Lazarus, 469 — his theory of revelation, 470 — literary qualities of, 471 — his theory rejects alike the testimony and the facts, 472 — rests on assumed general laws, 473 — his hypothesis incapable of proof, 474 — refuted by our need of a revelation, 475 — by common experience and our Saviour's own professions, 476 — course of thought which led to his theory, 477 — pious purpose of, 487.
Fuseli's Lectures on Art, 156.

Gallows, the, a relic of the Dark Ages, 147.
German universities, the students in, 505 — reasons why they are turbulent, 506 — instruction given by lectures in, 507.
Germans, the, discarded as teachers of the Slavi, 339 — jealous of Panslavism, 351.
Germany, public libraries in, 207.
Gogel, a Russian novelist, 342.
Gospels, genuineness of the, 466.
Greece, Grote's History of, 387 — maritime enterprise of, 310 — commercial and warlike marine of, 312 — ships of, 313 — naval poetry of, 326.
Greek orations compared with American, 446 — favorite topics of, 451 — of Pericles, 452.
Gridley, J., advice of, to John Adams, 422 — forms a law club with him, 428 — death and character of, 430.
Grote, George, on the Homeric Question, 387 — refutes the story about Pisistratus, 395 — on the plan of the Iliad, 406.
Guizot on Public Libraries, 199.
Guyot, Prof., meteorological observations of, 66.

Hadley on the trade winds, 88.
Halley on the trade winds, 88.
Hanno, Periplus of, 316.
Harvard College Library, 197 — contents of, not worthy of the building, 198 — wants of, 199.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, the Scarlet Letter by, reviewed, 135 — saved from evil by removal from office, 136 — attacks office-holding after he has been turned out, 137 — unfilial conduct of, 138 — merits of, 139 — beautiful childish creation of, 142 — bad philosophy of, 143 — naturalness and fluent expression of, 146 — puritan fathers sketched by, 148.
Heat, effect of, on the atmosphere, 71 — extremes of, in climate, 74.
Hermann on Homer's mode of composition, 405.
Heyne on the Homeric Question, 389 — on the unity and completeness of the Iliad, 399.
History of Jesus, by W. H. Furness, 464. See *Jesus*.
Homer, question about the personality of, 387 — hypothesis of Wolf respecting, *ib.* — authorship of, denied by others, *ib. note* — prevalence of the skeptical view of, 389 — presumption in favor of, 390 — want of writing materials for, 391 — this argument confuted, 392 — did not compose by rule, 393 — length of the poems of, 394 — internal evidence respecting, 395 — incongruities to be expected in, 397 — uniformity of tone and sentiment of, 398 — wrote for public recitation, 399 — interpolations in, 400 — idle to suppose there were many Homers, 401 — the poems rightly ascribed to, 402 — his life and other poems, 403 — how he composed his poems, 404 — probably indebted to others, 405 — conclusion respecting, 406.
Humboldt, blunder of, about the zodiacal light, 86 — on the trade winds, 89.
Hunter's Life in South Africa, by R. G. Cumming, reviewed, 359. See *Cumming*.
Hutchinson, Gov., reply of the General Court to, 441.

Hyât-ul-Kuloob, or Sheeah Life of Mahomet, reviewed, 273 — is the Persian Bible, 276 — its account of Mahomet's birth, *ib.* — of outrages suffered by him, 285 — of his journey to heaven, 286 — of his first battle, 293 — of the prowess of Ali, 296 — of Mahomet's personal appearance, 301. See *Mahomet.*

Iliad, the question about the authorship of, 387 — alleged unconnected portions of, 396 — incongruities in, 397 — symmetry of, 398 — unity and completeness of, 399 — interpolations in, 400 — Grote on the plan of the, 406.
Irving, Washington, Life of Mahomet by, reviewed, 273 — a lenient judge of the prophet's character, 274. See *Mahomet.*

Jameson, Mrs., Allston's Lines to, 154.
Jesus, W. H. Furness's History of, reviewed, 464 — a history, but not *the* history of, 465 — as viewed by the naturalists, 466 — attempt to explain away the miracles of, 467 — Furness's view of the character of, 468 — refutation of such views of, 471 — professions of, 476.
Jewett, Prof., on library catalogues, 213 — on Panizzi, librarian of the British Museum, 212 — his idea of a library catalogue, 215.
Juries, American, not unduly severe, 133 — represent fairly enough the public judgment, 134.

Kaemptz, L. F., Course of Meteorology by, reviewed, 51 — an able observer, 68 — on the electricity of the atmosphere, 81 — merits of, 87 — some unguarded statements of, 92 — blunders of the translators of, 93.
King, T. B., on Slavery in California, 238.
Kollar kindled the spark of Panslavism, 350.

Lachmann denies the genuineness of Homer's poems, 390 — divides the Iliad into portions, 396.
Laing, Samuel, Observations on the State of Europe by, reviewed, 479 — philosophical observer, *ib.* — an honest and independent thinker, 480 — on the minute division of landed property, 481 — on husbandry in Flanders, 485 — on the waste of, 486 — on household manufactures, 487 — on suitable subjects for emigration, 488 — on the evils of small-estate occupancy, 490 — on the prospect of war in Europe, 492 — on the price of British and foreign grain, 494 — on various systems of political economy, 495 — on functionarism, 498 — on the ability of American ministers, 502 — on the German universities, 505 — on the Schleswig question, 510 — on the Landwehr system, 511.
Land, minute division of, in Europe, 481 — economical effects of this division of, 483 — how cultivated, when thus divided, 485 — evils of this division, 490 — creates an unemployed class of the population, 491.
Landwehr system in Germany, 511 — its evils, 513.
Laplace on the Zodiacal light, 86.
Lectures, folly of attempting to teach by, 507.
Libraries, Public, Report to Parliament on, 185 — Judge Story on the want of, 186 — those in our colleges are insufficient, 188 — ought to include *all* books, 189 — valuable information given in the report on, 190 — number and extent of, in Great Britian, 191 — need of two sorts of, 192 — Edwards on, 193 — comparative statistics of the largest, 195 — in the United States, 196 — M. Guizot on, 199 — Vattemare's system of exchanges among, 200 — M. Van de Weyer on, 203 — Dawson and Freemantle on, 204 — in Belgium and England, *ib.*, — in America, 205 — M. Libri on, 206 — Meyer on those in Germany, 207 — in the British Museum, 208 — Jewett's plan for cataloguing, 213.
Libri, M., on public libraries, 206.
Light, agency of, in meteorology, 81 — provision for equalizing, 83 — various phenomena of, 84.
Lions, adventures in hunting, 374.
Lodge, G. H., Winckelmann on Art, translated by, reviewed, 99 — felicitous execution of, 119.

Mahomet and his Successors, by W. Irving, reviewed, 273 — former harsh judgment of, 274 — his life better than his doctrines, 275 — fabulous story of the birth of, 276 — uneducated abilities of, 277 — early life and travels of, 278 marries Cadijah, 279 — rejects the idolatry of his fathers, 280 — persecuted by the Koreishites, 282, 284 — invites his tribe to a conference, 283 — announces a revelation, 284 — endures personal outrages, 285 — his night journey to Heaven, 286 — makes converts in Medina, 288 — conspiracy against, 289 — the Hegira of, 290 — thus far, his life and doctrines pure,

291 — becomes a priest-soldier, 292 — his first victory, 293 — defeated at Ohod, 294 — traditions illustrating the character of, 295 — makes a pilgrimage to Mecca, 297 — poisoned, 298 — triumphs at Mecca, *ib.* — his conduct at death, 299 — his errors those of his age and country, 300 — personal appearance of, 301 — simple habits of, 302 — his love of children, *ib.* — his wedded life, 303 — not a deliberate impostor, 303 — estimate of his conduct and motives, 304 — beneficial results of his work, 305 — rapid progress of his faith, 306.

Mann, Horace, on the Slavery and Territorial question, 221 — specimen of his logic and rhetoric, 240.

Martins, the French translator of Kaemptz, 51, 77 — blunders of, 93.

Massachusetts, activity of the General Court of, 225 — wide range of subjects treated by, 226.

Mauritius, the slave trade prosecuted in, 6.

Melloni, researches of, on the solar rays, 82.

Merrick, Rev. J. L., The Hyât-ul-Kuloob translated by, reviewed, 273.

Meteorology, Thompson and Kaemptz on, reviewed, 51 — speculations of the ancients on, 52 — permanency of the laws of, 53 — Pliny on, 54 — delicate instruments and experiments needed in, 55 — necessary slow progress of, 57 — the sum and application of all the natural sciences, 58 — phenomena studied in, 59 — is the physiology of the earth, 61 — recent improvements in, 62 — comparative observations needed in, 64 — observatories for, 65 — literature of, 67 — distinct subjects considered in, 69 — electricity an agent in, 75 — the aurora in, 78 — light an agent in, 81 — the zodiacal light in, 86 — principles and facts in, 87 — anomalous phenomena in, 91.

Meyer, Dr., on public libraries in Germany, 207.

Mickiewitsch, the Polish author, madness of, 355.

Miracles of Jesus, attempt to explain away the, 467.

Monikins, The, by Cooper, dead failure of, 122.

Moore, Commander, goes in quest of Franklin, 171.

Museum, British, Report to Parliament on, 185 — cost and extent of, 208 — its condition investigated, 209 — government of, 210 — defective superintendence of, 211 — Panizzi as librarian of, 212 — a model library, *ib.* — no catalogue of, 214 — question about a full or compendious catalogue for, 215.

Navigation of the Ancients, 307 — began with the launching of the ark, 308 — of the Phœnicians, *ib.* — of Pharaoh Necho, 310 — of the Argonauts, 311 — of Nearchus, 314 — of Hanno, 316 — impeded by want of science, 323 — literature of, 326 — much poetry and little science in the, 327.

Nearchus, naval expedition of, 314.

New England, the fathers of, 35 — early polity of, 37 — heretics justly banished from, 39.

New Mexico, slavery impossible in, 236.

Niger, expedition up the, 31 — its failure, 32.

Norway, civil functionaries in, 501.

Nwana tree of South Africa, 386.

Odyssey, the question about the authorship of, 387 — unity of plan of, 399 — not written by the author of the Iliad, 404.

Ophir, conjectures as to the site of, 309.

Orations and Speeches, by Edward Everett, reviewed, 445 — American compared with Grecian, 446 — favorite topics of the Greek, 451 — of Pericles, 452 — of Demosthenes, 453 — great number and diversity of, 454 — national tone of, 455.

Panslavism, beginning of, 340 — powerful current of, 342 — the literature of, 345 — origin of, 350 — excites uneasiness in Germany, 351.

Parties in the United States, 246 — sometimes governed by one idea, 247.

Pequods, extermination of the, 45.

Pericles as an orator, 452.

Pharaoh Necho, maritime expedition of, 310.

Phelps, S. S., speech in the Senate on the Slavery question, 221.

Phœnicians, navigation of the, 308 — conducted the traffic of Solomon, 309.

Pliny on meteorology, 54 — mistakes of, 56.

Poems of W. Allston, reviewed, 149 — careful elaboration of, 151 — his Rosalie, 152 — Angel and Child by, 153 — his lines to Mrs. Jameson, 154.

Poland, literature of, 351 — Latin and Jagellon epochs of the, 352 — want of originality in, 353 — literary movement excited by the misfortunes of, 355 — Mickiewicz, the prominent name in, 355.

Primer, New England, research respecting the, 187.
Prussia, division of landed estates in, 482 — meddlesome government of, 499 — pains taken to educate men for office in, 503 — origin of the Landwehr system in, 511 — evils thus caused in, 513.
Puritan fathers of New England, 35 — their lives to be studied as a whole, 36 — their policy that of a household, not of a state, 37 — a private religious association, 38 — avowed separatists, 39 — laws of, 40 — whimsical armor worn by, 43 — severe and minute legislation of, 46 — legislation of, justified by circumstances, 49 — high character of, 51.
Pushkin, Alex., a Russian poet, 343.

Rainbow, Aristotle on the, 52.
Rent of land, how produced, 484.
Richardson, Sir J., goes in search of Franklin, 170.
Romans deficient in maritime enterprise, 317.
Rosalie, by W. Allston, 152.
Ross, Sir James, goes in search of Sir J. Franklin, 169 — fails and returns, 170.
Ruggles, Timothy, keeps tavern and practises law, 423.
Ruskin, Mr., Old Painters criticized by, 157.
Russian the oldest Slavic language, 334 — and the most copious, 335 — language, improvement of the, 336 — literature of Alexander's time, *ib.* — national feeling awakened, 338 — historical department but little explored, 342 — school of imitators, 343 — poetry of Pushkin, 344 — Byronic mania, *ib.*

Sanscrit, analogy of, with the Slavic, 331.
Scarlet Letter, by N. Hawthorne, reviewed, 135 — cited, 136, 144 — preface to, 138 — intoxicating effect of, 139 — shadowy characters in, 140 — provoking inconsistency in, 141 — Little Pearl the gem of, 142 — power of hatred shown in, 144 — sketches of the Puritans in, 148.
Schoukoffski, a Russian poet, 337.
Scoresby, Rev. W., on the Sir John Franklin expedition, 168 — describes the peril of crossing Baffin's Bay, 177.
Sea, poetry of the, 326 — to be written over again, 327.
Servian literature, Talvi on, 346 — Vuk Stefanowitsch, the legislator of, 347 — alphabet formed by Vuk, 348.
Sheeahs, or Persians, Mahometan heretics, 276.
Ships of the ancients, 313 — construction of, 318 — mode of steering, 319 — rigging of, 320 — size of, 321 — arrangement of oars in, 322 — means of directing, 324.
Slavery, Buxton's labors as an opponent of, 1 — origin of the British abolition of, 3 — history of the movement against, 5 — progress of opinion in relation to, 10 — Buxton's motion for abolishing, 14 — virtual settlement of the question about, 17 — public opinion respecting, 19 — Stanley's plan for abolishing, 20.
Slavery question, proposed compromise of, in Congress, 221 — the question stated, 232 — the diffusion different from the creation of, 233 — indirect prohibition of, 234 — open to compromise, 235 — kept out of the new territory by the laws of nature, 236 — nothing gained by agitating the subject, 237 — Southern doctrine respecting, *ib.* — action of the State legislatures on, 244 — other debatable matter relating to, 249 — the Texas boundary as affecting, 250 — in the District of Columbia, 251 — extradition of fugitives, 252 — trials affecting, at the South, 260 — provision of the Constitution respecting, 262 — course of Mr. Clay respecting, 264 — and of Mr. Webster, 265.
Slave Trade, mortality caused by, 28.
Slavic nations, Talvi on the languages and literature of the, reviewed, 329 — origin of the, 330 — their languages analagous to the Sanscrit, 331 — are autochthonic, *ib.* — their mythology and the Indian, 332 — devoted to agriculture, 333 — divided into various idioms, 333 — the Russian the oldest idiom of, 334 — Russian literature, 336 — become independent of German tuition, 339 — their literature incomplete and unfinished, 340 — Panslavism of, 340 — emerging to a brighter future, 341 — Panslavist literary circle, 345 — national spirit of the, *ib.* Servian and Illyrian literature, 346 — Russian dialect adopted by, 349 — Bohemian literature, *ib.* — Congress of, at Prague, 350 — Polish literature 351 — poetry of the, 356.
Smith, James, St. Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck illustrated by, reviewed, 307.
Smith, the missionary, treatment of, in Demerara, 5.
Smithsonian Institute, meteorological observations by, 65 — Reports and

Plans of, 185 — public interest excited by, 220.
Solomon, traffic conducted by, 309.
Springboks, mode of hunting, 368 — habits of, 370.
Stamp Act, S. Adams on, 431.
Stevens, H., on public libraries in America, 205.
St. Paul, Voyage and Shipwreck of, by J. Smith, reviewed, 307 — size of his ship, 321.
Street, Alfred B., Frontenac and other poems of, noticed, 517.

Talvi, on the literature of the Slavi, reviewed, 329 — high merits of, 330 — on the Russian literature of the latest epoch, 337 — on Russian belles-lettres, 343 — on Pushkin's poems, 344 — on the Servian literature, 346 — on Servian poetry, 347 — on Bohemian literature, 349 — on Polish literature, 352 — her statements corrected, 354 — on Slavic popular poetry, 356 — the work characterized, 359.
Tarshish, conjectures as to the site of, 309.
Taylor, Bayard, Phi Beta Kappa poem by, noticed, 514.
Taylor, W. C., History of Mohammedanism by, cited, 281.
Territorial question in Congress. See *Slavery*.
Texas, question respecting the boundary of, 250.
Thompson, David P., Introduction to Meteorology by, reviewed, 51 — a learned and elegant compiler, 68 — cited, 70, 71 — on changes of climate, 73 — on Franklin's merits as a discover, 77 — on Joshua's command to the sun, 84 — merits of, 87 — correctness of, 92.
Thorwaldsen, anecdote of, 104, 112.
Trade winds, cause of the, 88.
Trial by jury, for fugitive slaves, 257.
Trumbull, J. H., Early Records of Connecticut, edited by, reviewed, 34.

Universities, characteristics of student-life in, 505 — sources of exaggerated political theories in, 506 — instruction by lectures in, 507.
Utah, slavery impossible in, 236.

Vattemare, M., system of book exchanges of, 200 — sums of money paid to, 201 — fulsome eloquence of, 202.
Vuk, Stefanowitsch, the Servian prose writer, 347 — reforms the Servian alphabet, 348.

Walker, C. V., the translator of Kaemptz, 51 — gross blunders of, 93.
Walker, Timothy, Phi Beta Kappa Oration by, noticed, 514.
Ways of the Hour, by J. F. Cooper, reviewed, 121 — cited, 125, 131 — an attack on our courts of law, 128 — awkward and improbable plot of, 129 — characters in, 130 — extravagance of, 131 — feeble attack on the trial by jury in, 133.
Webster, Daniel, speech in the Senate by, on Clay's compromise resolutions, 221 — attacked by Mr. Mann, 240 — on fugitive slaves, 254 — wise and conciliatory policy of, 265 — noble conduct of, 266.
Wellington Channel is probably a bay, 175.
Whitefield controversy in New England, 416.
Wilberforce, W., on slavery in the British Colonies, 3 — death of, 21 — character and influence of, 22.
Wilmot Proviso, no moral obligation to support the, 233 — indirectly discourages slavery, 234 — open to compromise, 235 — reasons for not agitating the, 240 — its principle affirmed, 241 — useless to enact it, 242.
Winckelmann on Art, translated by G. H. Lodge, reviewed, 99 — made accessible to English readers, 119 — cited, 120.
Winds, Dove's theory of the, 88.
Winthrop, Prof., notice of an earthquake by, 414.
Wolf, F. A., on the Homeric Question, 388 — arguments of, 391, 394 — these arguments refuted, 395 — finds traces of joiner's work in the Iliad, 396.
Wrangell, Von, reports land seen north of Siberia, 183.

Zodiacal light, nature of the, 86.

JUN 6 1939